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LIVING ENGLISH POETS.*

THE condition of poetry is a matter of public concern. Above the other arts, poetry stands pre-eminent in its power to influence the mind of society; for while, like the rest of them, it seeks to give an outward form to the inner experience of our nature, it expresses itself not in marble, color, or sound, but in language, which, of all means of communicating human thought and feeling, is the most rationally intelligible. No more subtle power can be conceived for the direction of those feelings and perceptions which we call taste, whether it invigorate them by giving a living body to manly thought, or corrupt them, by throwing the lustre of fancy over objects that are by nature debasing and unsound. The poetry of an age is the monument of its character; the virtues and the weaknesses of our ancestors are perpetuated in their verse; and in the same manner we shall

ourselves be exposed to the clear judgment of posterity. Over language also the poets exercise a great modifying power, and as they have strengthened it in its infancy and directed its growth, so in its maturity it should be their endeavor to preserve it from decay.

For all these reasons it is of importance that society should have a settled opinion of what poetry ought to be, and that the critic should not content himself with simply appreciating the intention of a poem, but should determine whether the motive of its composition be just and the language pure. Half a century ago, when the taste of society was fixed by a fairly definite standard, the general principles from which a critic started were commonly understood. But in the present day we have no such agreement of opinion. Modern poetry is certainly not wanting in character; it displays strong and well-defined tendencies of thought and language, which cannot fail to exercise a powerful effect for good

* *Our Living Poets.* By H. Buxton Forman. London, 1872.

or ill upon the public taste. Unfortunately these characteristics are of a kind to excite the most opposite feelings; and while one party hails them as the dawn of a new era in poetry, another regards them as the mere trickery of charlatans. Both sides are equally positive; neither seeks to refer the decision to principles beyond their own private taste. For instance, the critic whose book we have placed at the head of our article, embraces with ardor the cause of the modern poets. It is enough for him that they exist, and are men of marked genius; he does not venture to define their prerogative. 'By close holding to real' (that is, modern) 'poetry,' he makes himself master of its peculiarities; and then, by the aid of what he calls 'the logic of admiration,' invents principles to explain them. It is plain that, with such preliminaries, argument is out of the question, in the event of a difference of opinion. If, for example, it is objected to a poem that it is unintelligible, the retort from a person of Mr. Forman's persuasion immediately is, 'I understand and admire; you do not understand.' The question thus becomes purely personal; hard names are called on each side, and the most violent animosities are of course excited. Fervid panegyric is met by flat contempt, while the basest motives are imputed to explain an adverse opinion on a poem, even when the criticism is delivered with strict moderation. This state of things is in every way mischievous. So far from invigorating taste, it produces nothing but anarchy and scepticism. Now for ourselves we do not pretend to be able to judge with perfect coolness of anything so intimately connected with our own feelings as modern poetry. We have decided opinions on this subject, and we shall do our best to defend them. Wherever the practice of our living poets seems to us prejudicial to the healthiness of taste and the purity of language, we shall not be deterred by genius or reputation from condemning it in the plainest terms, more especially in the case of anything that strikes us as literary imposture. But we shall examine the subject by principles which we shall endeavor to make as plain as possible, and which, whether true or false, have at least the advantage of placing the controversy in a position which is open to argument.

Poetry is the art of producing pleasure for the imagination, the reason, and the

feelings, by means of metrical language. The faculties to which the poet appeals are of common constitution. Language, the material of his art, is the common vehicle of thought for his reader as well as for himself. All sound and enduring poetry must therefore be able to submit to the test of four canons relating to conception and expression:—

(1) It must be representative; that is, it must deal with intelligible subjects in a manner that can be commonly understood.

(2) The subject selected for representation must be suitable to verse.

(3) The form of poetry employed must be such as to represent the true nature of the subject.

(4) The language must be of a kind to heighten and vivify the thought without attracting undue attention to itself.

By these principles every surviving poem may be examined, and, so far as it satisfies the test, it will continue to afford men pleasure, so long as they care to read. Nor, unless he is prepared to maintain that the constitution of the human mind has altered, and poetry is therefore bound to seek out a new track, can any critic claim for a modern poet exemption from the general law. We shall therefore endeavor, in a rapid survey, to consider the principles of contemporary poetry by means of the test which we have proposed.

Such a survey is rendered comparatively easy by the tendency of our modern poets to separate themselves into certain well-defined groups. The names for instance of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, at once suggest particular subjects of poetry, as well as particular manners of writing, each differing alike from the other, and from the forms of expression in general use. Round each of these master-poets, again, a number of imitators have grouped themselves, so that the entire surface of modern poetry is broken up into a variety of styles, distinguished by technical differences, almost as marked as those which separated the schools of painting in Italy. In the eyes of Mr. Forman, these divisions appear a sign of richness and vigor, and he tells us that the prospects of English poetry are mainly dependent on the existence of three 'schools,' which he calls 'the Idyllic,' 'the Psychological,' 'the Preraphaelite.' We leave these marvellous names to speak for themselves; the grouping which they denote we follow as

a classification convenient for a review of the subject.

By far the most popular form of modern poetry is the Idyll, for, unlike the generality of contemporary poems, it treats of subjects which are readily appreciated by the public mind. The idyll is a short poem containing a picture of life, and the subjects chiefly selected for representation in the present day are of two classes, the modern and the romantic. Now, with regard to the former, the poet who treats of contemporary themes has, at the outset, to face a considerable difficulty. Poetry will not tolerate anything trite or mean, yet from its very familiarity the ordinary aspect of life presents little to excite the imagination. There have doubtless been idyllic poets peculiarly fortunate in their outward circumstances. The name which at once occurs as that of the great representative of this kind of composition is Theocritus. The Sicilian poet found his subjects ready-made. Everything in his verse is purely representative. The out-of-door pastoral images of his idylls, goats and cattle, corn, honey, and wine, shepherds and fishermen, rustic humor and bucolic love, however refined of their rudeness to suit polite taste, are peculiar to a dry, fertile, and sunny climate, and are even now suggested to the fancy by the shores of the Mediterranean. Theocritus spoke with the voice of Nature. But his literary imitators, even Virgil himself, have not been equally happy; and in England every poet, who has tried to play on the Doric pipe, has sounded a false note. There is nothing in our damp island atmosphere, or in our own character, to favor that easy, contented, grasshopper life which still marks the peoples of the South.

England has, however, a rustic poetry of its own, which has been expressed by one who deserves far more admiration from his countrymen than in the present day he is likely to obtain. It is but seldom we hear any mention of the name of Crabbe, yet it was once familiar to every reader of taste and reflection. Born in a low station and familiar with every form of humble English life, in town and country, this true poet has not hesitated to represent its sordidness and its vices, together with its humors and its virtues. His style, though full of native strength, is entirely without grace or ornament. He is often careless, frequently prosaic, and sometimes even of-

fensively mean. These are grave defects, but they are balanced by greater virtues. Crabbe's genius did not love the level because it was unable to rise, and, when the occasion requires, he lifts his subject into greatness by his astonishing delineation of those passions whose effects are the same in all conditions of life. He can pass from homely shrewdness to heights of tragedy; he seems to have been acquainted with every motive, and to have fathomed the deepest affections of the heart. We know of no writer who, with such apparently common materials, can exercise such power over the feelings; and, if we were required to name the most tragic English poem outside the drama, we should at once name 'Resentment.'

The modern idyll of rustic life which approaches most closely to Crabbe in the great virtue of truthfulness is 'Enoch Arden.' The characters in this poem are natural, the incidents are stirring, the story is told very pathetically, and for the most part without affectation. Throughout it, in spite of the different styles of the two poets, we are reminded of Crabbe's 'Parting Hour.' Mr. Tennyson is superior to Crabbe in the dramatic construction of his tale; he is inferior to him in power and in knowledge of character. Again, in the 'Northern Farmer' and 'The Grandmother,' Mr. Tennyson has caught with great felicity, and has embodied in admirably representative verse, natural traits of English humor and feeling.

There is, however, in modern idyllic poetry a wide-spread tendency to emulate the manner of Theocritus, and to reflect the mere surface of English society. 'The aim of the idyllic school,' Mr. Forman tells us, 'is to make *exquisite narrative pictures* of our middle-class life.' Now a Dutch painting may, doubtless, be valuable as a work of art. But it is plain that poems composed on the principle described above will, if they are really representative, deal with subjects which are unsuitable for verse. There is nothing to excite the imagination in the well-fed, humdrum, respectable existence of the English middle classes. When, therefore, Miss Ingelow, to take for instance one of the most popular of contemporary poets, describes the conversation which took place at a supper in a mill, or at afternoon tea in a country parsonage, she is attempting to make that poetical which is by nature prosaic.

Attempts of this kind infallibly lead to misrepresentation. The associations of our landscape have a powerful influence on our imagination, and the poet, in describing external nature, is tempted to people it with inhabitants, not such as we actually find there, but such as seem best to harmonize with the delightful ideas which the scenery excites. Thus when, after the beautiful description of the cathedral town in 'The Gardener's Daughter,'—a description in which the fidelity of the landscape painter is joined to the skill of a great master of words—we are introduced to the subject of the poem, we find her a nymph no more like life than one of the shepherdesses, in those 'mechanic echoes of the Mantuan line,' which used to entertain the court ladies in the last century. The episode is described as one of real life. A gardener's daughter should, therefore, be represented as what she is, honest bucolic flesh and blood, especially as she is known occasionally to condescend to

'fruits and cream,
Served in the weeping elm.'

But as it is, she is evidently an idea arising out of the poet's contemplation of the town, with its low-lying meadows, its grazing cattle, and its chiming clocks. This is the representation of a painter, not of a poet. The imagination is directed to the external form, rather than to the human life that lies beneath.

Much in the same spirit Miss Ingelw represents a discontented 'scholar' taking a morning walk in the country, and feeling himself out of tune with the beauties of nature. The sound of running streams, the green of the leaves, the singing of the birds, and the movements of the wild animals, are all described with much grace and amiability. As the climax and epitome of these natural beauties, the scholar at last lights on a melodiously moral carpenter, who, after rehearsing a chapter of his own biography, advises him

'to wage no useless strife
With feelings blithe and debonaire.'

We venture to say there is nothing in the bucolics of the last century more unlike nature than this; yet a thousand kindred instances might be quoted to exemplify the spread of a new phase of Arcadianism, which appears to us far more disastrous, in its effects upon taste, than the pastoral

affectations of earlier times. No sane person ever supposed the Strephons and Delias of Pope to resemble nature. But the exaltation of common objects into a position which they have no right to occupy is actually mischievous, because, under the fidelity with which the poet paints external circumstances, he disguises a misrepresentation of human life. We turn with relief from the sickly pastoralism of 'the Titianic Flora' to that true and manly genius which cares not to look for 'the exquisite' where it knows it will never be found, but which discovers real poetry under the sordid crust of life, and beneath the mean names of 'Roger Cuff,' and 'Peter Grimes.'

Precisely the same tendency to reduce the representation of poetry to that of painting is visible in our idylls professedly dealing with romantic themes. We are far from desiring to confine the imagination of the poet to contemporary subjects. Let him, if he can, tell us of knights, dragons, anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; all we demand of him is, that he make us believe for the while in the truth of his fictions. The true poet is he who can make the most of the means which the general state of fancy and belief affords.

'Tis he can give my heart a thousand pains,
Can make me feel the passion that he feigns.
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror rend my heart,
And snatch me through the earth or in the air,
To Thebes or Athens, when he will and where.'

A poet of this sort may use the utmost liberty with his readers. It matters little to us that Shakespeare's Romans speak with an unmistakable English accent; it is enough that they are true men. Scott's moss-troopers may not, perhaps, be acceptable to the historian, but so faithful are they to nature, and to the general spirit of rude times, that we gladly surrender our imagination to the guidance of the poet. But a purely fanciful representation must not offend against our fixed habits of conception. If a poet represent a knight, we require the latter to be a man of those qualities which his name implies,

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.'

We shall not be satisfied with a philosopher in armor. A painter might of course take a philosopher for his model of a knight, and the spectators would be none the wiser, as a picture presents to us nothing

but the outward form. But in the domain of language the union of the two objects produces an inevitable confusion of ideas. When, therefore, in 'The Princess,' Mr. Tennyson works out the essentially modern problem of the Rights of Women by the help of knightly actors, he misrepresents character, and obscures the issue. Except that the ordinary associations with his subject are vulgar, while the knight is a picturesque figure, we see no reason why the tale should be thrown back into bygone times. On the other hand, there are very good reasons why it should not. The story is incredible, for had Ida chartered her university in the extremely masculine times which are supposed, she would have met with very different lovers from a prince apparently born for petticoats, being whisked off in the saddle in front of a De Bracy or a Bois Guilbert, who would have been too rude to understand her logic, and too determined to melt at her prayers. The problem, again, proposed in the poem is left unsolved, for all actual modern difficulties are ignored, and how can we be serious and believing in the midst of a palpable masquerade?

The same result follows in the remarkable cycle of poems, 'The Idylls of the King.' The actors in these idylls are knights of romance, figures with which the reader has absolutely no vital associations. It was not, indeed, always so. The fabled paladin was once an object of affection and belief to the majority of readers in Europe. It is related that a Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century, going out to hunt, left his wife and daughters engaged in reading a romance. When he returned, he found them in tears, and on his enquiring the cause of their grief, 'Sir,' they replied, 'Amadis is dead.' They had read so far in the story. Such were the images that turned the brain of Don Quixote. Such are the characters who afford the reader so much merriment and melancholy in the bright cantos of Ariosto—heroes who love the fight, the chase, and the banquet, equally well, win enchanted spears, deliver fair ladies from foul monsters, and soar over the whole face of the world on docile hippogriffs. Such, again, are the knights of Mallory, whose 'History of King Arthur' forms the basis of 'The Idylls of the King.' Tedious as Mallory's narrative becomes from its monotonous prolixity, it is full of quaintness,

humor, and marvel, and not without touches of greatness. It is, in fact, a fragment of the literary architecture of another age, and that this should fall into the hands of a modern restorer is to our mind as bad as the late painting and gilding of Temple Bar.

But how is the romantic life of an ancient dreamland made interesting to the modern reader? Little change is perceptible in the outward form of the narrative. The various episodes in 'The Idylls of the King' are almost all to be found in the original history. But, treated as the select subjects of separate poems, their entire complexion is altered. The wild religious legends of the 'History' merely serve to increase the atmosphere of marvel proper to a romantic story; in the general scheme of adventure the incidents of love form but a variation on the feats of arms. Under the romantic surface of the modern poems, on the other hand, the interest lies in questions of the relation between the sexes, in subtleties arising out of the present condition of religious feeling, and in problems connected with morals and politics. Hence, while in Mallory's romance we always feel the air open, sylvan, and free, in 'The Idylls of the King' we are continually in the close atmosphere of a secret casuistry resembling that of Euripides. What is prominent in Mallory's representation of Arthur is his adventures, as lord of a company of knights; what is chiefly of interest to Mr. Tennyson is the state of the king's marriage relations with Guinevere. To the romance-writer this was little; but so much is it to the poet that he does not scruple for his own purpose to alter the original story. A single significant sentence from the 'History' will show the gulf between the two representations. When the queen's adultery is discovered, Mallory makes no mention of any meeting between her and Arthur. She is carried off by Lancelot to his castle, an act on which the King comments in the following refreshingly plain speech: 'Much more am I sorrier for my good knight's loss than for the loss of my queen, for queens might I have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company.' Merlin, again, in the original, with his frequent disappearances and his strange disguises, makes an imposing and romantic figure, nor do we see any reason for transmuting him into an

aged casuist, who surrenders the secret of his power out of complaisance to the blandishments of a courtesan.

All this poetical alchemy has its inevitable effect upon the character of the Arthurian cycle of poems. Throughout 'The Idylls of the King' a double motive seems to have been operating in the mind of the poet, and the result is a violation of Horace's excellent rule, 'sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum.' The part of these poems which impresses the imagination is the external form. In all his pictures of the knight, his armor, his horse, the romantic scenery through which he rides, and the Gothic halls in which he feasts, Mr. Tennyson as usual displays the genius of a great painter. But the inner life, the human interest, whatever in the idylls appeals to our intellect and our feelings, comes, as we have said, from questions that are purely modern. We do not say that these questions cannot be treated in poetry; we only maintain that to associate them with the life of a rude age produces the same effect as to combine 'a human head, a horse's neck, a woman's body, and a fish's tail.' 'King Arthur is a modern gentleman.' Possibly, but at any rate he is not the least in the world like our conception of a true knight. Equally remote is the true knight, the offspring of romantic honor and personal prowess, from the ordinary representative of the 'modern gentleman,' whose wildest deeds of daring are done on the Stock Exchange, and whose most deadly quarrels are settled in the Queen's Bench. The ideas associated with the two states of society are incompatible; allegory is therefore out of the question, and the romantic idyll is open to the charge which we have brought against the pastoral idyll, of misrepresenting the true nature of its subject.

The principles of conception followed by our modern idyllic poets have had a remarkable and interesting influence on their style. As it is their aim to impress the mind by the representation rather of external forms than of human nature, they not unnaturally employ language much in the same way as a painter employs color. The true use of language is clearly to convey thought, and the poet should therefore use it to express in the plainest and noblest manner the conception of his mind. Words however have, by their mere sound, a subtle influence

upon the imagination. The word 'forlorn,' which appeared so full of meaning to Keats, the word 'nevermore,' which suggested to Edgar Poe the poem of 'The Raven,' both exemplify the results that can be produced by that purely sensuous side of poetry which is related to music. Nothing is more remarkable in modern English poetry than those curiosities of language, and novelties of metre, which attest the progress of this principle of composition. We doubt whether any poet has ever so thoroughly comprehended the value of words in metrical writing as Mr. Tennyson. His earliest poems, such as 'Mariana,' 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' 'The Lotos Eaters,' 'The Palace of Art,' and many others, are excellent examples of 'word-painting' in poetry. They resemble cabinet pictures full of delicacy, feeling, and finish. The pleasure which they afford arises from the distinctness of form, and the glow of color, with which remote objects are brought before the imagination. The required effect is produced, partly because the subjects of these poems are small, partly because they are purely fanciful. Habit has, however, grown upon Mr. Tennyson, and has led him to introduce the same principle into subjects of larger range, while in themes dealing with human life and passion he often, as we have shown, selects his subject, not so much with a view to its inherent elements of poetry, as to the capacity it possesses of taking a picturesque form and color. Whatever the nature of his theme, he determines to raise it by mere distinction of style, and he therefore frequently makes the most familiar objects pass through a colored medium of language, which gives them a perfectly novel appearance to the general mind.

In this purpose Mr. Tennyson has been greatly aided by his powers of metrical construction. He can compel the stubborn English into the most ingenious imitation of the quantitative classical metres. He has reproduced the trochaic in its classical form, and he was the first to make that familiar use of the anapest which has since been so much extended by Mr. Swinburne. We should be the last to depreciate these great accomplishments. But it is impossible not to perceive that, in the exercise of his technical skill, Mr. Tennyson constantly violates the old and sound

principle that art lies in concealing art. His style is frequently too good for his subject. Nowhere is this fault more apparent than in a poem which is in many respects the most remarkable that its author has produced; we allude to 'Maude.' The versification in this piece is admirable, and were 'Maud' nothing but the study of a madman or a hypochondriac in love, it would be impossible, whatever we might think of the selection of the subject, to deny the propriety of the anapaest as a representative measure. Though they are not exactly objects which we expect to find in lyric verse, we might even admire the skill with which the burglar's tool, the adulterator of food, and the linendraper's drudge, are made to assume colossal proportions in a distempered brain. But by a flagrant defect of judgment, and a curious deficiency of humor, the morbid and querulous recluse, with whom, as the speaker throughout the poem, we are evidently intended to sympathize, is made to be the critic of a national policy. We shall not be suspected of being in the pay of Manchester, but we confess that, when we come to the vigorous anapaests in which the recluse denounces those terrible curses of peace, 'the grind of the villainous centrebit,' the wretch who 'pestles his poisoned poison,' and above all 'the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue,' with his 'cheating yard-wand,' we are afflicted with an intolerable desire to laugh. The reason is plain, for the elevation of trivial objects into heroic importance is the very essence of burlesque.

It is, however, with blank verse, as the metre in which almost all modern idylls are written, that we desire particularly to deal. And by way of premise we take it for granted, in spite of all that metaphysicians may say as to the essence of poetry, and in spite of all such loose phrases as 'prose-poetry,' that the vehicle of poetry, and that which distinguishes it from prose-writing, is metre. The basis of ancient metre was quantity; that of modern metre is accent and rhyme. Rhyme may be the product of barbarism, yet it seems at any rate to be the method by which, in all European countries, the ear is most capable of deriving pleasure. Of the rhymed measures of England the national metre *par excellence* is the heroic couplet. Blank verse in its original is merely this measure with the rhyme cut off. As used

by its inventor, Surrey, it differs from prose only in the accentuation, and the syllabic division of the lines, and so far it is a process of decomposition. It is clearly the best vehicle of expression for the stage, where the actors ought to speak in the manner most like life that is possible in metre. It possesses again an advantage over the couplet in its greater liberty. It would, for instance, be impossible to conceive of a subject, with the vastness and sublimity of 'Paradise Lost,' fitly expressed in a metre where the periods are always checked, and often terminated, at the end of the second line. On the other hand there are few themes which could bear the mingled grandeur, complexity, and strangeness of Milton's peculiar style. The couplet, by its natural constitution, can be bitter, dignified, humorous, or pathetic, according to the mood which is desired. Blank verse, on the contrary, depends for its effect entirely upon the individual artifice of the poet, and hence the chief danger in employing it is, lest the writer, wishing to separate his style sharply from the region of prose, should fall into mannerism.

Now the blank verse of our time, at any rate as used by the group of poets whom we are discussing, is the creation of Mr. Tennyson. It has entirely superseded the heroic couplet. It has acquired a prestige which may be compared to the influence exercised by the verse of Pope. We cannot open a magazine or a volume of poetry without encountering the well-known manner. We propose, therefore, to select typical passages of blank verse from Mr. Tennyson's poems, to try how far the style conforms to the fourth canon on which our criticism is based. The first shall be taken from the modern idyll, 'Enoch Arden.' In this poem the author has justly felt that it is his business to be simple, and simple, and even colloquial, he accordingly is. But, in consequence of the absence of rhyme, his style differs imperceptibly from that of a good novelist. The ear discerns (and this is partly by the assistance of the eye) no more than that the story is being told in well-connected periods of a particular accentuation. Take, for instance, the following, printed as a paragraph:—

'For more than once, in days of difficulty and pressure, had she sold her wares for less than what she gave in buying what she sold. She failed, and saddened knowing it, and so, expect-

tant of a day that never came, gained for her own a scanty sustenance, and lived a life of silent melancholy.*

It would be difficult here to recover the 'disjecti membra poetæ.' The passage is in fact mere prose, and not good prose, for the involved construction in the first two lines merely means that she sold at a loss. But such is the result of that art, which, in a conscious effort to reach extreme simplicity, overshoots itself and falls into mannerism. The most successful passage in the poem appears to us the dramatic climax in which Enoch discovers himself to Miriam Lane:—

'Then Enoch, rolling his gray eyes upon her :
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him," she said, "I knew him far away;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her :
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I am the man."

There is artifice here; but the moment is one of highly wrought expectation, and the artifice serves to heighten the feeling, without attracting attention to itself. This is true art.

In 'Aylmer's Field,' on the contrary, we are constantly pained by the disproportion between the language and the thought. Is there any lover of vigorous sense and of his native language who is not offended by the gross mannerism of the following representative passage?

'He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,
Would care no more for Leolin's walking with
her,
Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they
ran
To loose him at the stables; for he rose
Two-footed at the limit of his chain,
Roaring to make a third; and how should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met
eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow
Such dear familiarities of dawn?
Seldom, but when he does, Master of All.'

Here is the same thought in Crabbe:—

'To either parent not a day appeared
When with this love they might have interfered.
Childish at first, they cared not to restrain,
And strong at last, they saw restriction vain;
Nor knew they how that passion to reprove,
Now idle fondness, now resistless love.'

These lines are not very memorable; and they might, we think, have been better finished. But between the two passages there appears to us all the difference that lies between good English and the most celestial Chinese.

In the romantic idylls there is, of course, not the same painful discrepancy between subject and style. But whether it be the remoteness of the theme, or the extreme elaboration of the verse, our attention is constantly drawn to the poet's peculiar manner. The style is so full of curious and careful selection that, as in modern architecture, the mind is rather attracted to the separate details, than to the general thought which these ought to express. The language is more distant than dignified, more choice than pure. Mr. Tennyson's aim seems to be to make as sharp a distinction as possible between his own and the vulgar tongue. Instead of good English, we seem to be listening to a translation from the Greek. He delights in the use of obsolete words, which send the reader to his dictionary, too frequently in vain. Old words may, doubtless, obtain a fresh currency after long disuse, but on what terms?

*'Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma lo-
quendi.'*

Again, there is an issue of new coinage which is not pure. Compound epithets are modelled after the Greek, or revived from the uncritical Elizabethan era. Thus, where we should naturally say, 'the bee is cradled in the lily,' Mr. Tennyson writes, 'the bee is lily-cradled.' When a man's nose is broken at the bridge, or a lady's turns up at the tip, the one is said to be 'a nose bridge-broken;' and the other (with much gallantry) to be 'tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower.' This is clearly, we think, false English. We shall hear next of a 'knee-broken horse,' or a 'head-shock boy.'*

The movement of the metre again is very peculiar. Discarding Milton's long and complex periods, Mr. Tennyson has restored blank verse to an apparently simple rhythm. But this simplicity is in fact the result of artifice, and, under every variety of movement, the ear detects the re-

* We take it that an English compound is only admissible when the first of the two words joined qualifies the second, as 'star-bright,' 'rose-red,' 'shock-headed.' We should not object to the compound 'lily-cradle;' but in the phrase we have quoted the second part of the compound is clearly the more important, as it contains the essential predicate of the sentence. We might as well say, 'The Queen is feather-bedded,' instead of, 'The Queen is sleeping in a feather-bed.'

currence of a set type. One of the poet's favorite devices is to pause on a monosyllable at the beginning of a line, and this effect is repeated so often as to remind the reader of Euripides and his unhappy 'oil-flask' in 'The Frogs.' The following instances occur within two or three pages:—

'Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Against the iron grating of her cell
Beat.'

'A sound
As of a silver horn across the hills
Blown.
And then the music faded, and the grail
Passed.
His eyes became so like her own they seemed
Hers.'

Artifices like these, no doubt, render Mr. Tennyson's blank verse striking and easy of imitation; but we regard them as fatal to the purity of the language. The double-distilled exquisiteness of the style is oppressive to liberty and fresh English air; its insidious fetters cramp the free play of English verse. In all that is said of the masterly workmanship (using the word in a goldsmith's sense) of modern blank verse we concur, but where any longer is

'the varying line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine,'

which was once thought to be the crown of our language? We challenge any votary of the modern muse to produce a passage of contemporary blank verse which for nobility, swiftness, and strength can match the following specimen of the old heroic style:—

'With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace,
Black was his beard and manly was his face. }
The balls of his broad eyes rolled in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red.
He looked a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.
Big-boned, and large of limb, with sinews
strong,
Broad-shouldered, and his arms were round
and long.
Four milk-white bulls, the Thracian use of old,
Were yoked to draw his car of burnished gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlooked the
field.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set.
His surcoat was a bearskin on his back;
His hair hung down behind of glossy raven
black.

Ten brace and more of greyhounds, snowy
fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose and coursed about
his chair,
A match for pards in fight, in grappling for the
bear.

To sum up our indictment against the modern idyll concisely, we find in it an attempt to confound the 'representation' of poetry with the 'representation' of painting, and, in pursuance of this design, a tendency to treat language, which ought to be the living vehicle of thought, as the mere inanimate material of style.

We turn now to the 'school' of writers whom Mr. Forman distinguishes by the terrible name 'Psychological.' The poetical drama in England has long ceased to flourish. Great actors played, and excellent prose-comedies were written, down to a comparatively recent date; but since the development of the stage in the period broadly called Elizabethan, no tragedy has been produced of a higher stamp than 'Cato,' and no poetical comedy at all. We still however read the productions of that great age with pleasure, and hence poets have fallen into the error of supposing that dramas may be written to be read, which it would be quite impossible to play. The works of these poets, as they are never meant to be seen in action, are almost always either coldly conceived, or unnaturally and spasmodically expressed. Hence it is that writers of a more ardent and original genius, perceiving this defect, yet desiring to preserve the dramatic form of expression, have sought to invent some new species of poetry, which, though unfitted for the stage, may still afford pleasure to the reader. The aim of the group of poets headed by Mr. Browning appears to be to represent character apart from action. If vigor, ingenuity, and a determination to overcome difficulties by sheer force of intellect, could achieve this object, Mr. Browning would have been fully successful. It is impossible to speak without respect of such qualities; but it is equally impossible for us not to perceive that Mr. Browning's aim is chimerical, and that by his practice he has helped to confuse the sound popular notions of the nature of poetry. He has not, it is true, obtained entire mastery over the public ear. In the prologue to 'The Ring and the Book,' he addresses the 'British public' as 'ye who like me

not,' in the half resentful, half contemptuous tone of one who knows his worth, and finds it unappreciated. At the same time he has that kind of power which subdues critics like Mr. Forman, who are ready to surrender their judgment at the first summons from anything that strikes them as original or profound.

Now, as part of the British public, we are naturally anxious to clear ourselves from the charge of obtuseness which Mr. Browning brings against us. We hold, for our part, that his manner of conceiving character is not poetical, and his manner of expressing his conceptions is not dramatic. And, first, what is his method of conceiving character? We cannot answer this question better than by an extract from Mr. Browning's last work, 'Fifine at the Fair,' which we take to be a kind of poetical pamphlet, containing the author's views of life and composition. We have no space to consider at length this curious and rambling production, which rather reminds us of the philosopher who constructed a system by following out the natural sequence of his thoughts on a flea. The following, however, is the passage, which appears to us to illustrate the poet's mode of estimating character:—

'And the delight wherewith I watch this crowd
must be
Akin to that which crowns the chemist, when he
winds
Thread up and up, till clue be fairly clutched,
unbinds
The composite, ties fast the simple to his mate,
And tracing each effect back to its cause, elate,
Constructs in fancy from the fewest primitives
The complex and complete, all diverse life that
lives
Not only in beast, bird, fish, insect, reptile, but
The very plants, and earths, and ores. Just so
I glut
My hunger both to be, and know the thing I am,
By contrast with the thing I am not; so
through sham
And outside, I arrive at inmost real, probe,
And prove how the nude form obtained the
chequered robe.'

This is a very apt illustration of Mr. Browning's place in poetry. He is a dramatic chemist. He aims at showing the inward realities of character, not its outward effects; his method therefore is not fictitious representation, but mental analysis. We need hardly say this principle exactly reverses the ordinary conception of the dramatic art. 'The purpose of playing,' says Shakespeare, 'both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the

mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' The drama was, according to his view, to deal with fictions representing the experience of life; his characters are therefore always seen in action, and their conduct is judged by those principles of right and wrong which are universally received. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, professes, not to people the fancy with fictitious personages, but to reveal to the reader the actual life of the soul, to which the poet's eye can penetrate, through all 'the sham and outside,' wherewith custom and society have overlaid it. His characters are all real types, and are presented to us merely for the sake of exhibiting the working of their minds. Thus we are shown the mental processes of a rude savage, a Roman Catholic bishop, or a painter of the middle ages; and instead of having our fancy enriched with life-like fictions, we are promised for once a peep-show of things as they are.

Now, if Mr. Browning can really do what he says, and if words are to retain their meaning, it is manifest that imagination must be excluded from his method; and he is working in a sphere, not of Poetry, but of Science. But how are these positive results to be achieved, and what is this mystical power of analysis, which enables the poet to reduce the human heart to its first elements, as a chemist resolves water into gas? Not a process of observation, but a mere freak of the fancy.

'Fancy with fact is just one fact the more.'

says Mr. Browning, explaining to the reader, in the prologue to 'The Ring and the Book,' how he was enabled to recover all that was said and thought about an action that had fallen out of men's memories for two centuries. Amazing scepticism, prodigious dogmatism! For this is as much as to say that there is no real fact but in thought, and therefore that whatever Mr. Browning thinks concerning things and persons must be true. With such reasoning it is idle to deal seriously; but, as far as dramatic representation is concerned, we think that on this principle two things are plain. First, Mr. Browning's revelations of character will really begin and end with himself; and, secondly, they will depend for their effect, not on the

amount of their truthfulness, but of their paradox.

His 'dramatis personæ' are all odd specimens or extinct species: they remind us more of what might be than of what is, more of ideas than of men. Take, for instance, the character of Bishop Blougram. The motives assigned to this speaker are no doubt intelligible in themselves, but it is extremely unlikely that a man of the world would have openly avowed them; the character, in fact, seems rather to have been thought out of a theory than to be a portrait drawn from life. The Bishop is not a representative man. Take, again, the monologue of Fra Lippo Lippi. Vasari, in his gossiping manner, relates several anecdotes of this painter to prove the grossness of his morals. Mr. Browning's object is not to question the accuracy of the biographer's facts, but to give them a new color. From the instances he quotes, Vasari not unnaturally concludes that Lippi was a man of violent animal passions ('spinto di furore amoroso anzi bestiale'). 'A judgment based on "sham and outside,"' says Mr. Browning; 'you must get back to the "fewest primitives," and interpret the man's actions by the "spirit" you find in his works.' Accordingly, he plants himself in front of one of Lippi's pictures, and following the advice of Socrates in 'The Clouds,' he lets his fancy fly out like a cockchafer on a string, and presently comes back with quite a new portrait of the monk, after the manner of the German philosopher who evolved the anatomy of a camel out of his own consciousness. Lippi's moral principles, we are to believe, as well as his artistic style, were based on a robust feeling for material beauty. 'For me,' says the metaphysical ne'er-do-well, showing the "inmost real" of his character,

'For me I think I speak as I am taught;
I always see the Garden, and God there
A-making man's wife; and my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.'

This is 'taste in morals' with a vengeance. Nor is the confident self-assertion of Lippi's 'candid friend' without its influence on certain minds. 'It is impossible,' says Mr. Forman, 'not to feel (*sic*) that the monk's character, for which Browning has reached across the centuries, is absolutely true in essentials.' So great is the power of paradox! George de Barnwell would

doubtless have convinced our critic that his motives in murdering his uncle were perfectly pure. For ourselves, we are quite ready to believe with Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle that the charge against Lippi is at least not proven. But taking Vasari's facts for granted, as Mr. Browning has done, the biographer's rough and ready way of accounting for them is, we believe, far truer to history and human nature than the poet's. In the first place, Lippi's self-conscious estimate of his own principles of composition is a critical anachronism. And, as for his moral stand-point, we take it that a more genuine reflection of mediæval sentiment it would be impossible to find than the Life of Benvenuto Cellini. Let any one, then, compare the style of this autobiography with the speech which is put into the mouth of the painter, and he will see how foreign the latter is to the thoughts and feelings of the minds which it is meant to reveal. Delightful and entertaining as is the narrative of Cellini, it is the utterance of a man who had nothing to fear, either from his own conscience or from public opinion, who describes with the same frank artlessness the murder of an enemy and the casting of a statue, and whose mental anxieties in prison seem to have been solely occasioned by the fear of poison in his food. Here speaks the representative Italian of the middle ages. The speech of Lippi, on the other hand, could only have been uttered in an age full of archæology, self-consciousness, and metaphysics—in a word, in the age of Mr. Browning.

It will thus be seen that we consider Mr. Browning's method of conceiving character to be neither poetical nor just. But assuming it to be both, and granting the poet the peculiar powers that are claimed for him, it remains to be seen whether the conception can clothe itself in such a form as to make his characters appear to the reader, what they are styled in the titles of his books, 'Dramatis Personæ,' and 'Men and Women.' The invariable form of Mr. Browning's dramatic pieces is monologue. Now the essence of the old drama is action. We are pleased with a play when a number of persons, who appear to resemble nature, work out upon the stage a plot, which seems to follow probability. We are interested to know whether Macbeth will murder his king, Othello kill his wife, or Hamlet avenge his father. The motives

of the actors interest us, as the forces which produce the action in which the drama culminates. Hence the regular dramatist with reason makes his play proceed through a progressive series of scenes and acts. But, from Mr. Browning's point of view, the action is only of interest in so far as it suggests the inner thought, and each of his characters accordingly discovers himself to the reader in a monologue. His various poems resemble soliloquies, extracted from dramas, to the earlier acts of which the reader is supposed to have had private access. We are assumed to know that Andrea del Sarto had a bad wife, and that Lippi painted pictures in a particular manner, or, if the speakers are less well known, they are at pains to discover to us their relation to the matter about which they talk. Thus, instead of a perfect whole which can be easily surveyed from beginning to end, we have an arbitrary imputation of motive, which practically puts our judgment out of court.

Mr. Browning himself seems to have felt that this was a defect, and to have resolved to show in a 'magnum opus' that his method was capable of completeness and unity. We will, therefore, examine his principle as shown undoubtedly at best advantage, in his very remarkable poem, 'The Ring and the Book.' The poet has here, with great ingenuity, produced an extraordinary appearance of completeness, by himself telling a story, and then representing the incidents as discussed by a number of speakers, so as to show the various lights in which one action may present itself to different minds. So much does this apparent unity impress Mr. Forman that he exclaims, 'The dramatic art has received a distinctly epic magnificence of structure!' 'The logic of admiration' has here betrayed our author into nonsense. We know not why the drama should have any need to borrow from the epic, but we do know that the purpose, both of the regular drama and of the epic, is to exhibit an action, and that in 'The Ring and the Book' there is no action at all, for the very good reason that the action discussed is completed before the poem begins. The following is the story, which in an old fashioned drama would be the plot of the play.

Count Guido Franceschini, a poor nobleman of Arezzo, marries Pompilia, the putative daughter of two wealthy Roman citizens, of the middle-class, for the purpose of

becoming heir to their property, as well as to repair his present fortunes by Pompilia's dowry. After the marriage the parents, finding that Guido, besides being an extremely disagreeable person, does not stand so well socially as they had been led to believe, disclose the actual truth as to Pompilia's birth in a court of law, and so disappoint the Count of his prospects. Upon this Guido treats his wife with such cruelty that she is at last constrained, in all good faith, to put herself under the protection of a young priest, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, in whose company she flies to Rome. Pausing to rest on the way, the pair are overtaken by the Count, who at first endeavors to obtain a remedy at law. The court, however, take a light view of the matter, send Pompilia into retreat for a twelvemonth, and banish the priest from the territory for the same space. Pompilia leaves her retreat before her term is expired, and joins her parents at a villa near Rome, where she is delivered of a son, Guido hearing of this, tracks her to her refuge, and murders her together with the two old people.

Here, doubtless, are the materials for a tragedy, and had the story fallen into the hands of Webster he might have produced a drama marked with the same gloomy pathos as 'The Duchess of Malfi.' The innocence of Pompilia and the wickedness of Guido would in such a representation have aroused the pity and terror of the spectators. But these are not the feelings which Mr. Browning is anxious to excite. As we have said, he tells the story of the murder in the prologue, and the body of the poem is intended to represent what was said and thought during the trial. Here, he argues, are facts which were once the talk of Europe; they have fallen into oblivion; the poet's art shall revive them and show, by force of mental analysis, the exact manner in which they impressed contemporary minds. Now, to begin with, this is no business for the poet. The purpose of poetry is to satisfy the imagination and the feelings. The spectator of a play only cares for a fact, in so far as it is a good basis for fiction; he desires a representation so vivid as to make him believe that his emotions are being excited by the fact itself. But what Mr. Browning is interested in is the actual fact, partly on account of the complication of the incidents, partly on account of its

antiquity. From his belief in the fixity of the laws of mind, he feels sure that the action described would have impressed various characters in a particular way, and would have given rise to the same innuendo, debate, and casuistry, in the seventeenth as in the nineteenth century. For each possible point of view from which it could have been regarded he provides a spokesman, and endeavors to persuade us that fancy, aided by archæology, can thus recover the thoughts of persons two centuries dead. Allowing that this feat could be performed, it is plain that the imagination would only be impressed in the same way as at an exhibition of optical illusion, or a spiritualistic 'séance.' Our admiration would be excited not by the injustice and nobility of the thoughts which are uttered, but by the belief that we are listening to the 'ipsissima verba' of persons once alive.

Besides, the delight which the poet himself experiences in tracking the intricacies of thought has caused him to overlook the most obvious rules of art, and is the cause of the enormous length of 'The Ring and the Book.' All the characters are analysed with the same minuteness. Thus, besides having to listen to the Count, Caponsacchi, and Pompilia, the chief actors in the story, we are obliged to hear, at equal length, the version of one half Rome, who believed Guido; of the other half, who believed his wife; of a certain logical 'Tertium Quid,' who believed partly in neither, partly in both; of the Count's advocate, of Pompilia's advocate, of her confessor, and finally of the Pope. The same story is, in fact, told ten times over, and a subject which might have been properly extended to five acts is swelled into four volumes. And this, though the question debated is the right of a husband, under certain circumstances, to kill his wife, and though Mr. Browning has himself told us the real merits of the case before the debate begins!

But is the poet's own object attained? Do we really seem to be listening to the 'dramatis personæ' of a previous age of existence? In spite of the ingenuity and real insight which is often displayed in the various monologues, the speakers do not appear to us in the very least to resemble natural men and women. They remind us rather of fossil bones skilfully constructed with human shapes, into which

Mr. Browning throws his voice like a ventriloquist. Not one of them speaks, as we imagine the man he is meant for would have spoken under the circumstances. This is partly the fault of the monologue, for there are few positions in society in which one man is allowed to monopolise conversation. Besides some of the speakers are only in a position to soliloquise, the lawyers not being allowed to plead *vi et voce*, and the Pope merely thinking to himself. To such straits is Mr. Browning reduced in this respect, that when he comes to the Fisk, Pompilia's advocate, he represents him as a man so self-conscious as to stand before a glass, and try the effect of his speech when recited aloud. This is surely a wanton misrepresentation of character, for such a piece of vanity would only be natural in the case of one who was really expecting an audience.

But throughout every speech we are always aware of the presence of Mr. Browning. Each speaker (even Pompilia, who cannot read or write) is a master of mental analysis, employs the most grotesque figures of speech, reports every observation that anybody ever made to him verbatim, and wearies his audience with intolerable details. If Mr. Browning had had to tell the story of the Trojan war, he would have begun with Leda's eggs, and would probably have analysed the shells. Never were speakers so tedious as his. Does the Roman gossip mention the dagger with which the murder was committed, he will be at once reminded of the ingenious master who made the handle, and so of the town where the latter lived, upon the climate of which he will pass a few criticisms before he returns to the point from which he digressed. Count Guido occupies forty lines in describing to the judges every incident connected with his engagement as gentleman-in-waiting to a certain cardinal, who has absolutely nothing to do with the story. The prisoner's advocate, by way of showing his own domestic and playful disposition, opens his monologue with the following pleasing address to his son:—

'Ah my Giacinto! he's no ruddy rogue,
Is not Cinone! What! to-day we're eight!
Seven and one's eight I hope, old curly-pate!
Branches me out his verb-tree on his slate
Amo -as -avi -atum -are -ans
Up to *aturus*,—person, tense, and mood,

Quies me cum subjunctivo (I could cry)
And chews Corderius with his morning crust.'

Dogberry and Verges are very excellent comical characters, but were there no other speakers in 'Much Ado about Nothing' we might have too much of them. Does Mr. Browning really think we can endure 1805 lines of the same kind from this insufferable old chatterbox, just because he thinks him an amusing specimen of human nature in the seventeenth century? But perhaps the most thoroughly unnatural piece of portrait-painting occurs in the speech of Caponsacchi at the trial, who, though speaking at white heat from indignation, yet having occasion to mention a speech made to him by Conti, a fat canon, mimics the very tones and gestures that the latter used:—

'At vespers Conti leaned beside my seat
I' the choir, part said, part sung, "*In excel-sis*,"—

All's to no purpose; I have loated low;
But he saw you staring,—*quia sub*—don't incline

To know you further
So be you rational, and make amends
To little Light-skirts yonder—in *secula*
Seculo-o-o-orum.'

Any one can see here that Mr. Browning has noticed the way in which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics occasionally perform the service, and has introduced the passage to make the figure of the canon as life-like as possible; but to suppose that Caponsacchi, when so deeply moved, would have tried to make his judges laugh by such mimicry, is to violate alike propriety and nature. A touch like this shows that the genius of the author of 'The Ring and the Book' is not really dramatic. He regards his characters as so many mental phenomena, and as a natural consequence he speaks for them himself.

Mr. Browning's language naturally adapts itself to the bent of his thought. As it is his object to show ordinary things from an extraordinary point of view, the style which he employs is almost always the grotesque. The thought which he expresses is often commonplace, but it is so tossed and buffeted about by the poet's ingenuity, that the reader at first sight fails to decipher the meaning, and when he masters it he naturally enough doubts whether it can be so simple as he had hitherto supposed. We can, in fact, only account for the admiration which many readers profess to feel for Mr. Browning's

difficult style by referring it to the self-complacency which is felt after the successful solution of a puzzle. The most noticeable feature in this poet's manner is, we think, his abundant use of metaphor, a figure by which he contrives ingeniously to disguise and enliven the frequent homeliness of his thought. 'Fifine at the Fair' consists of a number of clever paradoxes, elucidated by an equal number of those illustrations which Plato called 'myths.' For instance, the speaker in the monologue having exhibited great delight at the charms of a strolling dancer, his wife not unnaturally protests; but her husband, after complaining, with a shrug, that women never can 'comprehend mental analysis,' explains, with infinite tact, in a parable which extends over some sixty or seventy lines, that his feeling for his wife, as compared with Fifine, is as his relative value for a picture of Raphael and a sketch-book of Doré. The compliment is, of course, irresistible, and the lady is pacified. Indeed, in Mr. Browning's own mind metaphor frequently stands for argument. Thus he seems fully to have satisfied himself of the soundness of his dramatic principles, when he has shown how exactly parallel they are to the work of a goldsmith in making a ring. His metaphors, we need not say, are always ingenious, or they would not be his, but they are too often merely harsh and extravagant. Take, for instance, the figure by which Caponsacchi indicates the universal loathing and isolation which will be Guido's lot if he be acquitted.

'And thus I see him slowly and surely edged
Off all the table-land whence life up springs,
Aspiring to be immortality,
As the snake hatched on hill-top by mischance,
Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders down
Hill-side, lies low and prostrate in the smooth
Level of the outer-place, lapsed in the vale.'

This is meant, of course, to be the vivid rhetoric of an indignant man, but there is nothing impressive in the figure. We see little in common between the snake's position and Guido's except their discomfort; the simile is, in short, not forcible, but simply violent.

With regard to his idiom and versification, all Mr. Browning's tendencies are towards—decomposition. War is declared with the definite article and the relative pronoun, and any preposition is liable to lose its final letter on the slightest provo-

cation. We should like to know Mr. Browning's authority for cutting off the final 'n' in 'on.' Shakespeare has, of course, familiarised us with such abbreviations as 'i'the' for 'in the,' and 'o'the,' for 'of the,' but the practice is not sufficiently euphonious to be frequently admitted in modern poetry, much less extended. As the most far-fetched metaphors are employed to illustrate the most common thoughts, so the most out-of-the-way words are in favor simply because they are strange, and the mere jingle of sound is sometimes the sole excuse for an entire line, as—

'Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled, they a month.'

Mr. Browning's metre is blank verse, but of a kind which is only distinguished from prose by its jerks and spasms. The sober iambic road of the normal metre is not sufficiently adventurous for one who loves to make poetical travel accessible only to the Livingstones of literature. At every third line we are tripped up on a point of emphasis, or are brought to a halt before a yawning chasm, which can only be cleared by a flying anapaest. In short, throughout a composition so bulky as 'The Ring and the Book,' we fear we should find it hard to select one paragraph which might serve as a model of good English, or, indeed, one which is free from the marks of violence and eccentricity.

The failure of so remarkable a work as 'The Ring and the Book,'—for, in spite of its ingenuity and power, a failure it certainly is,—should be a warning to all who think that by mere force of intellect they can alter the laws of poetry. Genius, insight and wit strive in vain against the constitution of the human mind. The old dramatists were right. Shakespeare, with his wide and practical intelligence, knew that action was the test of character. His purpose was therefore to represent an action, in which the actors should express themselves in such a manner as the spectators might feel was just under the circumstances. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, brimful of modern scepticism, asks, 'What is action? What is the value of a fact in itself? How many pros and cons there are for everything that is done! Admitting that a thing can only be true in one way, in how many different ways will it present itself to different minds, and who shall determine which is the truth?

Again, how perishable is action! The great Roman murder-case was once known over the world, and where is the memory of it now? There is nothing real but the soul of man, whose laws, discoverable by mental analysis, are so unchanging, that, by an *a priori* construction of motives, the past can be recovered in its reality.' We have endeavored to show that could this be done it would not be worth doing in poetry. Poetry, when serious, seeks only what is really great or permanent, and the thoughts of any characters, however curious, on a murder however celebrated, are not equal to the dignity of verse. But, in any case, the effect which we are promised does not follow; the poetical illusion is not created; for the characters represented are not living creatures, but phases of the writer's own mind, dressed in antique costume. The work, whatever admiration we may feel for its ingenuity and daring, is not the work of a poet, but of a metaphysician, or, if Mr. Forman will, of a psychologist.*

We have so lately discussed the merits of the last 'school' of poetry, which, according to Mr. Forman, has any 'prospects,' that we shall now only examine

* This article was in type before the appearance of Mr. Browning's last poem, 'Red Cotton Nightcap Country.' There is, however, nothing in this poem to make us modify our remarks on the analytical method. Given certain tragic facts, a man induced to burn off his hands, and finally to throw himself headlong from a tower, to find the mental forces that produced these terrible results. Such is the poet's scheme. A conflict between animal passion and superstitious belief might of course be represented in a French pathological drama, nor are there wanting in Mr. Browning's poem passages which, occurring in such a play, would be powerfully effective. But for a poet to conduct us as commentator through the whole history of a suicide, from his birth to his death, giving paradoxical keys to his most ordinary actions, disguising commonplace under misty metaphors, rambling into endless trains of grotesque reflection, and finally, after several thousand lines, to land us in the conclusion that the man put an end to himself, not because he was mad, but because he was distracted—all this reminds us of nothing so much as Tony Lumpkin's famous midnight drive of five-and-twenty miles 'round the house, and round the house, and never touching the house.' 'I first took them down Feather Bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud: I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-Down Hill: I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-Tree Heath; and from that by a circumbendibus I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.'

briefly its theory of composition. 'The Preraphaelites,' as we learn from our critic, were originally a brotherhood, banded together for the maintenance and propagation of two cardinal principles. By the first of these, we are told 'a rigid adherence to the simplicity of nature was to be enforced (*sic*) in writing poetry.' By all means. We have not a word to say against such an excellent piece of despotism, though we find something slightly comical in these brethren, thrice sworn to die in defence of what we should have thought a self-evident truth. But when we come to examine what the Preraphaelites mean by 'Nature' the entire aspect of the question changes. Nature, in their vocabulary, signifies a violent hatred of custom in every form, customary action, customary thought, customary feeling; and, in the second place, an equally strong persuasion of their own personal infallibility. We are accustomed, for instance, to consider that the everyday matters of life, being of trivial importance, can find no place in serious poetry. Mr. Coventry Patmore, on the other hand, would persuade us that there is real poetry in tea-cups, nosegays, gloves, and pap-boats, because these are the accessories of Domestic Love, who makes all things beautiful. We are accustomed to associate love in poetry with ideas of romance. A sin against Nature, says Mr. Woolner; the enlightened reader ought to interest himself in the most matter-of-fact courtship, provided the lover be a metaphysician, and his mistress die in the course of the poem. He accordingly, in 'My Beautiful Lady,' chronicles for us every incident—and these do not appear to have been varied,—in a course of true love—and this seems to have run exceedingly smooth,—which extends itself over a hundred and seventy pages. We are told how the lady walked in a wood; how she picked a flower; how she heard a bell toll; we are even informed of the topics of the lovers' conversation:—

'I recollect her, puzzled, asking me
What that strange tapping in the wood might be.
I told of gourmand thrushes, which,
To feast on morsels oozy rich,
Cracked poor snails' curling niche.'

We know not whether to wonder most at the audacity of poets who would have us believe that poetry can exist in petty objects, which become ridiculous when treated as of importance, or at the creduli-

ty of those readers who accept this ungrammatical doggerel as poetry, simply because they are assured it is composed on true principles of art. The truth is, however, that the most efficacious method of imposing on that scepticism which springs from ignorance is dogmatism. Throughout the poetry of the Preraphaelites the personal pronoun 'I' is almost always present. They write like solitaries, to whom everything in the external world appears in a private and particular light, and everything in their own minds seems of public importance. They forget the character attributed to those who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves with themselves, and hence their style is full of that ill-concealed egotism, which can only be checked by an inborn sense of humor, or by contact with the actual world. We cannot account for the publication of the following poem, entitled 'The Woodspurge,' by Mr. Rossetti, the founder of the school, except by supposing it to be the work of one whose every thought appears to him worth recording:—

'The wind was dead, the wind was still,
Shaken out loose from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will;
I sat now for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was;
My lips drawn in said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass;
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes wide open had the run
Of some ten weeds to rest upon;
Among those ten, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory.
One thing then learned remains to me;
The woodspurge has a cup of three.'

We are not so matter of fact as to suppose that Mr. Rossetti simply intended the public to be informed how he became acquainted with a fact in botany. Nor do we pronounce any opinion on the profundity of the conclusion in the two first lines of the last stanza, though we venture to doubt whether a man absorbed in 'perfect grief' would have been so conscious of his personal appearance. But one thing is plain. Mr. Rossetti does not understand that what chiefly strikes the reader's fancy in these lines is the very distinct portrait of a gentleman, seated on the grass, with his head between his knees, and a prodigiously fine growth of hair. Would Mr. Rossetti think it fitting for any man so to ex-

pose his private grief in real life? If not, why should it be permissible in poetry?

The second principle of the Preraphaelites is that 'poetry should be conceived in the spirit, or with the intent, of exhibiting a pure unaffected style.' This is marvelous enough. Imagine the 'Iliad,' 'Paradise Lost,' a satire of Dryden, or a lyric of Herrick, conceived for the purpose of 'exhibiting a style!' But we have here a symptom of the growth of that technicalism, which is the peculiar characteristic of modern poetry. Almost all contemporary verse-writers seem to form their style first and to insert their thought afterwards. In the work of the Preraphaelites the tendency manifests itself in two ways. One is the reproduction of those special and well-defined external forms, which poets in other ages have used to embody the particular thoughts of their own day. In a recent article we pointed out how Mr. Rossetti dresses à la Dante, and comes abroad crowned with aureoles, and beset with Loves, in the midst of railways, newspapers, mechanics' institutes, and credit mobiliars. This incongruity to plain minds produces an absurd effect, but the extreme elaboration of Mr. Rossetti's style provokes the warmest admiration from critics like Mr. Forman. 'In these translations' (says our author, descanting, in his usual dithyrambic manner, on a work of Mr. Rossetti's) 'we constantly meet passages which, *setting aside the thought or sentiment conveyed*, are beautiful, musical, and aromatic (*sic*), whatever you like to call it, of their own nature, by virtue that is of their combination of sound.' A good line in poetry is one which expresses a just thought, in the best way possible in metre. Byron's lines on the battle of Waterloo, for instance, are extremely poetical, because they convey noble and masculine sentiment in language of appropriate harmony. In the works of Mr. Rossetti, and still more in Mr. Swinburne's, we often meet with passages, as Mr. Forman says, of perfect vocal harmony, but they are generally 'versus inopes rerum,' the thought or feeling expressed being so meagre, that we derive little pleasure from them beyond the mere jingle of the words. The ear is pleased at the expense of the reason.

The other manner in which the Preraphaelites 'exhibit simplicity of style' amounts to nothing else than the 'Art of

Sinking in Poetry.' The delicate perception which Mr. Rossetti often displays of the value of sound, does not save him from intolerable meanness of style where he means to be particularly simple. In a poem called 'My Sister's Sleep,' he revives the old English metre to which Mr. Tennyson has given celebrity in 'In Memoriam.' Now, as the feeling of this piece is meant to be common, we should have thought it would rather have found expression in one of the standard national metres than in a measure which, even in its original, is clearly the result of experiment and adaptation. The 'In Memoriam' stanza has no natural pauses like the eights and sixes of the ballad metre, so that the rhetorical artifices of the poet are perceptible, and when he writes, as he supposes, simply, he writes quasi-prose. Here, for instance, is a specimen stanza:—

'I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.'

In this stanza, the first two lines are only simple because they are mean. The two last are not simple at all, but full of affectation. The passage has none of that pathos of memory which constitutes the charm of Cowper's lines on his mother's picture; the minuteness of the recollection is felt to be so much unnecessary personality. Here is another stanza in the same poem, absolute prose from first to last with the exception of the single rhyme, which is consequently entirely out of place:—

'Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs;
As some, who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.'

We should have thought it impossible to praise writing of this kind. Mr. Forman, however, finds a subtle touch of poetry in the second line, which, instead of sinking to the lowest depth of meanness, appears to express 'an incident of muffled sound,' intended to help 'the dead-still action of the poem.' So hopelessly do men lose themselves when they leave the light of their natural taste to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of metaphysics!

We have taken a rapid survey of the chief forms of contemporary poetry, and have pointed out what we consider its radical faults. We make no apology for not dwelling on its beauties, or for challenging

poetical reputations of long standing. For the first there is no need, and for the second, it is not the fame of this or that poet, but the interests of English poetry itself, which are involved in the issue. Sound English poetry must, as we believe, be the expression of vigorous native thought in the most suitable native idiom. Our contemporary poetry, on the other hand, has ceased to be representative; it no longer expresses the common experience of men, but suggests only the private views of the poet on the subject he selects. The poet is therefore prone to two grave errors in the conception of his poems; he either selects subjects which in themselves are incapable of poetical expression, or, if the subject chosen be proper, he presents it in an unnatural and disproportioned form. He is also chargeable with serious faults of expression, in so far as by his technical devices he makes language, which is the vehicle of thought, more noteworthy than the thought which is conveyed. It remains to consider the cause of the private position which the poets occupy, and of the sects into which they are divided.

And first let us hear Mr. Forman's account of the origin of those 'schools' which he has so ingeniously classified, and which he admires so much.

'Poetry,' he says, 'does not in its true present that compact appearance, which the Elizabethan drama got from a national coherence of sentiment and habit. Still the esthetic in Man is probably as strong now in this country as it was in any other age and place, though, from the lack of a universal ideal of life, the ideal in art is special to each great artist. This comes from the disintegration of society, which has gone on for a long while, breaking and breaking old ideas, and institutions, and forms of thought; and the social up-building is still to do.'

Mr. Forman, therefore, maintains that the divisions of poetry reflect faithfully the divisions of society. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that his description of the time is correct, and that England is struggling to emerge from a condition of anarchy resembling that of a South American Republic; this would in no way explain the poetical phenomena which he describes. A nation does not change its character and language with its laws. We do not find that Virgil and Horace, the first poets under the Caesars, aired new ideals of life, or revived aboriginal metres; we know, on the contrary, that they ac-

cepted the circumstances of their time, and developed the hexameter handed down to them by Lucretius, Lucilius, and Catullus, their republican predecessors. Nor, except in poetry, is there any trace in our own country of those radical divisions of feeling and language which Mr. Forman suggests. In Parliament, Bar, and Pulpit our tongue is still used with purity, and sometimes even with eloquence. The daily newspapers do not resort to dialects to express their political differences; indeed, we doubt—proh pudor!—whether there is better representative English to be read than in the leading articles of the 'Times' during the Session of Parliament.

If, then, we must explain the existence of our poetical sects otherwise than by the change in the constitution of society, we know of no cause to which we can so naturally refer it as to the change of principle in the poets themselves. Poetry is by nature the most social and the least technical of the arts. It is local, patriotic, it may even be provincial, but it is nowhere private. There is neither mystery nor monopoly in its themes. Its noblest forms have had a popular origin. It has afforded materials for the genius of the dramatist in the religious holiday show, and in the rude horseplay of a country feast. When the epic poet opens his subject, he announces it to his audience as a matter with which they are all acquainted, and invokes the aid of the Muse to present it in a worthy form. The feelings to which the old lyric poets appeal with imperishable freshness are simple and few, because they are common. The satirist takes his theme from the vices or follies of his countrymen. Nay, the very artificialities of society are the poet's opportunity, and true genius has created a form of immortal verse to preserve the mysteries of the toilet, the fortunes of the card-table, and the 'conduct of a clouded cane.'

Modern poetry has changed all this. Instead of a genial companionship in thought and feeling with his fellow men, the poet now starts from a basis of solitude and separation. When Wordsworth, the great herald of the 'new departure,' was meditating 'The Excursion,' he retired, as he tells us in his preface, into his native mountains to compose 'a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled "The Recluse," as having for its subject the sensa-

tions and opinions of a poet living in solitude.' In this seclusion the modern poet himself becomes the centre of the universe; he treats his subjects not as they are presented to the common intelligence, but as they appear to his own reflection. He leaves the world of men for a world of ideas, in which *his* every thought appears valuable, and *his* feelings alone seem to be true. To minds wrapped in self-contemplation, even the necessity of external themes disappears, and the poets, like the stars,—to use the image of Wordsworth's most distinguished disciple,—

'Demand not that the things *without them*
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.'

Such philosophic apathy is indeed attainable by few, but elsewhere the attitude of the poet towards society is one of contempt and antagonism. The unenlightened body of their countrymen is dubbed by them Philistine; a name the more terrible because, in its English application, we have never yet found the man who knew precisely what it meant. 'Go hang yourselves all,' says the modern poet with Malvolio, 'you are idle shallow knaves; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.'

Now, the poet having taken up this isolated position, what effect will his principles have upon his work? Where will he select his subjects, and what will be the character of his style? This question is answered in a very different manner by two distinct sets of modern poets, whom, for the sake of convenience, we will call Philosophers and Artists. Let Wordsworth speak for the first:—

'The sum of what was said is, that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in that manner. But these passions, thoughts, and feelings are the general passions, thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the cause which excites them, with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe, with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, fear and sorrow. These are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How then can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men, who feel vividly

and think clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible.

Here, then, is a distinct theory of what poetical conception and expression ought to be. Now, as to the first part of the definition, we entirely agree with the principle there stated, but we think it is evident that Wordsworth's application of the principle is quite different from what his words naturally imply. Though the subjects which he enumerates are doubtless treated in his verse, they are to him subjects not for representation, but reflection. Throughout the whole range of his poetry, we fail to recall any single figure resembling, in its action and passion, the person of a social being. He treats not of things, but of their causes. Nothing in his verse is presented to us directly; everything is seen through the medium of his own philosophical thought. Poetry with him meant Philosophy in metre.

With regard to Wordsworth's theory of style, it should be remembered that his preface, from which we quote, is directed as an attack against those poets who, at the end of the eighteenth century, had reduced the English classical style to mere verbiage. So far as his criticism is aggressive it is telling and true. But his hatred of artificiality led him into extreme principles, which, if fully applied, would destroy all the pretensions of Poetry to be called an art. As conceived by Wordsworth, poetry is, in its expression, separated from prose by the faintest line of demarcation. Yet it is plain that the mere use of metre makes the language of the poet differ, in a very 'material degree,' from the language of other men. There are certain subjects and thoughts which can be expressed in verse far better than in prose: there are, again, other themes which no amount of metrical artifice could render poetical. But of the use of rhetoric in verse, Wordsworth seems to have had no conception, and though he professes to observe in his language the laws of metre, we can remember few passages in his poems where he impresses us by the music of his numbers. Assured of the poetical nature of his own thoughts, he believed that they would spontaneously take a fit form of words. His influence on the course of poetry was therefore entirely democratic, and tended to level those natural distinctions which separate verse from prose. In his poetical style he often reminds us of

Roland's appearance at court in woollen stockings and shoe-strings. He is always truly simple; we need not say he is often eminently noble; but he is not seldom merely rustic. His solitary habits led him to form an exaggerated estimate of his most casual thoughts; and it is only when we remember that he composed a poem in fourteen books on the development of his own mind that we can possibly understand how the author of 'Laodamia' can also have been the author of 'Peter Bell' and 'The Idiot Boy.'

Now as in the mind of Wordsworth the whole value of poetry lay in the thought, so our living poets, running into exactly the opposite extreme, hold that all which is important is the expression. Society is, generally speaking, as essential to men's intellectual health as to their material prosperity. The ordinary mind which seeks to exist upon itself will starve. The principles of Wordsworth could only have maintained themselves in times, when the greatness of external action had stimulated to an extraordinary degree the powers of individual thought and feeling. But the magnitude and novelty of the events which marked the great Revolutionary era have disappeared in our time, and the thoughts 'of a recluse on Man, Nature, and Society,' are not now likely to be very memorable. Our poets, indeed, still speak as philosophers, but the fuel for their fire has gone, and they but cover the want of the inner glow, by the splendor of their language and verse. Poetry in the view of the second great class of poets, whom we have called Artists, has come to be identical with the creation of Form. We are forever hearing the hackneyed phrase, 'Art for the sake of art,' applied to poetry, and throughout his book Mr. Forman speaks of the poet as an artist, classifying him directly with the painter, the musician, and the sculptor, as if the other arts were precisely the same as the poet's in their nature and function. Phrases and theories of this kind all point to the spread of technicalism in poetry; to the tendency, that is, to exalt language at the expense of thought. Look where we may, we find little besides word-painting, alliteration, the revival of old forms, the construction of new metres, and it seems to be generally believed that any thought, however mean, can be transmuted into poetry in the crucible of style. The ambition of every poet is, not to ex-

press a good thought in the most appropriate manner, but to put a thought into such a curious form of words, as no poet has conceived before. Hence Mr. Forman's schools.

Now this tendency of modern poetry, we have endeavored to show, is a palpable ill. Poetry is catholic, and has neither sects nor schools. The 'individuality' of the modern poet, as his flatterers call it, is not a sign of vigor, but of corruption and decline, fatal alike to the manliness of our thought and the purity of our language. As far as poetry is concerned, we may adapt the words of Norfolk:—

'The language we have learned these thousand years,
Our native English, now we must forego:
For now our tongue's use is to us no more
Than an unstringed viol or a lute,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hand
Who knows no touch to tune the harmony.'

For this evil there will be no cure but the restoration of a sound standard of national taste. It must be once more acknowledged that it shows ignorance and bad taste to be carried away by the mere sound of words; that it is the right of every reader to reason on what he reads with severity, and his duty to understand before he admires. It must be understood that poetry does not lie in mere curiosities of language; that, for instance, champagne does not become poetical when described as 'the foaming grape of eastern France,' and that to call the sacramental cup 'the chalice of the grapes of God,' is an impurity both of taste and of English. On this matter every reader, who has studied the literature of his country, ought to be a judge. 'There are many,' says Dryden, 'who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading and digesting of those few good authors we have among us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitude and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust he has acquired while laying in a stock of learning.' Since Dryden's time the number of good authors has largely increased, and our language is still used with purity

in society. It ought not, therefore, to be so 'difficult to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author from that which is vicious and corrupt in him.'

Above all it should be required that the subjects chosen be of a kind to appeal to the head and the heart of every educated Englishman. We might learn a lesson on this point from our forefathers, whom the modern 'dilettanti' affect to despise. Nothing is more common than to hear ignorant depreciation of what is broadly called eighteenth-century taste and poetry, and that both were limited, and in some respects artificial, we readily admit. But the men of the Restoration and of Queen Anne's time knew the kind of poetry of which their age was capable, and the form in which it could best be expressed, and in consequence their writing is intelligible and readable at the present day. As for ourselves we are so doubtful of our own taste—nay, so sceptical of our own feelings—that we are liable to be imposed upon by every species of literary masquerade and mumming. Our poets seek to reflect for us the feeling of every age except our own. We have nothing really in common with the religious sentiments of Greek tragedy. There is little of any kind left to us from the Middle Ages, and it is senseless to try to recover what is gone. We cannot, like the Elizabethan poets, 'warble a native woodnote wild' in an age which is already overcivilised; and when Mr. Tennyson says that he 'sings but as the linnet sings,' it is plain that he deceives himself. If poetry is to live, we must have a poetry reflecting our own life and thought.

The question then naturally arises, Do the materials for such poetry exist? Mr. Morris unhesitatingly answers there are none; we live in 'an empty day.' So long as society is active and language pure, we shall refuse to believe in the justice of this taunt; but until a poet arises to 'show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,' we shall have to endure it. Meantime we are led to ask how it is that a poet can affirm that there is nothing worth writing of in 'the actions of men, their hope, their fear, their pleasure.' Undoubtedly there are obvious difficulties in the way of the poet in search of living themes. In an age of paper, when public

opinion embodies itself in an outward form, the realities of individual life and feeling are apt to disguise themselves, while the facilities of travel help to level those local features which give such character to our earlier poetry. But these are only modifying causes. They deprive life of its outer garb of picturesqueness and romance, but they cannot destroy poetry, whose abode is in the human heart.

The great obstacle to the production of plain and direct poetry is the almost invincible prejudice that all poetry must be necessarily embodied in a romantic form. All modern poetry has doubtless taken this form. Now by the term Romanticism we mean to denote, not so much the love of purely fanciful images of liberty and marvel, as the encroachment of the imagination on the domain of experience, and the application to established society of ideas springing out of a sentimental desire for a lawless and primitive freedom. Sir Walter Scott has described with his usual felicity the effects of this habit upon a character like Waverley, secluded by circumstances from society, and weakened in judgment by indiscriminate excursions throughout the whole field of literature. But to such an extent has this spirit now spread that, so far from being recognised and deplored as a disease prejudicial alike to taste and common sense, it is regarded as part of the poetical temperament. A person of a visionary and abstracted turn is now called at choice 'romantic' or 'poetical.' In the summary of last year's events we find Mazzini's character described by a writer in the 'Times' as that of 'a poet or a prophet rather than of a statesman.' We know not why these should be considered distinct and incompatible varieties of mind. Milton, the greatest of English poets, was a statesman and controversialist, and the practical wisdom running through Shakespeare's plays gives evidence of an intelligence not inferior to Bacon's own. Again, how small a portion of great English poetry can be called romantic in the sense in which we use the word! The reason of this is plain. Romanticism expresses the aspiration of natural as opposed to civil liberty. It is the poetry of the mind, which cannot find room for its energies to expand in active life, and which therefore turns its gaze inward, or transforms itself in a world of books. It takes no root in a community whose action is at once great

and free. No symptoms of the temper are visible in the commonwealths of Athens and Rome, where it was open to the best intellects to find free expression in public affairs; nor for the same reason are there before this century any traces of it in England. Such apparent indications as exist in the shape of the amatory sonnets and conventional pastoralism of the Elizabethan age, or the conceits of Cowley's school, merely represent a temporary taste for fashionable exotics; they are not the growth of the English mind.

Romanticism in England is an importation from the Continent. The true cradle of the spirit was despotic France; its great original representative is Rousseau; its typical works are, in France, '*La Nouvelle Héloïse*,' and in Germany '*The Sorrows of Werther*,' both of which sprang out of that introspective mood which is reflected in Rousseau's own filthy '*Confessions*.' The spirit of individual liberty, here first apparent, formed the nucleus of that vast body of philosophy, philanthropy, and sentiment which grew in France during the eighteenth century. When finally the energy of all this brooding thought, operating on an oppressed people, found delivery in the French Revolution, it seemed as if the pent-up forces of centuries had discharged themselves upon a single age. The huge battles that followed, the overthrow of so many thrones, the sudden elevation of so many individuals before obscure, the splendid courage, and the wild adventure of the period, seemed indeed to have introduced a new era of romance. It was the dramatic aspect of the Revolution which struck the imagination of the energetic and adventurous English race, and expressed itself with true national force in the roving genius of Byron and the patriotic chivalry of Scott. But the dreamy and altogether unpractical pretensions of French idealism found no favor with the English mind. To the clear and sceptical intelligence of Byron, curiously introspective as he was and open to the power of romantic passion, the prophecies of the infinite improvement of the human race sounded like idle tales. The English aristocracy, long used to the art of government, braced by real liberty, and schooled in the style of the great classical authors, rejected with contempt the products of French and German sentimentalism. There is no better reflection of the national mind of the period than in the

pages of '*The Anti-Jacobin*,' particularly the excellent parodies of '*The Knife-grinder*' and '*The Rovers*.' This strong national antipathy serves to explain the ferocity with which the critics of that day attacked the writings of those poets who were most influenced by French ideas.

Time, however, has avenged the poets. It has required but the lapse of a generation to naturalise habits of thought once so uncongenial, and to set up as the sole standard of poetry writings upon which the critics had laid their ban. The doctrine of the moral progress and ultimate perfection of man is now the first article of faith with English Liberalism. Of the early nineteenth-century poets those who are most in favor with our contemporary critics are Wordsworth and Shelley, rather than Byron, the poets of ideas, not the poet of action. The causes of this great revolution in taste it is difficult at present to explain. Much of it may doubtless be referred to the transfer of power from the upper to the middle classes. The poets of the last century were the representatives, or the clients, of a body born and bred to government; they wrote in times when England, with an imperial policy, played a great part in the affairs of the world, and the atmosphere of their poetry was therefore public and social. But in the present day, when the foreign politics of England are expressed in the doctrine of non-intervention, when at home society itself acknowledges no standard but that of competition, it is hard for the individual to recognise any interests which are higher and wider than his own. In such a community the eager and imaginative mind is inclined to take refuge in its own ideas, and hence, perhaps, that ominous abstention from politics which is beginning to mark the professors of modern '*Culture*.'

But the historian will understand the progress of events better than ourselves. He will have to determine why the most unromantic society that ever existed pleases itself with likening its own feelings to those of the knight-errant; he will explain why the literary portion of a nation, whose genius lies in practical thought and action, has given itself over to the study of poetical metaphysics; and he will perhaps be able to understand why we have rejected the masculine standard of classical simplicity for the caprices of French idealism, and like Democritus have 'excluded sane

poets from Helicon.' Meantime we can see for ourselves that, though the spirit of romance has extended its area, it has lost its inspiration. The revival of chivalric poetry has indeed outlasted the age of modern adventure, but in a literary, no longer in a living form. Marmion and William of Deloraine are replaced by King Arthur. The poetical creed, which carried along many minds with the force of religion, has petrified into ritualism. Instead of the enthusiastic rhapsodies of Shelley, we have the splendid but meaningless music of Mr. Swinburne, with his Herthas, his Hymns, his Litanies, and his Lamentations. Other writers failing any longer to find in modern society the images of romance, have turned back to the forms of the past, and have reduced poetry to such mere furniture and costume, as pictureque sonnets à la Dante, or stage 'properties' after the early English. Truly to those who look on life and poetry with these eyes, the present must indeed be 'an empty day.'

Nothing is so likely to recruit the exhausted powers of our poets as the admission of fresh air from the outer world. There is no lack of fit subjects. Human nature as viewed, not indeed by the kaleidoscope of ideas, but by the standard of experience and religion, affords a field as rich now as it proved to the Roman satirist. The authors of 'Adam Bede' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' have not found the present a barren age. The aspect of

men and things, we are told by modern exquisites, is vulgar and prosaic :—

'Sed quid magis Heracleas,
Aut Diomedæas, aut mugitum labyrinthi ?'

Why should we turn in preference to the legends of the Round Table, or the dreams of an Earthly Paradise? Themes of public interest are certainly not wanting. It is inconceivable that Englishmen, with feeling and imagination, should continue to regard themselves as mere material atoms, and not as actors in the history of a country, the love of which moved Milton, Republican as he was, to celebrate the feudal glories of

'An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.'

The political and religious issues of our time are not less momentous than when Dryden wrote 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and 'The Hind and the Panther.' Or if it be said that the interests of men have extended beyond the bounds of country, why cannot the poet look on life with the same clear sense that manifests itself through the force and passion of 'Childe Harold'? It is not, however, for the critic to dictate subjects to the poet; the duty of the former is to require that whatever subject be represented in poetry, its treatment shall be generally intelligible, and that the poet's language be plain and pure. Let only this much be accomplished, and poetry, instead of an enervating article of luxury, will again become a national power.—*Quarterly Review*.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THERE is, perhaps, no name in literature which has been more *répandu* in the world during the last fifty years, and none which conveys more lively recollections of amusement and frolic, of breathless story-telling and equally breathless interest, of boundless invention and daring defiance of all the laws of probability, than the name which stands at the head of this page. Nowhere out of the Arabian Nights has such a flood of story poured through the world as from the lips of the half-African Frenchman, the wild, lavish, extravagant, and headlong genius, whose very prodigality has been made an argument, of the strangest kind, against him. Perhaps the present generation has so far lost the

first impression of the Mousquetaires' wonderful adventures as to associate the name more distinctly with those volumes of "delicate" analysis and philosophical immorality, beyond the reach of decency or shame, by which his son has earned something which, nowadays, is considered reputation. We should be sorry to place the fame of our old favorite, *bizarre* as was his life, and multitudinous as is the literary scandal current about him, upon the same level. Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils* are as different as are this rude but hopeful earth and an obscene hell. The first has sinned much, against every standard, but has done so by accident, by fits and starts, by the impulse of high spirits and natural im-

petuosity. So far as we are aware, he has never been depraved, only indifferent, in a historical way, to moral evil. But to the other, moral evil is all that life contains of interest; it is the staple of his thought, the inspiration of his fancy. In all the round of human existence there is nothing which attracts him, nothing which he thinks worthy of comment, and the analysis for which he is famous, but the infamous varieties of unclean passion, and the base intrigues of sensuality. The wholesome open-air daylight world, which is full of wholesome work and human affections, counts for nothing with this author. For him the world means the chamber of a courtesan, and life a succession of miserable and sickening excitements appropriate to such a *mise en scène*. Indeed the very worst accusation that can be brought against the father is that which accuses him of having helped to produce the literary development represented by his son. This accusation seems to us as untrue as it is unjust. We are told that the appetite which has become jaded by the breathless, but real, and mostly innocent, sensationalism of the older writer, requires the still higher excitement of those elaborate details of vice furnished by the younger, to content it after the fare to which it had been accustomed, and that consequently the 'Dame aux Camellias' is the natural result of the 'Trois Mousquetaires.' In this way, straining the argument a little, Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins might be said to be the natural outcome of one of the purest and soundest of human intelligences—the great mind of Walter Scott; a sequence which we entirely reject. If, then, there should be any youthful reader to whom, unhappily, the name of the old romancer has become identified with that of the so-called moralist, the historian-in-chief of all the detestable nuances of vice, the favorite of a public which we in our ignorance accept as representing France, though it represents nothing but the weakness, misery, and shame of that much-tried country—let him learn to make acquaintance with a spirit infinitely better, brighter, and more genial, the old Dumas, faultiest of men and authors, most extravagant spendthrift of brain and purse alike, the brilliant, headlong, vain, friendly, and foolish man of letters, who was the parable of his time—to whom, perhaps, we can give but little respectful homage, but

to whom we owe more innocent amusement than to almost any other writer of his generation.

We would not, however, have it supposed that in saying this we are setting up Alexandre Dumas as a model writer, or recommending his works as a moral regimen for the young. Nothing could be further from our intention. All that we venture to assert is, that he is purity itself and good taste itself in comparison with the more recent and much more pretentious school of fiction which has openly dedicated itself to the study and elucidation of vice, and which is generally meant when the contemptuous phrase "French novel" drops from British lips. Barring a few pages, or a few chapters, the story of the 'Trois Mousquetaires,' with its many sequels, conveys as little harm as any outspoken *mâle* novel, written with no moral purpose, can do; and its peculiar force and attraction, the real charm it has for its readers, turns upon no equivocal sentiment, nor excitement of passion, but on the charming sweep of adventure, the unflinching flow of incident, the incredible valor, the manly enthusiasm of friendship, and the endless drolleries of its band of heroes. It is a story made up of sensation, but of sensations well-nigh as innocent as those of 'Robinson Crusoe.' We confess that it is with difficulty that we can imagine the character of mind which would be harmed by the society of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Messrs. Pendennis and Warrington would scarcely be safe company for so delicate an intelligence. Neither is there anything in the wonderful complications of 'Monte Christo' which need alarm the moralists. The difference of atmosphere between these productions of thirty years since and those of the Dumas of this day is indeed as remarkable as anything we know in literature. The one all hearty, joyous, and outspoken; the other serious, sentimental, vile: the one with no purpose in the world but that of amusing his readers—and himself—for it is evident Dumas enjoyed his own headlong career, his own fun and endless fancy, as much as any one of his audience; the other solemnly seated upon a throne of self-assumed wisdom, instructing and reforming—heaven save the mark!—his unfortunate country, by perpetual illustration of her vices. But though it would be unjust to the elder Dumas not to indicate most strongly this

fundamental difference, and though we should be rejoiced to see the French novel come back even so far as to his level, and accept it as a sign of returning health and amendment, yet we do not take upon us the dangerous responsibility of answering for Dumas as a moral teacher. He was not a teacher of any description. He was a teller of stories—the very laureate of action and adventure; but in his choice of a subject, he never, so far as we are aware, showed the moral perversity of preferring one which necessitated discussion of vice. When it came in his way he recorded it carelessly as he would have recorded any other accidental circumstance, without protest, but without enjoyment. We will not undertake to say more.

It is but a short time since, in one of those pauses of mournfulest silence which came after the tempest of the roaring guns, in the late dire extremity of France, that the news of Dumas's death came in curiously and strangely like a homely note of the old life, in the midst of the violent and martial strain of the new. Dead!—there were thousands dead or dying just then whose lives probably were of greater worth, and whose end was more noble; but the name of the old story-teller, the *vieux farceur*, ran over all the world with a strange and pathetic recalling of the past, a return as to something ended for ever, in which we, too, once had our peaceful part like others. He died in a lull of the fighting, poor old man, worn out with work and commotion. We remember the indignant remarks made in a distinguished French family, one of whose members, a man of European fame, had died shortly before, touching the meagre and brief mention given by the 'Times' of the death of their illustrious kinsman—a great statesman and orator; while the same journal spent columns upon a notice of Dumas the *raconteur*, Dumas the Bohemian, whom his generation had ridiculed as much as they had applauded, and whose books were shut out from all such virtuous, noble houses. The surprise and indignation were natural enough, but so was the fact that called them forth. Dumas's claim upon our notice was not like that of a statesman. His name directed us altogether away from that hot and horrible stream of war, and from all the devious channels through which it had been fed. Whatever our opinion might be

on the part taken by this man and that in the stormy national life, which had at last been engulfed in so grand a catastrophe, our opinion of Monte Christo and D'Artagnan belonged to a different category of sentiment. We heard of him again with a smile—his very name was a relief to the jaded attention. Was he dead? we gave him a gentle sigh, a passing regret; we could have better spared a better man. Great events were hurrying upon each other too swiftly to secure much notice, but upon this private event our minds dwelt with a certain grateful sense of relief as well as of regret. Thus he went out of the world amid blare of trumpet and sound of guns, in the midst of a commotion more tremendous than any he had ever rendered into story; and the sound of the well-known name which had such very different associations, and the tranquil sorrow for an old man's death, gave us a sort of consolation, as of the ordinary tenor of human existence still holding on through all, amid the tragic horror of the great crisis, which seemed to annihilate everything that belonged to life's common strain.

But if Dumas's death thus called forth our sympathy, he has a still better right to that sympathy now. A thing has happened to him which fortunately does not happen to all men, as death does. The biography of Alexandre Dumas has been written in English; his life has been taken, as it were, feloniously and cruelly after his death. The work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald* is in two large volumes, and issued with all the solemnity of size and apparent importance. It is about Dumas's follies, his fibs, his vaporings, and the follies, fibs, and vaporings of the French nation in general, than which there is at present no more fruitful and popular subject for the genus penny-a-liner (or guinea-a-liner, it does not matter which). We confess, for our own parts, that, whether in the solemn columns of our leading journal, or in the triflingest of broadsheets, this easy and universal topic has become intensely tiresome to us; and that out of pure opposition to the tedious reiteration of the crowd, we are ready to protest (as indeed some closer observers have already done), that our neighbors in France are in

* Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas. By Percy Fitzgerald. Tinsley: London, 1873.

reality the most serious, steady, and matter-of-fact population in the world. France may have fallen very low; certainly she has descended in material fame and prestige; but to see every miserable scribbler exercise his small wit upon her national characteristics, and stick his cowardly little shaft into her in her downfall, is more than our equanimity can bear. A few things are said of ourselves by other nations, which our self-complacency either refuses to believe, or comfortably laughs at as a specimen of the delusions of foreigners; but nothing can make the English mind conscious that it too is human, and may possibly partake on its own side those delusions so common to the superficially informed. It is the fashion of the day to abuse France and her character, and all her actions of every description; to conclude that she does not know her own business in the least; that we are infinitely better informed than she is as to her most intimate concerns; and that because she has fallen upon that period of national ill-luck which comes to all countries now and then, therefore we are all free to sermonise and to sneer, and to assure the whole world that we always knew how it would be, that "it is just like her," and that so it will be to the end of time. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is one of the many accomplished Englishmen who sees through France, and is prepared at any moment to point out her imbecilities; and besides this general fitness for the task of writing a Frenchman's life, he has besides a thorough contempt for that individual Frenchman, and the liveliest satisfaction in "showing up" his imperfections to the world. Thus prepared for his work he carries it out manfully, without hesitation or discouragement. It is a new way, we confess, of writing biography—which art, up to this time, has perhaps been too apt to call forth a warm feeling of partisanship, a general siding with one's hero, and inclination to explain away his faults and account for his weaknesses when those faults and weaknesses could not be altogether denied. The other mode of treatment possesses novelty at least, if no other attraction; but it has this disadvantage in the present case, that the world has heard a great deal of Dumas, and but little of his biographer; and that, consequently, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's easy superiority and sense that he is in a position to pull his

subject to pieces, is more apt to fill the reader with a mixture of indignation and amusement than with more admiring feelings. Had the positions been reversed—had any chance wind of fame wafted Mr. Percy Fitzgerald into regions of notability, where Alexandre Dumas could have caught sight of him, and made him into a book, we might have accepted the tone of it as natural. In the actual circumstances, the book is a simple impertinence, and unworthy, on its own merits, of any literary notice whatever. We accept it merely as an occasion for recalling the strange, wild, energetic, amusing figure of the old romancer, before all personal recollection of it has vanished from the world.

We cannot pretend to any personal knowledge of Dumas. Once, and once only, the present writer remembers to have assisted at one of the "Conferences" with which, in his old age, he amused the Parisian public. Age had paled his swarthy countenance, and made his negro shock of hair white—a change which took away, we presume, much of the peculiarity of his appearance. We forget what was his subject—it was, no doubt, a chapter of recollections from his own eventful and stirring life—but the chief point in his lively talk was an incident in the history of his father, the revolutionary General Dumas,—a story which probably would be somewhat gross for an English audience, but which in Paris everybody laughed at frankly. With the broad fun of a school-boy, his round face twinkling with laughter, the *raconteur* narrated the arrest of a spy, who, as a last resource, to escape the vigilance of the Republican soldiers, *swallowed his despatches*! We will not attempt to recall any details of a story scarcely suitable for these pages, but the reader will divine the boldness yet the lightness with which Dumas skirted the borders of permissible licence, and told his laughable but coarse tale without any actual *grossièreté*. His pride in his parentage is one of the many faults laid to his charge; but it is one for which—at least in the case of his father—most English readers will forgive him. He was descended from a gentleman whom Louis XIV. had made a marquis, and did even at one period of his life assume, or make a pretence at assuming, the title, to which, barring a doubt as to his father's legitimacy, never proved one way or the other, he would seem to have had a per-

fect right. The father himself, however, was more interesting than any Marquis de la Pailleterie. He was one of the boldest and best soldiers of the Republic—a hero as daring as any in his son's romances, but unfortunate—and died neglected in the village where he had married a woman of the people, under the ban of Napoleon's displeasure; embittered and broken-hearted by the scorns of office and the desertion of friends, as, unhappily, other brave but unfriended soldiers of fortune have been known to do before him. He died while his son was still a child, and the boy had to struggle into notice unassisted, his mother's family being poor and undistinguished. How he did this may be seen in his own memoirs, or, by those to whom the memoirs are not handy, or, who distrust the romancist's own account of his successes, in the very unflattering and contemptuous narrative of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Dumas leaped into notoriety by means of his dramas, the first literary vein he struck, which brought him much applause and some money, and launched him wildly into that prodigal and heedless life of Paris, which shows in stronger colors perhaps in the midst of the frugal and thrifty national life of France than it would do on our more general level of lavish expenditure and self-indulgence. All the follies Dumas did—his shiftiness, his unbounded expenditure, his reckless confidence in his public, his feats of travel and diplomacy, his vanity, his splendor, the palace he built and lived in like a true Monte Christo, his insatiable thirst for money and continual need of it even at his climax of wealth,—are all to be found, set down in malice, in the volumes we have referred to. There is not much in this meteoric existence, perhaps, which the world need care to remember. He had some of the virtues of the prodigal along with all the unsatisfactoriness of that character, and came to be a kind of literary Jeremy Diddler towards the close of his life, as is unfortunately too common. Extreme ease of production (his detractors say the extremest ease—since it was not he who worked but others for him) and a constant market for all the wares he could produce, demoralised the fertilest of romancers. His brain became the true Monte Christo, the reservoir of most saleable jewels, which was more inexhaustible than any pirate's board. That he should in his reckless sense of power have embroiled himself

with competing editors, and pledged himself for *feuilletons* innumerable, sometimes in the face of other contracts, sometimes to the injury of personal honor, and beyond all hope of keeping his word, seems natural enough. For nothing can tell more strongly against all intellectual economy or thrift of power than this sense of the capacity to be always doing, along with the certainty of ready and immediate pecuniary recompense for all one does. Dumas's immense popularity might have overcome the restraints of freedom even in a mind more sober and moderate; and in one inaccessible to all the arguments of prudence, moderation, and sobriety, it may be understood what a career of intellectual (to say nothing of external) riot, the triumphant writer was tempted to plunge into; and he resisted no temptation which came to him in this form.

It was not, however, until he was over forty, and had reached the full force and maturity of middle age, that he hit upon that vein of fiction which produced for him his greatest reputation and reward. We can only use words which express the utmost caprice of chance when we tell the story of Dumas's triumphs. There is no ground for supposing that it was by solid plan or preparation that he began his wonderful succession of romances. Pure hazard guiding him, as (to speak lightly) it guided the first man who "struck ile," or he who found the first scrap of gold at the diggings, he lighted upon the inexhaustible fountain of fiction from which such a flood was to come. Even in its very first beginnings this stream seems to have had the force of a torrent. The 'Trois Mousquetaires,' we are told, and 'Monte Christo,' both appeared in one year—1844—and took the world absolutely by storm, by surprise, driving the public into wild interest and excitement before it had time to think or inquire why. The chance was in every respect a happy one; for amid all the wealth of French fiction, the place of the improvisatore, the headlong breathless story-teller, had never, we think, been filled before since the day of the *jongleurs* and wandering troubadours. Nowhere has fiction occupied a more important place than in modern France, or drawn to its development so many powerful intellects. No Englishman that we know of has drawn with pencil so keen and diamond-pointed the mysteries of human motive and thought,

the terrible gulf of human weakness, as Balzac has done, with a pitiless power and clear-sightedness which make us hate while we admire; and it would be impossible to give to the philosophical romance, the dramatic representation of sentiment and emotion, a more splendid development than it has attained in the hands of Victor Hugo and Georges Sand. None of these great masters of art can be called moral writers. The first is, at the best, historically impartial, setting forth good and evil—the two different sides of the picture—with the calm of a spectator as little affected by the contrast between vice and virtue as by that which exists between black hair and blond, blue eyes or brown—an indifference which is supposed by many to be essential to the perfection of art, but which, in our opinion, is as little favorable to true art as it is to the moral atmosphere of literature.

These higher places of fiction were, however, occupied by writers who as yet have had no rivals, and with whom the genius of Dumas was quite unable to cope. Analysis of character, profound reflection upon the enigmas of life, studies of human passion, and the relations of man to man, were subjects altogether out of his way. But with a sudden inspiration, true as it was spontaneous, he seized upon the primitive tale which was in his way. No moral, no meaning, no thread of purpose was necessary to him. With the perseverance and *longue haleine* of Scheherazade herself, but with infinitely more levity and joyousness of intention, he plunged into the wide and open infinity of invention, feeling the world before him, and recognising no moral or historical tether, no law of probability, to hinder his free march, no restraint of law or nature. All such limits disappear before him as before the improvisatore on the Neapolitan shore, or the Arab story-teller, the repository of all the traditionary lore of the East. It is not from the modern inspiration of fiction, but from this wild source of boundless adventure and incident, that he draws his power. He appeals not to the deeper principles of nature in his hearers, nor to their sympathy with the struggles of heart and soul, the complications of will and passion, which are the true subjects of poetry; but to that which is most universal in us, the intellectual quality (if it can be justly called intellectual at all) which most entirely pervades humani-

ty, which is common to the child and the sage, the simplest and the most educated—that primitive Curiosity and thirst for story without which man would scarcely be man. Nothing is too low in intelligence, nothing too young in years, to share this lively and wholesome tendency of the mind. It lies at the bottom of the highest mental ambition, and contributes to the success of the loftiest efforts, but is in itself the possession of the commonest, the lowliest, the foolishlest of mankind. When we say that Dumas took advantage of this quality, we do not mean to imply that he availed himself by calculation of the most universal of human sentiments, or chose among other intellectual paths this one wild byway which leads by a short cut to that pinnacle of the temple of fame where the garlands are readiest of access though quickest to fade. No such wise calculation was in the mind of the *raconteur*. He seized upon the vacant place by mere instinct, being capable to fill it. He sprang upon the stage in a lucky moment by chance—and finding out all at once, without warning, what he could do, forthwith did it, without once pausing to think.

We say this with full knowledge of all the gossip and all the solemn literary questions which have been raised as to the real authorship of Dumas's works. To us the controversy seems at once trumpery and artificial in the highest degree. With every inclination to believe in the generosity of human nature, we confess we are altogether unable to understand how Maquet, Bourgeois, & Co., who, we are asked to believe, were the real authors of his books, should have kept silent and in the background, allowing Dumas, to whom they were bound by no special tie, to reap the immense profit and the overwhelming glory of works which were really theirs. This, on the one hand, is incomprehensible and incredible; while, on the other hand, it is equally impossible to believe that the man who, under the name of Dumas produced the 'Trois Mousquetaires,' should in his own name, at a very brief interval of time, have produced only the most mediocre of novels—books which beyond the circle of his immediate friends were never heard of, and which the public received with contemptuous silence and indifference. With these two undeniable facts to contend against, we know no possibility of proving, by any ordinary human law of

evidence, that these nameless *collaborateurs*, dull in their own works, and only brilliant in his, have a right to share the fame of the great story-teller, however much they may have helped him, or contributed to his success. The virtues of self-renunciation, and a Christian humility which goes beyond the very Gospel rule, are not supposed to flourish to a pre-eminent extent among French *littérateurs*; neither can we suppose that the fact of being deprived of all personal honor or reward should inspire or elevate genius which slackened its wings at once when the question became personal. Such wonders are not in human nature, and no crude array of facts could induce us to believe in them. Notwithstanding M. Querard and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we refuse to put our faith in Maquet and Bourgeois. If they were so pre-eminently Christian as we are told they were, it would no doubt wound their susceptible souls to receive now the credit which they did not claim at the time. Let such unparalleled self-renunciation have at least the merit it deserves—and be their fame swamped forever in the fame of the leader to whom they thus devotedly and incredibly sacrificed themselves.

Having thus found his special track in the field of literature, the empty place which waited for him, Dumas rushed into it with all the characteristic impetuosity of his nature, and all the headlong rapidity which was congenial to the work. He seized the thread of fiction with glowing hands, and spun and wove and plied the flying loom, with a delight in the exercise which is quite as real as the excitement of his hearers. The words we use are but feeble emblems of the process, and, could we think of any other which conveyed the idea of a more rapid process of creation, a longer and more unbroken continuity, we should employ them. His was not the art of reflection, of careful balance, and elaborate completeness. He produced his effects *sur-le-champ*, by chance, by the inspiration of the moment, without pausing to consider, or making any conscious selection of circumstances. He began—but there never appeared to him any necessity to close. The story which he told was one long-continued tale, such as children and simple natures love—a story without an end. With a wild and gay and careless exuberance of strength and of material such as none of his contemporaries

could equal, he rushed on from incident to incident, each new adventure leading to another, like the endless peaks of a mountain-range. From one day to another, from one year to another, what matter how far the story led him, he carried his audience on with unflagging interest and frequent excitement. When he paused, the whole world drew a long breath. What was to happen next?—through what new series of exploits were his heroes to run; into what fresh development of adventure, headlong and breathless, were they about, to be plunged? The charm of dramatic suspense, of uncertainty, and eager curiosity—those universal stimulants of the common mind—attended him wherever he moved; and their charm was as potent upon the speaker as upon the listeners. His characters were no shadows to him; they excited him as much as they excited others, and reacted upon his mind; he starting them, so to speak, upon their bold career—while they, on the other hand, communicated to him an always increasing excitement, and stimulated him to renewed and more strenuous exertions. He had not the heart to give over, or to throw back into obscurity, those energetic figures through whom he had conquered time and space and history and probability. Like the minstrel of old, the lazzarone story-teller of the present time, his long and endless tale became its own *raison d'être*, and assumed all the attributes of an independent power. It carried him forward in spite of himself as a river carries the boat once launched upon it. He let himself go upon the swelling irresistible tide, leaving helm and anchor alike useless. The force which he had brought into being carried himself away—not unwillingly, but yet with a sweep and flood that overcame any personal volition on his part.

It was thus that the genius of Dumas found its most congenial occupation, and seized upon the public as it had seized the art which made that public its vassal. Nothing could more enhance the success which was thus secured than the manner of publication—that fashion still so little known among us, the *feuilleton*—which placed one of the most exciting of romances in the hands of a multitude of readers by instalments, creating an excitement of its own, no doubt almost as great as that which changes governments and overthrows thrones. The first story thus pre-

sented to the public, and the greatest, in our own opinion, of Dumas's works, was the 'Trois Mousquetaires.' He poured forth that long-continued, brilliant, and varied tale with a rapidity and persistency which remind us of the Eastern sultana, without a pause or sign of weariness. It is the most spontaneous and dazzling, the most joyous, effortless, and endless, of romances. We see no reason why it should not be going on still, or at least until death had sealed the lips of the story-teller. What gay vitality overflows in it, what bustling scenes open around its heroes!—scenes which are so real, so crowded, so full of incident, that we never dream of inquiring into their historical accuracy, nor of bringing them to that dull standard of fact which is alien to romance. Such scenes indeed do not belong to one historical period or another, nor can the bold and brilliant narrative be bound down to formal limits of costume, or the still harder bondage of actual events. They belong rather to that vague period "once upon a time," familiar to all primitive audiences, in which the action of all fairy tales is laid, and which is the age proper to the primary poet, vague in chronology but dauntless in invention, who is always the earliest chronicler. In our day it is indispensable that some certain flavor of history should give a *faux air* of truth to the narrative; and Dumas, we are told, had some amusing notion of illustrating the history of France—a notion of which the full humor can only be realised when we perceive how he deals with other history. The action of the story accordingly begins, or is supposed to begin, in the time of Louis XIII., when the great Cardinal Richelieu was at the head of affairs, and the young and beautiful Anne of Austria was the queen. These names of themselves suggest a hundred picturesque scenes, and all the glitter and movement which the romancer loves. In the gay yet sombre Paris of that moment, which our story-teller makes no attempt to reproduce, but which is simply the ideal Paris, capital of all that is gay and bright, and of much that is gloomy and revolutionary, which still exists and will always exist, the typical city of French intelligence—there lived at that time three gallant soldiers, bound by the closest amity, *mousquetaires du roi*, of that chosen regiment of gentlemen-soldiers of fortune, who occupied in those days the position held

(according to Scott) a century and a half earlier, by the Scottish Guard. No position could be more favorable for romance, for here the poor soldier might be a prince without much harm done, and the imagination might permit itself all sorts of liberties. Dumas introduces to us in the opening of his tale, perhaps after the suggestion of 'Quentin Durward,' whose introduction is of a similar character, the typical adventurer of fiction, a penniless gentleman of Gascony—we may venture to say, without being unpatriotic, the French representative of the poor and proud Scot—who has come from his ruinous old chateau to serve the king and make his fortune. Chance throws this adventurer, who is brave as a lion and considerably more pugnacious, in the way of the three musketeers; and, after some characteristic passages of arms, he is admitted into their intimacy, and becomes himself a musketeer, and the fourth in their brotherhood. Is it necessary to introduce to the reader the well-known figures of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, who, if he enters into their history, will bear him company so long and over so much exciting ground? That they were already the wonder and pride of the French army it is needless to say; and the addition of D'Artagnan, whose rude Gascon valor is even less remarkable than the subtlety and finesse of his intellect, adds importance to all their previous prestige. We are obliged to say that D'Artagnan, though not by any means so fine a character as our beloved Quentin Durward, is infinitely cleverer and more amusing; and his perpetual wealth of resource, and incapacity for being beaten or outwitted, reach the point of sublimity. The three companions are set before us all with the most distinct individualisation. Athos, who is the first and oldest of the band, and who, when introduced to the reader, has about him the languor of a man in trouble, is by far the finest conception that ever occurred to Dumas. He has many secrets, one of which is his rank, which he conceals carefully, but which betrays itself in every look and gesture. Aramis, the second, is of still more subtle character. He has a leaning towards piety and the Church, but is an accomplished gallant, full of *bonnes fortunes*, and delicate mystery, with all kind of secret correspondences and diplomatic connections among the beautiful in-

trigantes and conspirators of the court. Porthos is a giant, simple and good-hearted as it is the nature of giants to be, led by his more able companions, and supplying his want of brain by a superabundance of strength, which he has the good sense to employ after their orders, without pretending to judge for himself.

The feats these four heroes accomplish unaided, the humors of their four lackeys, in each of whom there appears a reflection of his master, and the fame they gradually acquire for supernatural daring and cleverness in any kind of enterprise, we need not describe; but the unbounded vivacity of the narrative, its endless variety, the delightful prodigality of movement and frolic-wealth, is to the *blasé* reader of more reasonable and profitable literature like a dip into some sunshiny sea with flashing waves and currents, with wild puffs of wind and dashes of spray, after the calm navigation of stately rivers. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis are as delightfully real as they are impossible. Does any one ask whether we believe them? we laugh at the question, and at all the gravity and conformance to ordinary rule which it implies. Believe in them! we know that our four paladins are impossible—as impossible as the seven champions of Christendom, but equally delightful and true to the instincts which, once in a way, ask something more from imagination than sketches of recognisable men and comprehensible circumstances. They are possible as Puck and Ariel are possible, though they are not at all ethereal, but most vigorous and solid human beings, with swords of prodigious temper, and arms of iron, giving blows which no man would willingly encounter. Their combination of ancient knight-errantry with the rude and careless habits of a modern soldier of fortune, their delicate honor and indifferent morals, their mutual praise and honest adulation, combined with the perfect frankness of the author as to their faults, give a reality to these martial figures which no chronological deficiency can detract from, and which even their wonderful and unheard-of successes do not abate.

That these four should undertake all kinds of dangerous missions which no one else will venture upon, with the utmost *sang-froid* and confidence in their fate and in each other, seems as natural to us as it does to all the assistants in the story.

When D'Artagnan assures the Cardinal that, "with these three men and me, your eminence may overturn all France, and even all Europe if you choose," we feel that there is truth in his words, notwithstanding the gasconade; and never until our heroes begin to have political opinions, and to split themselves into different parties—a thing which never happened to them in their youth—is there any failure in their bold course of action or weakness in their efforts. The successful journey of D'Artagnan to England to reclaim from Buckingham, before the day of a certain ball, a diamond ornament which Anne of Austria had imprudently given him, is full of heroic fire—a headlong enterprise, undertaken with the purely knightly purpose of saving a lady's honor and a queen's throne, yet not without a certain prudential touch of more worldly motive on the part of D'Artagnan, who, with all his rashness and impetuosity of youth, keeps an eye upon the main chance, and lets no opportunity slip of advancing himself and his friends. Upon this expedition, as upon so many others, the four brothers-in-arms start together; but one after another is trapped by the wiles of Richelieu, the queen's wary and vigilant enemy, and only the all-persevering and all-daring Gascon, whose resources are simply miraculous, gets to the end of a journey upon which the reader accompanies him breathless with all the excitement of a spectator. Not less delightful is the return of the successful envoy, after he has delivered the diamond to the queen and saved her credit, to the route which he had just traversed *ventre-à-terre*, to find out and pick up the companions who had fallen victims one by one to the Cardinal's snares. Each of these deceived heroes is found in some characteristically humorous dilemma. D'Artagnan's discovery of the grave and chivalrous Athos (whose weakness it is to love wine) in the cellar of the *auberge* barricaded with bottles which he has emptied, intrenching himself there, and exacting tribute from the frightened landlord, like a conqueror in an invaded country, is one of the most gravely comic scenes we remember; and the whole narrative is running over with fun and genuine schoolboy enjoyment. Indeed, but for a certain thread of more tragic story, which brings out some objectionable scenes, the book altogether is one in which schoolboys might

be permitted to find the absolute delight of breathless adventure, and that wild frolic and fun which make adventure doubly dear. Something of the same character—an unimaginable feat of daring and desperate valor, combined with the most light-hearted levity—that combination of the gay with the tragic, which is always captivating to the imagination—is the exploit of the bastion of St. Gervais, where our Mousquetaires, rising from an impromptu dinner, hang out their table-cloth as a flag, and hold their post against an entire army. Never a moment's fear, never a pang of uneasiness or hesitation, comes across the dauntless confidence of the famous four. But notwithstanding this heroic likeness, the author never forgets the characteristic differences of his adventurers. The calm and somewhat sad indifference of Athos, the sentimentalism of Aramis, the sturdy conviviality of Porthos, are kept up throughout with unfailing consistency; and nothing can be more individual than the character of D'Artagnan, who is more distinctly a soldier of fortune than any of his friends, and who, as we have said, in the very heat of adventure keeps always a corner of his eye upon his own advantage, or rather the advantage of the brotherhood, which to each of the four is as his own. The perpetual contrast and variety thus kept up adds immensely to our interest in the Mousquetaires. It supplies the charm of character which is sometimes wanting to the rapid strain of the improvisatore, and adds what is in its way a distinct intellectual enjoyment to that pleasure which can scarcely be called intellectual—the delight of simple story, a primitive and savage joy.

The tragic thread which runs through this record of warlike exploits, and which brings in certain chapters which we would gladly get rid of, has on the whole but little to do with the adventures of our Mousquetaires. The portentous creation of Milady, the depraved and dishonored woman whom we divine at once to have been the wife of the proud Athos and cause of his misfortunes, has little attraction to the wholesome imagination, though she has been the origin of a whole school of wicked heroines. She is the first of the fair-haired, blue-eyed, soft-spoken demons with whom we have since become so familiar, and whom English sensational literature has taken up with such thorough relish. The

horrible but powerful scene in which the Mousquetaires do justice upon this villainous creature points the author's moral in a most trenchant and violent way, and is very different from the maudlin relentings of pity with which our Lady Audleys get treated in England. We should, however, much prefer the excision of the lady (who, by the way, is English) to her punishment; and we cannot take upon us to say that any of the women who figure now and then in the story do any credit to Dumas. The best that can be said for him is, that he brings them in only when he cannot help it, and has himself no predilection for scenes of passion, or any intrigues except those which are political. Embarrassing situations and the "delicate" suggestions of vice in which some other French writers delight, are entirely out of the way of the honest *raconteur*. His morals are not elevated; he accepts the free-and-easy tone of the rough soldier as natural and simple enough; but his heart is not in the vile subject, and he seeks no opportunity of introducing it. The bastion of St. Gervais—the road to Calais filled with secret spies and open pursuers, through whom with dauntless daring, with miraculous prudence, with an eye that misses nothing, and nerves that never fail him, the hero must pursue his breathless course—are much more in our author's way.

That Dumas should have been sorry to relinquish the four bold brethren whom he had made so famous is not wonderful; and there is a higher faculty, and a glimpse of more serious power in the *reprise* of the familiar strain than in its first *sytte*. 'Twenty Years after'! The attempt was as daring perhaps as the feats performed at the bastion St. Gervais. From the gay young gallants of twenty to the middle-aged heroes, worn with life, dispersed over the country, dropped almost into oblivion of their ancient friendship, and absorbed in new cares of their own, what a wonderful difference! When D'Artagnan sets out in pursuit of his separated companions, we feel the doubtfulness of the search all the more; from the less important but yet significant changes that have passed upon himself. Still as brave, as self-confident, and ready to assert himself as ever, the Gascon is partially saddened and partially embittered by his long attendance in ante-chambers, and the dull blank of doing nothing and hoping nothing which has

fallen upon his life. The youthful gaiety, levity, triumphant certainty of good fortune has gone from him, and so has also the youthful sentiment which finds neglect and mediocrity unendurable. Twenty years of waiting have calmed and curbed, at least externally, his fiery spirit. They have developed his acute perceptions of self-interest, and determination to seize the first chance which can lead to fortune. We are allowed to perceive very plainly that whether it is the Fronde or the Court which offers highest, the Mousquetaire will take advantage of the best offer, though his characteristic prudence may attach him to the royalist side, as being in the long-run most sure. The other companions are not less effectively set before us. Aramis, the eloquent and sentimental mousquetaire, transformed into a warlike and dissipated priest, of whom D'Artagnan says justly—"Lorsque vous étiez mousquetaire vous tourniez sans cesse à l'abbé, et aujourd'hui que vous êtes abbé vous tournez fort au mousquetaire"—meets his ancient companions with cautious reticence mingled with levity, which veils but imperfectly his absorption in all the intrigues of the times. Porthos, the giant, whose mental qualifications are small, is more manageable. He is found in the retirement of "ses terres," reposing in his chateau among his fields and woods, vaunting with a sigh the excellence of everything belonging to him, even of "mon air," but consumed with *ennui*, and feeling all his wealth and grandeur neutralised by the want of a title, which he desires beyond everything. Of him, in his persuadable and weary dulness, D'Artagnan makes a speedy conquest. Neither Aramis, nor Porthos, nor D'Artagnan have, however, improved since their hot youth; but when we approach the noble mansion of the Comte de la Fere, of Athos, the leader of the band, the gentleman *par excellence*, a different sentiment comes in. Athos no more than Aramis will take arms for Mazarin. He, too, has thrown himself into the Fronde; but the picture of the noble, serious Comte de la Fere, growing out of that of the grave yet somewhat debauched Athos, with his terrible secret, his humiliation and pride, and the languor of discouragement which surrounded him, is very able, and shows, as we have said, a better and higher talent than any of which we had supposed the author to be capable. Athos and his son

make a fine picture; and his recovery of virtue and abandonment of everything vicious, out of reverential regard for the childhood of his boy, is a touch worthy of a higher hand than that of Dumas. We cannot do more than indicate this transformation of our favorite hero, the leading spirit of the brotherhood; but we are glad to be reminded in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's book that Thackeray, no indifferent judge, shared our love for this magnificent gentleman. "Of your heroic heroes," he says, "I think our friend Monseigneur Athos, Count de la Fere, is my favorite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset, with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through many volumes—forty? fifty? I wish, for my part, there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah! Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio!" And indeed such they are—going through the adventures of a fairy tale, yet with a wonderful force and individuality about them which puts all fact to shame. Nor is D'Artagnan an inferior figure; his very rudeness and unideal consistency—a *véritable troupière*, as his author allows him to be—impress this small but energetic personage, a fierce little French soldier, all mind and spirit, with his enthusiasms and his matter-of-fact qualities, deeply upon us. The men thrust themselves through the fiery excitement of their adventures, their characters are given to us *par dessus le marché*. We bargained only for story, and we get these individual beings in addition—not framed, we allow, like ordinary men, but yet men—full of vitality and force, as not many men are in this washed out and feeble world.

The narrative of 'Vingt Ans après' keeps up much of the force of the first volumes. The second sequel with which Dumas was so daring as to present his readers, the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne, ou Dix Ans plus tard,' finds them, perhaps, a little weakened, though the author has given with great feeling and power—qualities, again we say, which are *par dessus le marché*, and which nobody expected from him—the gradual weakening of his heroes, the dropping aside into the background—which, inevitable doom of old age in real life, is still more inevitable in fiction—and elevation of the new generation to the

central place in the picture. The sentiment, however, with which all four regard the ill-fated Vicomte de Bragelonne as their joint and several charge, the child of the brotherhood, is fine and natural. It is mournful to assist at the very end of our heroes, but perhaps on the whole it is the most satisfactory thing to do; for had we not seen them securely buried, how could we ever have made sure that six volumes more, *encore plus tard*, might not have been poured upon us? Dumas's so-called biographer makes heavy mirth over the author's pretended (as he thinks) grief, and retirement into the country, in serio-comic affliction after the death of Porthos. We who are less dull fellows, we hope, comprehend it better, and feel strongly with Dumas. The loss of the simple-hearted giant is grievous to us. He has never been better than in some of the last scenes. His matter-of-fact simplicity and downrightness—his faith in his comrades—the ease with which Porthos "s'est vaincu quoiqu'il ne comprend pas"—is always delightful. Athos has a grand end in the elevation and sublimity of grief, and dies of a broken heart when the news of his son's death reaches him. D'Artagnan receives his bullet of dismissal just as he has been presented with his *bâton* as Marshal of France. Only Aramis, the wily intriguer, sentimentalist, and false priest, the least attractive of the brotherhood, is allowed to live. "Athos, Porthos, au revoir—Aramis, adieu pour jamais!" cries D'Artagnan when he is dying. Thus Dumas points his robust moral. He has a charitable heaven for his rough soldier, his erring yet noble gentleman—but none for the gallant who masquerades in the sacred habit of bishop and confessor. This delightful bit of conventional poetic justice is our romancer's tribute to *les bons mœurs*.

But, alas! space fails us even to touch upon the sublime embarrassment of those four middle-aged mousquetaires, when they find themselves opposed two to two on opposite sides, in the conflict of the Fronde; or upon their delight when, reunited on mutual ground, the two disciples of Mazarin join the two Frondeurs, and (though this is a secret to history) do all but save Charles I. from the scaffold. This quaint defiance of fact approaches the sublime, and we forgive our heroes their poor opinion of England in conside-

ration of the splendid *coup* which they thus all but accomplished, though nobody knew how near we were to a total change of our history. With regret we close the lively pages which are never dull, in which the interest never flags, and the stream of incident never fails. Why should such adventures ever come to an end? Why should the bold brotherhood ever separate, fail, or grow old? We leave them with a sigh, to return to our dull life, in which the incidents come so seldom, and where neither superior valor, nor even such un-failing wealth of resource as is possessed by D'Artagnan, can preserve us from the most ordinary evils. What a thing it would be to be able to vanquish all one's difficulties by that delightful conscious mixture of skill and strength! how consolatory in the severer troubles of our existence to be able to throw ourselves, as Anne of Austria could, upon the un-failing help in every emergency of these invincible Mousquetaires!

We have lingered too long upon our favorite heroes, the last of knights-errants, the most delightful figures which fiction, pure and unmingled, the wild and rapid art which has nothing to do with nature, has produced in our time. 'Monte Christo' is, we believe, regarded, at least in England, much more entirely as the epitome of Dumas's productive power than is the history of our Mousquetaires; but we cannot think that, as a whole, this book is at all equal to the other. The first part of 'Monte Christo,' however, is finer, purer, and more true to nature than anything in the 'Trois Mousquetaires;' it stands alone among its author's productions, and promises an altogether higher strain of poetic romance than anything else he ever reached. Beside the wild and complicated tale of intrigue and vengeance, the horrible entanglements of fate, and still more horrible schemes of pitiless vindictive will, that opening story, so soft in tone, so vigorous in conception, so idyllic, pure, and reasonable, strikes the reader with a surprise which perhaps enhances the very different effect of all that follows. Up to the moment when Edmond Dantes is thrown into the sea, under the semblance of a corpse, there is scarcely anything in the story to which the most severe critic could take exception. That fine young sailor himself, his gentle, beautiful, and pensive bride, and the delightful sketch of

the imprisoned Abbé Faria, so learned, so benevolent, and so forgiving even in his dungeon, have very seldom been surpassed. Nothing is forced in the tale—the despair and agony of the young bridegroom, snatched from everything he holds dear at the very moment when his hopes are about to be realised, is neither exaggerated nor unduly lengthened out. There is not only fine talent, but absolute good taste and perception, in the manner of the picture, which any girl may read and any man enjoy.

The Count de Monte Christo, however, is not so delightful as Edmond Dantes; and though there is the same wild charm of rapid incident and sensation, the same breathless brilliancy of dialogue and interest of situation, the narrative of Monte Christo's vengeance has nothing like the delightful novelty and wholesome stir and bustle of the 'Trois Mousquetaires.' Dumas is not potent enough to impress upon us, as his contemporary Victor Hugo can do so well, the solemn gathering of those clouds of fate round the doomed and guilty beings whose evil deeds have to be expiated before they can escape their author's hands. The lurid lights and horrible creeping shadows which we see and feel in 'Notre Dame,' have no place at all in the slowly developing revenge of Monte Christo. We recognise from the beginning the transparent *tours de force* which bring all his enemies within reach of that revenge; and we feel that Monte Christo himself is very poor and petty in many of his expedients, cruel without dignity, and spiteful rather than terrible. There is an abstract character about him which detracts greatly from the effect of all his operations. He loses our sympathy, at first so powerfully excited. We find no feature in him of the Edmond Dantes whose wrongs we felt as if they were our own, and to whom we could accord the right of punishing his enemies. On the contrary, it is altogether a new being, a stranger to us, who steps on to the stage like a magician, and whom we cannot identify. This is the great mistake of the book, a greater mistake even than the fact that Monte Christo goes much too far, that his revenge is diabolical, and his heart unnaturally hard, which was no doubt according to the author's intentions—who meant to show us not only the pleasure and satisfactoriness, but at the same time

the unsuccess and evil tendencies of revenge. No doubt Dumas meant to transfer our sympathies to the other side, and to make us at last almost partisans of the hapless multitude who are driven to despair by his transformed hero; but he did not, we suppose, mean to transform that hero so that he should be unrecognisable; and in this he shows the weakness of his rapid work, and supreme regard for sensation. But this defect in art is more than counterbalanced by the skill with which he has seized upon two primary instincts of nature—the prejudice we all have in favor of what is called poetic justice, and the delight we all take in such complete transformations of fortune as place the injured poor on the pinnacle of wealth, and make them capable of showing their gratitude and their hate in the plainest way. Primitive story has always loved to tell how the poor man became rich, and how the injured confounded all his adversaries and exalted all his friends. There is no child, or simple-minded person, however gentle in their own impulses, who does not delight in retribution, and to whom the idea of suddenly enriching and honoring the poor passer-by who has done the hero a service, and crushing those who have scorned him, is not dear and delightful. It pleases the instinct of wild justice which is natural to us, and calms the murmur of unrest and pain which lies at the bottom of every heart when we contemplate the inequalities of life and injustices of fortune. Monte Christo, with his fabulous island, his ship-loads of emeralds and diamonds, and that curiously uncertain and fluctuating fortune which we feel never could have lasted through all his prodigious extravagances, is delightfully able to set everything right that is wrong. He is a kind of Prospero in an enchanted world; his former friends, whom he pursues with such deadly hate, have lost all individuality in his eyes, and are no longer Fernand or Danglars, but vague and undefined criminals whom it is his office to bring to justice. He is implacable, for he has become abstract—he is the generalisation of justice, as his victims, untried, and without any chance for their lives, are the impersonation of crime.

The strength and the weakness of the book, its immense popularity with the common mass of readers, and its unsatisfactoriness to the critic, are all involved in

these, its peculiar characteristics. More emphatically than any of Dumas's other works it is framed on the model of the Arabian Nights. The interest is deepened by the fact that it is a tale of retribution, and that the evil which has to be punished was done before our eyes, and excited us all to a fierce longing for poetic justice; and this interest is enough to carry on the primitive mind, especially when the new complications through which the Avenger moves are so exciting and so varied. But the abstractness of the story disappoints and throws out the closer critic. The thread of human sympathy is broken off short, at the moment when all the better laws of art are abandoned, and when Dantes sinks in the sea, to rise for us no more. Henceforward all is wild, fantastic, and of a primitive artificiality. The crowd applauds, the critic is silent. We look on while the story-teller continues with many gesticulations and excitement his breathless narrative. We look on at the panorama of scenes and events which pass before us. The tragical climax of the good Morel's history, so true to fact, so false to nature—the conventional, honorable suicide by which the Frenchman of romance settles matters with his creditors, and goes out of the world without a stain on his character—capped with the sudden miraculous interposition, as of an angel from heaven, of the mysterious stranger and his purse,—opens the circle of adventure by a good deed, and delights us, much in the same way as the reward of the good boy delights us in a child's story. Finer and better is the scene in which Monte Christo visits his former love—the always sweet, visionary, and pensive Mercedes, who never loses her individuality—and confuses her languid soul by vague recollection, vague recognition, a reminiscence of she knows not what. The other figures and scenes which succeed each other in the panorama, the intrigues, the poisonings, the confusion of everybody's life and history with everybody else's—sweep on in such rapid succession that we cannot attempt to review or define them; until we come to the perfectly sensational figure of the old Noirier dead all but his eyes, and combating his daughter-in-law's murderous intentions with a determination and cool presence of mind which has all the effect upon us of a most daring and successful trick, along with something tragic which elevates the sleight-

of-hand. It is the false sublime, no doubt, but yet the situation has a kind of sublimity in its way, and is very impressive to the imagination. All this passes before us with a speed which takes away our breath—our eyes are dazzled, our mind is exhausted by the rapid action. We are dragged on by the magician at his chariot-wheels, even though by times we take breath and laugh at his stage expedients, his charlatan tricks, and those impossibilities of circumstance which are more striking and more ludicrous when presented to us as existing in our own century, and amid all the modern machinery of cheques, and speculations on the funds, and credits upon bankers. These unlimited letters of credit are a blunder of the first water. So long as the mysterious Count produces a handful of diamonds to pay his way, we are at our ease, and believe as much in him as is at all necessary; but the name of Rothschild brings us back to the nineteenth century, a period singularly at variance with handfuls of diamonds. We take leave of Monte Christo at last, somewhat exhausted with the breathless race the romancer has led us, but more amused by his daring and sleight-of-hand than impressed by his masquerade of fate and vengeance. There is a faint snigger even in our excitement, when he holds us breathless with suspense to know what the next page or the next chapter will bring forth. But yet, amid all our scepticism and all our laughter, he does hold us breathless; and we defy any novel-reader worthy of the name (let us say under thirty—there are many blessed people who retain the faculty much beyond that age, of whom we are happy to boast ourself one; but with the vulgar crowd we believe it is apt to fail in middle age), to read Monte Christo, *en feuilleton*, without thinking a great deal more about it than perhaps it is worth, and mixing up its wild complications of story with his very dreams.

We have dwelt fully upon these two stories, because all that is best in Dumas is to be found in them; and we do not suppose that many English readers are like to dive deeper, nowadays at least, into the mass of corresponding works which bear his name, and are all more or less of the same character. The adventures of the two gallants who perish so tragically in 'La Reine Margot' are—except in their last scene, which is really

tragic and fine—not to be compared with the 'Trois Mousquetaires'; though indeed in the history of these, our oldest friends of the race, there is no such serious incident as the torture or the death which make the reader forget all the levities of La Mole and Cocónnas. These levities, however, are enough to deprive their story of the reception which that of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis has met with in England; the sublime sentiment which makes a virtuous hero on his way to the scaffold turn to cast a last look of fond recollection upon the house which has been his place of rendezvous with his mistress, is not a kind of sublimity appreciated on this side of the Channel. Space forbids us to make any attempt to follow the marvellous intrigues and supernatural wonders of Balsamo through the numberless scenes (and volumes) in which his magic and mesmerism and general omnipotence give him a part. It was, we believe, the purpose of Dumas to make of these books a sort of gallery of illustrations of the history of France; and, indeed, a great many historical events and names are to be found in his pages, and a continued succession of the most exciting intrigues, generally connected, we are bound to say, with points little acknowledged by history; but were we to trust this chronicle, we should find so wonderful a resemblance between the manners and habits of the Court of Charles IX. and those of Louis XV. as somewhat to confuse our historical sense, and bewilder us as to the passage of time. The suggestion of a serious purpose, indeed, in books so entirely belonging to that art without purpose which Dumas possessed to so marvellous a degree, is one of the self-delusions to which all artists are more or less subject. Possibly he himself believed in it, but no one else. The choice of a distant period, however, in which to place his scene, was almost a necessity; for we have already seen in 'Monte Christo' how much more difficult it is to employ the marvellous, and how much more incongruous is the romancer's delightful indifference to possibility, when combined with the manners of our own time, with which we are familiar—than when placed amid the remote mists of an age in which, perhaps, for all we can tell, such things might, by some grotesque combination of influences, have been made practicable. Cagliostro is precisely the

sort of figure which suits Dumas, and in which he delights; and the 'Aventures d'un Médecin' are still more in the strain of the Arabian Nights than are the adventures of Monte Christo, and belong to the division of his works of which that wonderful book is the head. There are, indeed, but two classes into which these works naturally fall. They are after 'Monte Christo' or after the Mousquetaires; and we believe we have done as much for the ordinary reader who does not know Dumas, as he will require, when we have presented to him the two first works by which the great story-teller made himself famous, and which he repeated and followed with various changes of time and costume, and an unceasing variety of incident, to the end of his career.

We cannot, however, close this imperfect record without referring to those airy and delightful reminiscences of travel which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald declares are not Dumas's at all, but which the incredible generosity of his *collaborateurs* have permitted to be published in his name, and which are as like as two peas to the novels which these inestimable persons also produced to the honor and glory of their master. Would that we could find disciples now so able and so generous! The fun, the frolic, the movement and gaiety of some of these travel-books, dealing with the most worn-out and well-known scenes, is inexhaustible. To be sure, there is perhaps more of the author in them than of the country he visits; but what then?—the country has been described to us by so many dull fellows, that we have almost grown weary of the snowy mountain-peaks of Switzerland and the delightful Italian shores. But Dumas in the Corricolo or in the Speronare is never dull; and if he gives us little information, he gives us what is far more difficult—the atmosphere, the sentiment of the scene, the humors of the common folk, who pass under his eye, and his own light-hearted and dramatic appreciation of every scene he sees. We remember at this moment, without the books to refer to, certain characteristic fables, such as that by which Padre Rocco (if our recollection serves) procures the needful illumination of the Strada di San Giuseppe at Naples, which—in its inconceivable mixture of profanity and religiousness, and that matter-of-fact mingling of the most imaginative story

with the common details of existence, which is peculiar to Italians of the lower class—is more true to nature than anything else of the kind we know. How many such stories—relating, for instance, how Moses and Aaron consulted together upon Hebrew affairs as they took their daily walk, like all the rest of the world, on Pincio; or how that Pope Clement, who cut short the Jesuits' robes, got safe into heaven notwithstanding the vigilant guard of St. Ignatius, because of the shortened garment which enabled him to make a dash through between the saint's legs!—has every one heard who has really entered into Italian life! but we know no one who has ventured to reproduce these most popular and most characteristic tales.

Dunias's life was a succession of triumphs and distresses almost equal to those of his own adventurers. He was perfectly thriftless, extravagant, and foolish in his expenditure; his money was all consumed, sometimes twice over, before he had earned it; and he seems to have been somewhat shiftily about his literary engagements, and in the latter part of his life at least not much to be depended upon. But he would seem to have possessed that liberality to others which is the redeeming feature of the prodigal; and he loved magnificence,

and spent his money splendidly at least—which is a redeeming feature, too, in its way—with the most lavish and princely hospitality. And he worked hard, though waywardly and by fits and starts; and if he had no objection to introduce an equivocal adventure, or unequivocal intrigue at any moment when it might happen to suit him, he is never the historian, never the philosopher of vice, and the tendency of his works is certainly not immoral. He loved the *grand air* and *plein jour*—words which so well express the breadth and exuberance of daylight; he loved movement, and freedom, and change too well to be delicately vicious like his successor. Adventure, sensation, excitement, these were his honest objects; and when they are procured by honest means, does any one deny them a legitimate place among the wholesome pleasures of humanity? Peace be to the memory of the old *Raconneur*! He might not be either great or wise, no model for any one to follow; but yet there was a real place for him in the world, and he filled it with a certain fitness. Many men of his generation have moved us more deeply, more beneficially; but few have amused us in so primitive a way, or so much, or so long, or with so little harm.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

MAN AND APES.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

PART II.*

HAVING completed our survey of certain characters presented by the skeleton in different species of the order PRIMATES, other systems of organs may now be adverted to.

That system of parts which clothes and is attached to the various parts of the skeleton may be taken naturally after the skeleton itself.

This system consists of the flesh which, being divided into a number of segments and layers by intervening membrane, constitutes the muscles or active organs of motion.

The muscles, however, present few characters of any great value for our purpose, and this might be anticipated, since

being the special organs of motion, they would naturally be expected to be peculiarly modifiable and to present every variety of adaptive modification.

Speaking generally, the Apes resemble man myologically more than do the Half-Apes, and the latter may present us with special aberrant modifications; such *e.g.* as the presence of an extra muscle, called *rotator fibulae*, placed between the shin-bone (*tibia*) and the adjacent small bone (*fibula*) of the leg.

It is the Latisternal Apes (*Simiinae*) which approach man most closely in muscular structure, as we have seen they do in the bony framework which supports the muscles.

Amongst these higher Apes the Orang shows again a certain inferiority as to its

* For Part I. see ECLECTIC for June, 1873.

muscles, reminding us of the aberrations we have already seen to exist in its skeleton.

Thus in its foot, the great toe, in spite of its small relative size, is furnished with a special short muscle, called *opponens hallucis* not found in other Latisternal Apes, any more than in man. This, indeed, is a special development, and is no approximation to an inferior type of structure.

On the contrary, both the great toe and the thumb have no distinct tendon sent to them from the deep long flexor muscles of the arm and leg respectively. In this respect we find an inverse difference to that precedingly noticed.

Again, the long muscle called *flexor longus hallucis* does not take origin, as in the other higher Apes, from the leg, but from the bone of the thigh.

But neither the skeleton, nor yet the flesh which clothes it, can be considered as the most important system of organs, nor that best calculated to manifest degrees of affinity or supremacy. It is not the pillars, shields, and levers of the body (bones), nor the cords and fastenings which brace together (ligaments), or by tension act upon (muscles) those pillars and levers which can rationally be regarded as supreme. Such supremacy must rather be conceded to the regulating and co-ordinating apparatus, by means of which the tensions are so varied and directed as to produce harmonious and consentient results. But this supremacy is still further manifest when we consider that the very integrity of these structures is maintained, and their repair effected, by the agency of that very same co-ordinating apparatus which is the controller of animal life, the lord of all within its own boundaries, and which says to every other system of parts, "Starve thou before me."

This supreme and dominant apparatus is the nervous system. The Ape which has this system—and especially the dominant part of this dominant system, namely, the brain—most in conformity with the same system in man, must surely be held to be the most materially man-like in structure.

Now it is not the Chimpanzee, certainly not the Gorilla, nor yet the Gibbons which most resemble man as regards his brain. In this respect the Orang stands highest in rank.

In the first place, the height of the Orang's cerebrum in front is greater in proportion than in either the Chimpanzee or the Gorilla; while the brain of the last-named animal falls below that of the Chimpanzee, in that it is relatively longer and more depressed, as compared with man's brain.

Each half of the cerebrum is divisible into four parts or lobes. The first of these is the "frontal." The second is the "parietal." The third is the "occipital;" and the fourth is the "temporal."

On comparing the brain of man with the brains of the Orang, Chimpanzee, and Baboon, we find a successive decrease in the frontal lobe, and a successive and very great increase in the relative size of the occipital lobe. Concomitantly with this increase and decrease, certain folds of brain substance, called "bridging convolutions," which in man are conspicuously interposed between the parietal and occipital lobes, seem as utterly to disappear in the Chimpanzee as they do in the Baboon. In the Orang, however, though much reduced, they are still to be distinguished. Besides these matters, the temporal lobe becomes less horizontal and more depressed, as we proceed from Man to the Baboon.

These distinctions, with some others, have been pointed out in France by the late lamented M. Gratiolet,* and in England by Professor Rolleston.† Mr. Marshall, F.R.S., has also given his verdict‡ "on the interesting question of the relative superiority of the Chimpanzee's and Orang's brain" "in favor of the latter."

Messrs. Schroeder Van der Kolk and W. Vrolik, the distinguished naturalists of Amsterdam, fully recognise the resemblance of the brain of the Orang to that of man to be closer than that presented by the brain of any other Ape.

The actual and absolute mass of the brain is, however, slightly greater in the Chimpanzee than in the Orang, as is the relative vertical extent of the middle part of the cerebrum, although, as before said, the frontal portion is higher in the Orang.

* "Mémoire sur les plis cérébraux de l'homme et des primates."

† "Nat. Hist. Review," vol. i. p. 201, and in a Lecture at the Royal Institution, reported in the "Medical Times," for February and March, 1862.

‡ "Nat. Hist. Review," vol. i. p. 310.

When we turn to the Gorilla we find, from M. Gratiolet,* that this much vaunted and belauded Ape is not only inferior to the Orang in cerebral development, but even to his smaller African congener—the Chimpanzee.

In the first place its brain scarcely equals (at least in some cases) that of the Chimpanzee in actual mass. It is also flatter, and its frontal lobe is less projecting in front of its temporal lobe. Altogether, M. Gratiolet tells us, its brain-characters make of the Gorilla—in spite of its size and strength—the lowest and most degraded of all the latisternal apes. Moreover, the disposition of its convolutions is such as (in the opinion of M. Gratiolet) to connect it with the Baboons, while the Chimpanzee is similarly connected with the Macaques. Our author suggests that if the Orang be considered as the head and culminating point of development, following the line of the Semnopithecus and Gibbons, then the Chimpanzee may be taken to be the head, or, as it were, the Orang, of the series of Macaques, while the Gorilla is but the culmination of that type of cerebral structure elsewhere exhibited by the relatively brutal and degraded Baboons.

This is an appreciation of the animal widely different from that still popular in England, in spite of Professor Rolleston's efforts to propagate the true Simian faith respecting this "would-be king of the Simiade."

The Professor expresses himself † as follows:

"In the world of science, as in that of politics, France and England have occasionally differed as to their choice between rival candidates for royalty. . . . If either hereditary claims or personal merits affect at all the right of succession, beyond a question the Gorilla is but a pretender, and one or other of the two candidates the true prince. There is a graceful as well as an ungraceful way of withdrawing from a false position, and the British public will adopt the graceful course by accepting forthwith and henceforth the French candidate, and by endorsing M. Gratiolet's proposal for speaking of the

Gorilla as but a Baboon, of the Chimpanzee as a Macaque, and of the Orang as a Gibbon."

There can be no question, then, but that in this most important organ, the Orang is man's nearest ally, while the Gorilla is quite remarkably inferior.

This closeness of resemblance between the brains of the Orang and of man becomes yet more striking when we consider how great in this respect is the divergence between the Orang and those lowest of Apes—the Marmosets—in which the cerebrum is smooth and entirely devoid of furrows and convolutions. In the lower sub-order—the Lemnroids—the divergence is much greater still, so much so, indeed, that the Half-Apes, as to their brains, have far nearer resemblances to animals altogether below the order PRIMATES, than to the higher members of that order.

It must nevertheless be borne in mind, if we would estimate the value of these cerebral characters with perfect fairness, that forms zoologically distant sometimes resemble each other in brain-characters, while closely allied forms strangely differ. Thus, as M. Gratiolet has pointed out, the "bridging convolutions" between the parietal and occipital lobes re-appear in the Spider Monkeys, while two species of Sapajou (*Cebus*), so closely allied as to have been sometimes treated as one species, differ strangely from each other in this respect.

Again, much stress has been laid, by some writers, on the great relative extension backwards of the hinder parts of the cerebrum and cerebellum in man. But in the little Squirrel Monkey of America the cerebrum extends backwards beyond the cerebellum, much more than it does in ourselves, while in that remarkable species of *Hylobates*—the Siamang Gibbon (which is so man-like in its chin, and which exceeds man in the breadth of its sternum)—the cerebrum is so short as to leave the cerebellum very decidedly uncovered at its hinder part. In the Howling Monkeys, again, this exposure of the cerebellum is yet greater, and, nevertheless, these monkeys belong to a family in which, as we have seen, the overlapping of the cerebellum by the cerebrum attains its maximum of development.

Yet the psychical powers of different Apes are very similar. Not only the low-

* See "Comptes rendus," April 30th, 1860, p. 801.

† "Medical Times," for February, 1862, vol. i. No. 608, p. 184.

est Baboons of Africa (as e.g. the famed "Happy Jerry" of Exeter Change) can be taught various and complex tricks and performances, but the less man-like American monkeys—the common Sapajous—are habitually selected by peripatetic Italians for the exhibition of the most clever and prolonged performances.

As to the two species of Sapajou, the brains of which are so different the one from the other, Professor Rolleston asks: "Will anybody pretend that any difference can be detected in the psychical phenomena, the mental manifestations of these creatures, at all in correspondence or concomitant variation with their differences of cerebral conformation?"

The difference between the brain of the Orang and that of Man, as far as yet ascertained, is a difference of absolute mass. It is a mere difference of degree and not of kind.

Yet the difference between the mind of Man and the psychical faculties of the Orang is a difference of kind and not one of mere degree.

Thus on the one hand we see that we may have great differences in brain development unaccompanied by any corresponding psychical diversities, and on the other we may have vast psychical differences which it seems we must refer to other than cerebral causes.

Professor Huxley has sought to invalidate such inferences,* first by asserting, what is of course perfectly true, that intellectual power (as we daily experience it) depends not on the development of the brain alone, but also on that of "the organs of the senses and of the motor apparatuses." But surely to this we may reply that in these respects no one pretends even that there is much difference between man and Apes.

Secondly, Professor Huxley objects that the cerebral differences may be of so minute a character as to have escaped observation, and he compares the brains of Man and an Ape with two watches, one of which will, and the other will not, keep accurate time. He exclaims, "A hair in the balance-wheel, a little rust on a pinion, a bend in a tooth of the escapement, a something so slight that only the practised eye of the watchmaker can dis-

cover it, may be the source of all the difference."

It would be, however, to say the least, somewhat singular to attribute to *hypothetical* and *confessedly minute* differences effects which as yet we have *not* seen to accompany or be produced by *certainly present* and *confessedly considerable* differences which we *have* seen.

With how much force then does not the comparative anatomy of the present day re-echo the truth long ago proclaimed by Buffon,* that material structure and physical forces can never alone account for the presence of mind.

Speaking of the Ape, the most Man-like as to brain, he says:—

"Il ne pense pas: y a-t-il une preuve plus évidente que la matière seule, quoique parfaitement organisée, ne peut produire ni la pensée, ni la parole qui en est la signe, à moins qu'elle ne soit animée par un principe supérieur?"

In passing from the brain to the organs of sense, it may be remarked that the ear of the Gorilla is more human than that of any other Primate, in that it has a rudimentary *lobule*—that is to say, a rudiment of that soft depending portion into which the "ear-ring" is inserted.

The nose, on the contrary, exhibits a prominence slightly approximating to that of Man, not in the Gorilla but in one of the Gibbons, namely the Hoolock.

The projection of Man's nose is, however, exceeded by that of a long-tailed Bornean Ape, called the Proboscis Monkey on account of the length of its nasal organ. It belongs to the genus *Semnopithecus*. No other species of that genus exhibits any approximation to a similar nasal elongation.

The tongue of the Orang is more like that of man than is the tongue of any other latisternal Ape, and the large papillæ of the back of the tongue (called *circumvallate*) more resemble in arrangement even in the Gibbons the same parts in man than they do in the Chimpanzee, and very much more than in the Gorilla.

The Gibbons, however, differ from man and from all the higher latisternal Apes in having a little conical bifid membrane developed beneath the tongue.

On the other hand, the Gibbons have a stomach which is very human, and a

* "Man's Place in Nature," p. 102, note.

* "Hist. Nat.," t. xiv. p. 61, 1766.

liver which is more like the liver of man than is that of any other animal whatever.

The liver of the Orang and the Chimpanzee is not very different from that of man, but, strange to say, in the Gorilla we meet with a very degraded liver, and one formed on the type of liver which exists in the lower Monkeys and the Baboons—with the lobes subdivided.

The teeth of Apes resemble those of man in varying degrees, and the several resemblances which may exist are by no means present at the same time in the dentition of any one of the latisternal Apes.

1. One striking character of the human teeth is their almost equal vertical development. All the Apes, on the contrary, possess more or less projecting tusk-like "eye teeth," or "*canines*," as they are technically called, because similarly projecting in the dog.

Now in all the broad-breastboned Apes, the canines are both exceedingly long and powerful, and indeed the *Simiinae* are almost like Baboons in this respect.

The nearest approach to man is found not in the Apes at all, but in the Half-Apes, where in some forms (as *e.g.* *Haplemur*) the excess in length of the canines over the grinding teeth is very small indeed.

2. The second noteworthy character of the human dentition is the close approximation of the teeth one to another serially, so that no vacant space (or, as it is technically called, *diastema*) is left between any two adjacent teeth.

To find a similarity to man in this respect we have again to descend through the whole series of Apes, till we come to the lower and more aberrant forms of the Half-Apes, and there alone, in the little Tarsier of Celebes, we once more meet with teeth placed in serial contiguity, as in man.

3. A third character which may here be mentioned, is one exhibited by the masticating surfaces of the larger grinding teeth of the upper jaw. We find in Man on the masticating surface of each of these teeth an oblique ridge, running from the front inner angle of such surface outwards, and backwards to its hind outer angle.

This character is found also in the teeth of the Orang, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla, but it does not exist in those of the Gibbons; nor in those of any of the lower Si-

miadæ. Here, then, we seem to come upon a striking character as to affinity with man—a character the more deep and significant, in that it is hard to see how the presence of this slight ridge should be so favorable in the life-struggle as to be independently developed in different forms by any mere action of natural selection.

Nevertheless, when we pass to the American Apes, we find it reappearing in the Spider and Howling Monkeys, and, strange to say, even amongst the Half-Apes (*e.g.* in *Arctocebus*, *Microcebus*, and *Galago*) the same structure is distinctly developed.

4. The fourth character is one drawn from the order of the succession of the teeth. Each eye-tooth of the second permanent set is cut in man before the hindmost grinder but one makes its appearance. In the Orang, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla, all the grinders of the second set make their appearance before the canines of the same set. In the Gibbons the canines accompany, if they do not precede, the appearance of the hindmost grinder, and so far, therefore, these animals seem to approximate to the human condition; but the resemblance is of no significance, since it is a condition often found in the lower Apes.

Most of the Gibbons, again, resemble man more than do the Orang, Chimpanzee, or Gorilla, or than many of the lower Simiadæ, in the absence of large saccular dilations or pouches, in connexion with the larynx.

The shape of the stomach is more human in the Gibbons than in the other broad-breastboned apes.

The Orang has been said to have no uvula, but, as Professor Flower has pointed out, it is present, though disguised by the extent of development of adjacent membrane.

In man and in all Primates, the large intestine gives off a considerable blind offshoot (the *cæcum*) which has attached to it a singular little worm-like process, called the *vermiform appendix*. This is not found in any apes other than the Simiinae, and its development is most like man in the Gibbons.

It may be well now to recapitulate and group together the characters in and by which different Apes and Half-Apes resemble and differ from man.

Besides the highest Apes, certain of the

lower and lowest forms have been seen to merit our attention.

The Gorilla resembles man more than does any other latisternal Ape, in the following points:—(1) The great bulk of its whole body; (2) the possession of a lobule to the ear; (3) the prominence of the upper part of the bones of the nose; (4) the development of a vaginal ridge beneath the skull on each side; (5) the shape of the blade-bone; (6) the relative length of the hand to the spine; (7) that of the fore-arm to the upper arm; (8) that of the thumb to the back-bone; (9) that of the thumb to the whole hand; (10) that of the ankle-bones to the whole foot; (11) that of the great toe to the spine; (12) the length of the neck of the thigh-bone.

The Gorilla differs more from man than do any other of the broad-breastboned Apes, in that:—(1) The bony muscular ridges on the skull are enormously developed; (2) the cerebrum is of relatively small vertical extent; (3) the brainfolds (cerebral convolutions) are formed on the type of brain found existing in Baboons; (4) the liver is Baboon-like in its subdivided condition; (5) the large papillæ of the tongue are scattered and not collected into a V-shaped aggregation.

It should also be recollected that there are characters by which the Gorilla differs more from man than does some one or other of the latisternal forms, whether it be the Chimpanzee, the Orang, or the long-armed Apes. Such are the non-development of a chin, the number of ribs, &c., &c.

The Chimpanzee is the most man-like of the Simiinae in the following points:—(1) The shortness of the arms, compared with the length of the spine; (2) their shortness (the hands being included) compared with the legs and feet; (3) the length of the humerus compared with that of the spine; (4) the length of the radius compared with that of the spine; (5) the length of the longest toe compared with that of the spine; (6) the near approximation, in length, of the great toe to the absolutely longest toe; (7) the height of the frontal lobe of the cerebrum. On the other hand, the Chimpanzee differs from man more than do any other of the latisternal Apes in that the leg and foot (taken together) are so short compared with the length of the spine. Besides this, as we have seen in several important characters, the Chim-

panzee is less human than is one or another of the Simiinae. Such characters are e.g. the number of the lumbar vertebræ, the shape of the blade-bone, of the sacrum, &c., &c.

The Orang is most like man in (1) the development of the beard in the males; (2) in the development of the styloid process; (3) in the length of the leg and foot taken together compared with that of the back-bone; (4) in the length of the crest of the ilium; (5) in the development of the spine of the ischium; (6) in the length of the foot compared with that of the hand; (7) in the relative height of the cerebrum; (8) in the large proportion of its frontal lobe; (9) in the small proportion of its occipital lobe; (10) in the development of the "bridging convolutions;" (11) in the characters of the tongue; (12) in the high and rounded form of the skull.

The Orang, in addition to the characters before noted, differs from man more than do any other of the broad-breastboned Apes, in that (1) the breast-bone is formed of two series of pieces; (2) in the length of the leg, without the foot, compared with that of the back-bone; (3) in the length of the shin-bone compared with that of the femur; (4) in the length of the foot compared with that of the back-bone; (5) in the length of the foot compared with that of the shin-bone; (6) in the length of the foot compared with that of the spine; (7) in the shortness of the tarsus compared with the length of the whole foot; (8) in the shortness of the hallux compared with the spine.

Some or other of the Gibbons are most like man in:—(1) the breadth of the breast-bone; (2) the shortness of the cervical spinous processes; (3) the development of a "chin;" (4) in the length of the leg, without the foot, compared with that of the spine; (5) the length of the blade-bone compared with that of the spine; (6) the length of the haunch-bone compared with that of the spine; (7) the breadth of the pelvis compared with the length of the haunch-bones; (8) in the length of the femur compared with that of the spine; (9) the length of the femur compared with that of the haunch-bone; (10) the relative slenderness of the thigh-bone; (11) the length of the shin-bone compared with that of the femur; (12) the length of the foot compared with that of the leg; (13) in the length of the foot compared with that of

the tibia; (14) in the slenderness of the ankle; (15) in the length of the great toe compared with that of the whole foot; (16) the prominence of the nose; (17) the form of the stomach; (18) that of the liver; (19) that of the vermiform appendix; (20) the succession of the teeth; (21) the absence of laryngeal sacs; (22) the quality of the voice.

All the Gibbons differ from man, more than do any other of the broad-breast-boned Apes, in that:—(1) the length of the arms compared with that of the spine is so great; (2) in the excessive length of the leg and foot (taken together) compared with that of the spine; (3) in the length of the foot compared with that of the hand; (4) in the structure of the tongue underneath; (5) in the form of the upper grinding teeth; (6) in the smaller size of the body, and, in the Siamang, in the uncovered cerebellum.

We have seen also that some or other of the Baboons—the lowest of the *Simiadae*—excel all the higher Apes in resemblance to man as to certain points. These are:—(1) the sigmoid curvature of the spine; (2) the lumbo-sacral angle; (3) the concavity of the visceral surface of the sacrum; (4) the convexity of the bones of the nose; (5) the development of the styloid process; (6) the transverse breadth of the pelvis as compared with its depth from the sacrum to the pubis; (7) the greater descent of the inner condyle of the femur; (8) the length of the foot compared with that of the backbone; (9) the angle formed by the axis of the cranium with the axis of the face.

The *Cebidae* differ from both man and the *Simiadae* in such important characters that they cannot but be considered to constitute a family decidedly more inferior and remote from man than that of the Old World Apes. Nevertheless, some or other of them resemble man more than do the bulk of the *Simiadae* in the following characters: (1) no ischial callosities; (2) no cheek pouches; (3) copious beard and whiskers (Sakis); (4) hair of arms directed as in man; (5) cranium more rounded; (6) cranium higher; (7) face relatively smaller; (8) foramen magnum situate more forwardly; (9) the length of the thumb compared with that of the hand (*Hapale*); (10) the length of the thigh-bone compared with that of the back-bone (Spider Monkeys); (11) the greater descent of the in-

ner condyle of the femur (Spider Monkeys); (12) the length of the shin-bone compared with that of the femur (Spider Monkeys); (13) the length of the hallux compared with that of the spine (*Pithecia*); (14) the presence of "bridging convolutions" (Spider Monkeys); (15) the very overlapping cerebrum (Squirrel Monkeys); (16) the oblique ridge on the upper grinders (Howling Monkeys).

The Half-Apes (*Lemuroidea*) differ, as before said, from both man and true Apes in points so numerous and so significant that there can be no question as to their great inferiority and the vast chasm which exists between the two sub-orders.

Nevertheless, we find amongst the Half-Apes certain characters which resemble those of man more than do most, sometimes even more than do any, of the characters exhibited by the true apes. Thus the typical Lemurs and the Indris have a more completely opposable and better developed thumb than any Ape. In the slender Lorises we find an absence of the extra interlocking processes (metapophyses and anapophyses) of the back-bone, the spinous processes of which do not converge (fore and aft) towards a central point; the pisiform bone of the wrist is smaller than in any Ape; the proportion borne by the thumb to the hand in length is more human, as is the form assumed by the ischium, and the relative size of the foot compared with the leg. In the *Indrisinae* and in *Lepilemur* we find but eight carpal bones (a character found in no other Primates save Man, the Chimpanzee and Gorilla), and the most human proportional length of both the thumb and the index finger compared with the length of the spine. We also find in the short-tailed Indris the length of the femur compared with that of the haunch bone most human, as also the length of the foot compared with that of the hand, and the near approach made by the length of the "great toe" to the actually longest toe of the foot. In the typical genus *Lemur* we find the proportion (in length) of thigh-bone to the upper arm-bone most human, as well as that of the longest toe to the back-bone. In the Slow Lemur (*Nycticebus*), the length of the shin-bone bears a relation to that of the thigh-bone more human than in any other species below man, while in other kinds of Half-Apes we meet with a development of the anterior inferior spinous process of the

ilium more like that of man than we find in any ape; also upper grinding teeth furnished with the "oblique ridge" as in man, and sometimes an almost equality of vertical development in the teeth, and even an absence of any diastema.

Having completed our survey and summary of the structural resemblances and differences presented by the different forms of Primates, we may now consider and endeavor to appraise their value, as bearing upon the question of the "Origin of Species," and especially upon the asserted "descent of man" from some "non-human" Ape ancestor. The question, that is, as to man's body; for as to the totality of his nature no mere anatomical examinations will enable us to decide—that is the task of psychology and philosophy generally.

In the first place it is manifest that man, the Apes, and Half-Apes cannot be arranged in a single ascending series, of which man is the term and culmination.

We may, indeed, by selecting one organ, or one set of parts, and confining our attention to it, arrange the different forms in a more or less simple manner. But, if all the organs be taken into account, the cross relations and interdependencies become in the highest degree complex and difficult to unravel.

This has been more or less generally recognised; but it has been put forward by Mr. Darwin,* and widely accepted, that the resemblances between Man and Apes are such that Man may be conceived to have descended from some ancient members of the broad-breastboned group of Apes, and the Gorilla is still popularly credited with the closest relationship to him which is to be found in all existing Apes.

As to the latter opinion, evidence has been here adduced to show that it is quite untenable.

As to Mr. Darwin's proposition, much remains to be said. But it is certainly true that on the whole the anatomical characters of man's body have much more resemblance to those common to the latisternal group than to those presented by any other section of the order Primates.

But, in the first place, we should consider what evidence of common origin does community of structure afford?

The human structural characters are shared by so many and such diverse

forms, that it is impossible to arrange even groups of genera in a single ascending series from the Aye-Aye to man (to say nothing of so arranging the several single genera), if all the structural resemblances are taken into account.

On any conceivable hypothesis there are many similar structures, each of which must be deemed to have been independently evolved in more than one instance.

If the number of wrist bones be deemed a special mark of affinity between the Gorilla, Chimpanzee, and man, why are we not to consider it also a special mark of affinity between the Indris and man? That it should be so considered, however, would be deemed an absurdity by every evolutionist.

If the proportions of the arms speak in favor of the Chimpanzee, why do not the proportions of the legs serve to promote the rank of the Gibbons?

If the "bridging convolutions" of the Orang go to sustain its claim to supremacy, they also go far to sustain a similar claim on the part of the long-tailed, thumbless Spider Monkeys.

If the obliquely-ridged teeth of Simia and Troglodytes point to community of origin, how can we deny a similar community of origin, as thus estimated, to the Howling Monkeys and Galagos?

The liver of the Gibbons proclaims them almost human; that of the Gorilla declares him comparatively brutal.

The ear lobule of the Gorilla makes him our cousin; but his tongue is eloquent in his own dispraise.

The slender Loris, from amidst the Half-Apes, can put in many a claim to be our shadow refracted, as it were, through a Lemurine prism.

The lower American Apes meet us with what seems "the front of Jove himself," compared with the gigantic but low-browed denizens of tropical Western Africa.

In fact, in the words of the illustrious Dutch naturalists, Messrs. Schroeder Van der Kolk and Vrolik,* the lines of affinity existing between different Primates construct rather a network than a ladder.

It is indeed a tangled web, the meshes of which no naturalist has as yet unravelled by the aid of natural selection. Nay, more, these complex affinities form such a

* "Descent of Man," vol. i. p. 197.

* "Nat. Hist. Review," vol. ii. p. 117.

net for the use of the teleological retarius as it will be difficult for his Lucretian antagonist to evade, even with the countless turns and doublings of Darwinian evolutions.

But, it may be replied, the spontaneous and independent appearance of these similar structures, is due to "atavism" and "reversion"—to the reappearance, that is, in modern descendants, of ancient and sometimes long-lost structural characters, which formerly existed in more or less remote hypothetical ancestors.

Let us see to what this reply brings us. If it is true and if Man and the Orang are diverging descendants of a creature with certain cerebral characters, then that remote ancestor must also have had the wrist of the Chimpanzee, the voice of a long-armed Ape, the blade-bone of the Gorilla, the chin of the Siamang, the skull-dome of an American Ape, the ischium of a slender Loris, the whiskers and beard of a Saki, the liver and stomach of the Gibbons, and the number of other characters before detailed, in which the various several forms of higher or lower Primates respectively approximate to Man.

But to assert this is as much as to say that low down in the scale of Primates was an ancestral form, so like man that it might well be called an *homunculus*; and we have the virtual pre-existence of man's body supposed, in order to account for the actual first appearance of that body as we know it—a supposition manifestly absurd if put forward as an explanation.

Nor if such an *homunculus* had really existed, would it suffice to account for the difficulty. For it must be borne in mind that man is only one of many peculiar forms. The body of the Orang is as exceptional in its way, as is that of man in another. The little Tarsier has even a more exceptional structure than has man himself. Now, all these exceptional forms show cross relations and complex dependencies as involved and puzzling as does the human structure, so that in each several case we should meet with a similar network of difficulties, if we sought to account for existing structural characters through the influence of inheritance and natural selection.

It may be replied that certain of these characters have arisen in total independence, and this reply is no doubt true; but how are we to discriminate between those

which are inherited and those which are independently acquired? Structures like strong teeth or powerful claws, obviously useful in the struggle for life, may well be supposed to have independently appeared, and been preserved time after time; but what character could well be thought, *a priori*, less likely to be independently acquired than a more or less developed chin, such as Man shares with the Siamang alone, or a slightly aquiline nose, such as that found in the Hoolock Gibbon and often in the human species? Can either character be thought to have preserved either species in the struggle for life, or have persistently gained the hearts of successive generations of female Gibbons? Certainly seductiveness of this sort will never explain the arrangement of the lobes of the liver, or the presence of an oblique ridge on the grinding surfaces of the back teeth.

Again, can this oblique ridge of the grinding teeth be supposed to have arisen through life necessities? and yet, if it is a real sign of genetic affinity, how comes it to be absent from the man-like Gibbons, and to reappear for the first time in American Apes, and among others in the aberrant and more or less baboon-like Howling Monkeys?

The same remark applies to the condition of wrist bones of man, the Chimpanzee, and Indris. If this condition arises independently, and is no mark whatever of genetic affinity, what other single character can with certainty be deemed to be valid evidence of affinity of the kind?

But if the foregoing facts and considerations tell against a belief in the origin of Man and Apes, by the purely accidental preservation in the struggle of life of minute and fortuitous structural variations, do they tell against the doctrine of evolution generally?

To this question it must be replied that if we have reason to think an innate law has been imposed upon nature by which new and definite species, under definite conditions, emerge from a latent and potential being into actual and manifest existence, then the foregoing facts do not in the least tell against a conception—a conception, that is, of a real and true process of "evolution" or "unfolding."

For there is no conceivable reason why these latent specific forms should not have the most complex and involved relationships one to another; similar structures

independently appearing in widely different instances.

Analogy drawn from the inorganic world is all in favor of such latent potentialities, and the process of development of every individual animal is the unmistakable manifestation of actual organic evolution and emergence of real from potential existence in each separate case.

It has recently been strongly asserted by Dr. H. Charlton Bastian,* that organic nature does manifestly contain within it these innate powers of developing new and definite forms, more or less like those existing in inorganic nature, as evidenced by crystallisation.

He has given detailed descriptions † of the most strange and startling direct transformations amongst the lower animals, including the direct evolution of Rotifers and Nematoid worms. Moreover, the evidence of the occurrence of sudden and direct transformations does not repose on Dr. Bastian's observations alone. Similar phenomena have been observed by M. Pineau, Mr. Jules Haime, M. T. C. Hildyard, Mr. Metcalf Johnson, Dr. Gros, and M. Nicolet.‡

It would be difficult and eminently unscientific summarily to reject such an accumulation of evidence. To do so simply on account of *a priori* prejudice, reposing upon nothing better than negative testimony, would be in the highest degree unphilosophical.

Moreover, we have of late years become acquainted with the remarkable fact of the occasional sudden transformation of a certain large Mexican Eft with external gills—the Axolotl—into an animal not only of a different species but of a different genus. Here the whole structure, the arrangement even of certain bones and distribution of the teeth in the jaws becomes transformed without the most careful observations having as yet enabled us to discover what conditions determine in these exceptional cases such a marvellous metamorphosis.

It is true that the Axolotl has characters of immaturity, and that the form ultimately attained by it is probably the fully developed condition; but the wonder is thus only increased, since while the ordinary

and immature Axolotls breed freely, the rarely developed adults are absolutely sterile.

To return from this digression, however, to the question of the cause and mode of specific origin. I have elsewhere* endeavored to show by many different facts, what the teaching of nature as to such origin—namely, that very frequently indeed similarity of structure may arise without there being any genetic affinity between the resembling forms,† as also that it is much rather to an internal cause or principle,‡ than to any action of surrounding external conditions that the origin of new specific forms is due.

The characters and relations exhibited to us by the history of the highest order of mammals—the order Primates, common to us and to the Apes—seem then not only fully to corroborate, but to accentuate and intensify the arguments advanced in the “Genesis of Species” in support of what the author believes to be the more philosophical conception of the cause and nature of “specific genesis” generally.

Not only is there abundant reason to believe that Apes and Half-Apes have little if any closer genetic affinity than they have either with Lions or with Whales; but there is much evidence to support the belief that the Apes of the Old and of the New Worlds respectively (the *Simiade* and *Cebidae*) have been created independently one of the other, and that the various common characters they exhibit are but parallel adaptive modifications, due simply to similarity as to the exigencies of life to which they are respectively exposed.

Fossil remains, as yet unknown, may bridge over the gulf at present existing between these families. It would be a bold thing to positively affirm that such will not be discovered when we reflect how very few are the extinct animals known to us compared with the vast multitudes which have existed, how very rarely animal remains are fossilized, and how very rarely again such fossils are both accessible and actually found. Nevertheless, the author believes that it is far more likely that, tropical geological explorations may reveal to us latisternal Apes more hu-

* “The Beginnings of Life,” 1872.

† L. c., vol. ii. pp. 307–540.

‡ For an account of their observations and references to their original statements, see “Bastian,” Op. cit., vol. ii. pp. 493–527.

* “Genesis of Species,” 2nd edition, 1872.

† “Genesis of Species,” p. 71, chap. iii., on the co-existence of closely similar structures of diverse origin.

‡ Op. cit., p. 251, chap. xi., on Specific Genesis.

man than any now existing, rather than that it will bring to our knowledge forms directly connecting the *Simiada* and *Cebida*.

To return from this digression, the question may be asked, "What is the bearing of all the foregoing facts on the origin and affinities of man?"

Man being, as the mind of each man may tell him, an existence not only conscious, but conscious of his own consciousness; one not only acting on inference, but capable of analysing the *process* of inference; a creature not only capable of acting well or ill, but of understanding the ideas "virtue" and "moral obligation," with their correlatives freedom of choice and responsibility—man being all this, it is at once obvious that the principal part of his being is his mental power.

In Nature there is nothing great but Man,
In Man there is nothing great but Mind.

We must entirely dismiss, then, the conception that mere anatomy by itself can have any decisive bearing on the question as to man's nature and being as a whole. To solve this question, recourse must be had to other studies; that is to say, to philosophy, and especially to that branch of it which occupies itself with mental phenomena—psychology.

But if man's being as a whole is excluded from our present investigation, man's body considered by itself, his mere "massa corporea," may fairly be compared with the bodies of other species of his zoological order, and his corporeal affinities thus estimated.

Let us suppose ourselves to be purely immaterial intelligences, acquainted only with a world peopled like our own, except that man had never lived on it, yet into which the dead body of a man had somehow been introduced.

We should, I think, consider such a body to be that of some latisternal Ape, but of one much more widely differing from all the others than such others differ one from another amongst themselves. We should be especially struck with its vast brain, and we should be the more impressed by it when we noted how bulky was the body to which that brain belonged. We should be so impressed because we should have previously noted that, as a general rule, in backboneed animals, the larger the bulk of the body the less the relative size of the

brain. From our knowledge of the habits and faculties of various animals in relation to their brain structure, we should be led to infer that the animal man was one possessing great power of co-ordinating movements, and that his emotional sensibility would have been considerable. But above all, his powers of imagination would have been deemed by us to have been prodigious, with a corresponding faculty of collecting, grouping, and preserving sensible images of objects in complex and coherent aggregations to a degree much greater than in any other animal with which we were before acquainted. Did we know that all the various other kinds of existing animals had been developed one from another by evolution; did we know that the numerous species had been evolved from potential to actual existence by implanted powers in matter, aided by the influence of incident forces; then we might reasonably argue by analogy that a similar mode of origin had given rise to the exceptional being, the body of which we were examining.

If, however, it were made clear to us—immaterial intelligences—that the dead body before us had been, in life, animated, not by a merely animal nature, but by an active intelligence like our own, so that the difference between him and all other animals was not a difference of degree but of *kind*—if we could be made to understand that its vast power of collecting and grouping sensible images served but to supply it with the materials made use of by its intelligence to perceive, not merely sensible phenomena, but also abstract qualities of objects—if we became aware that the sounds uttered by it in life were not exclusively emotional expressions, but signs of general conceptions (such as predominate in the language of even the lowest savage), then the aspect of the question would be entirely altered for us.

We should probably decide that if the body before us seemed to us to be so little related to the informing rational soul that its existence anterior to and independent of such rational soul was quite conceivable and possible, then its origin by process of natural evolution would, indeed, also be conceivable and indeed *a priori* probable.

But if, on the other hand, we were convinced, from whatever reason, that it was inconceivable and impossible for such a body to be developed or exist without

such informing soul, then we should with perfect reason and logic affirm that as no natural process would account for the entirely different kind of soul—one capable of articulately expressing general conceptions*—so no merely natural process could account for the origin of the body informed by it—a body to which such an intellectual faculty was so essentially and intimately related.

Dropping now the metaphor of immaterial spirits, it seems that the answers supposed to be given by such spirits must be the answers really given by sincere and unbiassed investigators in the combined spheres of Zoology and Anthropology.

But however near to Apes may be the

body of man, whatever the kind or number of resemblances between them, it should always be borne in mind that it is to no one kind of Ape that Man has any special or exclusive affinities—that the resemblances between him and lower forms are shared in not very unequal proportions by different species; and be the preponderance of resemblance in which species it may, whether in the Chimpanzee, the Siamang or the Orang, there can be no question that at least such preponderance of resemblance is *not* presented by the much vaunted Gorilla, which is no less a brute and no more a Man than is the humblest member of the family to which it belongs.—*Popular Science Review*.

THE NORTH,

THE LAND OF LOVE AND SONG.†

LEAVES were flying,
Falling and sighing,
Fading and dying,
Under the maple-trees.
Under the trees I heard,
Was it the leaves that stirred,
Voice of a fay or bird
Saying to me,
Singing this pitiful
Song to me—
“Away, away,
We must not stay;
Away across the sea!”

* “It is not emotional expressions or manifestations of sensible impressions, however exhibited, which have to be accounted for, but the enunciation of distinct deliberate judgments as to ‘the what,’ ‘the how,’ and ‘the why,’ by definite articulate sounds; and for these Mr. Darwin not only does not account, but he does not adduce anything even tending to account for them.” “Quarterly Review,” July 1871. Article, “The Descent of Man.” [Reprinted in *ECLECTIC* for October and November, 1871.]

† There is a difference of opinion between our singers and our song-birds. Though the cold north is the tender nurse of domestic love and affection, some of our poets are never weary of harping upon the sunny south as “the land of love and song.” Our song-birds, which are all natives of the north, are more patriotic, and perhaps more truthful. Annually they turn their backs upon the bright skies and the blue waters of the tropics, and journey thousands of miles over land and sea, in order to rear up in the forests of the north a hardy and healthy brood, and to make their native land the home of love and song.

And when the chilling autumn winds, like the cold blasts of poverty, drive these natives of the north into exile, they gradually lose the power of song; and when the hour of their departure arrives, they steal away by night, and leave our shores in silence.

The traveller who watches a sunrise in the tropics cannot fail to recall *the litany of the woods* that greets the dawn in his native land, and to be struck with the oppressive silence of the scene before him. Some solitary *campanero* (the bell-bird), looking like a snowflake, as it alights on the top of a lofty *maro* tree, may be heard ringing its silver chime, as if to summon the exile songsters to join in a matin hymn. But it calls in vain. The exiles are mute, for, like captive Judah, “how can they sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?”

The writer has recently attempted to describe in “Home-spun Songs” the life and language of the backwoods. It is a more difficult task to interpret the notes of joy that announce the annual return of our tuneless emigrants to “the land of love and song.”

And every note
 My heart it smote,
 Till I wept at the wail
 Of the little birdie,
 For I knew 'twas the spirit
 Of song I heard,
 That sang to me thus
 With the voice of a bird :—

“Farewell to the North, the stern cold North,
 The home of the brave and the strong,
 The true, the trusting, tender North,
 Dear land of love and song ;
 Hark ! winter drear
 It comes anear ;
 We dare not linger long.

There's a path in the air, man may not know,
 That guides us o'er the main ;
 And a voice in the winds, man may not hear,
 Will call us home again,
 When the winter dies,
 And the west wind sighs
 To hear the linnet's strain.

In the South, the fierce, the fickle South,
 No voice of song is heard ;
 Though the oriole, like a sunbeam, flits
 With many a radiant bird
 Through the mangrove shade,
 No leafy glade
 By tuneful notes is stirred.

Hark ! through the sleeping forest rings
 The *campanero's* chime : *
 It calls in vain for the matin hymn
 That wakes the northern clime—
 How can we sing
 Home songs of spring,
 Or the notes of summer time ?

We silent seek the lonely homes
 Of a long-forgotten race ; †
 Through voiceless streets our wings are heard,
 And many a stream we trace
 From its unknown source
 In its downward course,
 Till it dimples the ocean's face.

At length the weary wanderers
 A whispering murmur hear,
 Like the pent-up moan of a mother's heart,
 Or the sigh of a sister dear.

* Waterton, in his 'Wanderings in South America' (p. 117), describes in glowing terms "the celebrated *campanero* of the Spaniards, called *dara* by the Indians, and *bell-bird* by the English." "You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute—then another toll, and then a pause again—and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll,—and so on. Acteon would stop in mid-chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute, to listen to him; so sweet, so novel and romantic, is the toll of the pretty snow-white *campanero*."

† Our migratory birds find their way as far south as the ruined cities of Yucatan.

'Tis a voice from home ;
 Glad spring has come,
 'Tis the sigh of the North we hear !

Homeward, over the salt sea waves,
 We rest 'mid sunny isles,
 Where the earth and the sky are ever bright,
 And the ocean ever smiles ;
 But the North whispers, ' Come
 To your home, sweet home,'
 And we fly from the sunny isles.

We rest on the spars of the stately bark,
 And songs of the North we sing,
 Till the mariners weep in their dreams with joy,
 As they hear the voice of spring ;
 And the linnet's strain
 Steals o'er the main,
 And the song that they hear us sing.

We have come to the North, the stern cold North,
 The home of the brave and the strong ;
 The true, the trusting, tender North,
 Dear land of love and song."

Under the oak-trees lying,
 Budding leaves I see.
 Winter is dead ;
 Tassels of red

Burst from the maple-tree ;
 And the robins and linnets
 Are echoing back

The song of the little birdie—

" We have come, we have come,
 To the land of our home,
 From far across the sea !

We have come, we have come !"
 And the woods whisper, " Come,"
 And my heart it says, " Come,"
 To the little birdie ;

For I knew 'twas the spirit
 Of song I heard
 That sang to me thus
 With the voice of a bird.

R. G. HALIBURTON.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SPRING FLOODS.

BY IVAN TURGENIEFF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN FOR THE ECLECTIC BY MISS SOPHIE MICHELL.

"O happy years
And joyful days !
Like floods in spring
Ye've passed away !"

. . . It was two o'clock in the morning when he returned to his rooms. He sent away the servant who was lighting the candles, and throwing himself into an arm-chair by the fire, buried his face in his hands.

Never yet had he experienced such utter weariness, morally or physically. He had spent the whole of that evening in the society of agreeable and educated people ; some of the women were pretty, almost all the men were distinguished for their intellect and talents ; he, himself, had spoken well, if not brilliantly ; yet never had that "tædium vitæ," already experienced by the Romans—that aversion from life—taken such strong hold of him before. Had he been some years younger, he would have wept tears of anguish, lonesomeness, and irritability, for his heart was full of bitterness. A heavy gloom encircled him like a dark autumnal night, and he could find no way out of this darkness and bitterness. The only remedy for such a gloomy state of mind was sleep, but that solace he felt was denied him.

He pondered slowly and bitterly over the useless turmoil of life, over the meanness and falseness of human nature. The different periods of life passed gradually before his mental vision, (he had only reached his fifty-second year,) and each received no mercy at his hands. In every period he perceived the same emptiness and frivolity, the same half-concealed, half-acknowledged love of flattery—which, instead even of soothing a child, would sooner cause it to cry—and then, as sudden as a snow-storm, he beheld old age approach, and with it the ever-increasing great dread of death . . . next death itself hurrying old age into the dark abyss ! Well is it, if every life is played out like this ! But often, sickness and great sufferings sear our life long before our earthly journey is accomplished. Poets are wont

to compare life to a troubled sea. In his fancy, the great sea of life lay stretched before him, so smooth, so stagnant and transparent, and gazing down from his imaginary small, unsteady boat, he could discern shapeless monsters lying far below in the darkness : all life's trials, sicknesses, sorrows, madnesses, its poverty and its blindness. . . . Looking again, he could see one of these monstrous objects dividing itself from the darkness, and, rising higher and higher, it becomes fearfully distinct. Yet another minute, and danger menaces the boat ! It is past : the monster sinks gradually lower, and falls at last to the ground, where it lies moving feebly. But alas ! the fatal day must surely come when that small, unsteady boat shall be upset.

He raised his head, rose suddenly from his chair, walked twice up and down the room, seated himself at his writing-table, and opening one drawer after another, began hunting amongst his papers, which consisted chiefly of letters. He did not know why he did it—he was not searching for any thing—he was simply striving to escape from the thoughts which oppressed him. Unfolding several letters, (in one he found a withered flower fastened with a bit of faded ribbon,) he only shrugged his shoulders, and turning to the fire, put them aside, probably with the intention of destroying them. Hurriedly introducing his hand into each drawer, he suddenly opened his eyes wide with astonishment, and slowly drew out a small octagonal box of an old-fashioned shape, and as slowly lifted the lid. In the box, beneath a double layer of discolored paper, lay a garnet cross.

For several moments he gazed perplexedly at the cross, and a low cry escaped his lips. . . . Pity and joy were both expressed in his face. He felt like one who had suddenly met an old friend whom he had long lost sight of, whom he had fondly

loved, and who now appeared before him, unexpectedly, after the lapse of years, and yet unchanged by time.

He rose, and returning to the fire, seated himself again in his chair, and once more buried his face in his hands, murmuring, "Of all days, why to-day!" And many things that had happened to him in life came back to his memory.

This is what he remembered. . . . But we must first tell our readers his name. It was Dimitri Petrovitch Sanin.

And these were his recollections :

I.

It was in the summer of 1840. Sanin had only just entered his twenty-second year, and was passing through Frankfort *en route* to Russia from Italy. He was a young man of small means, entirely his own master, and with but few relations. On the death of a distant relative, he found himself the possessor of several thousand rubles, and he at once determined to spend this money abroad, before he entered the government service, which, he thought, was the only career left to him in his penniless condition. Sanin carried out his intentions faithfully, and managed so dexterously that the day he arrived at Frankfort, he found he had just sufficient money to take him back to St. Petersburg. In the year 1840 there were very few railways, and tourists traveled about in diligences. Sanin had taken a seat in a diligence, but it was not to leave Frankfort until eleven o'clock at night. He had therefore several hours at his disposal until that time. Fortunately, the weather was lovely, and Sanin having dined at the celebrated hotel, the "White Swan," sauntered out to explore the town. He saw Danneker's "Ariadne," which pleased him but little; he visited the house where had lived Göthe, of whose works he had only read *Werther*, in a French translation; he walked along the banks of the Main, and grew sorrowful, as every real traveler should do, and at last, at six in the evening, he found himself tired and dusty in one of the principal streets of Frankfort. On one of its numerous houses, the signboard of an Italian confectioner, "Giovani Roselli," attracted his notice. He entered the shop to get himself a glass of lemonade; but in the first room, where, behind a neat little counter, were arranged on painted shelves glass jars with rusks, chocolate cakes, and

sugar drops, he saw no one; a cat alone purred in a high wicker chair by the window, and on the floor, with a slanting ray of the evening sun full on it, lay a large ball of bright red wool, and close by a small basket overturned. Confused sounds were heard in the next room. Sanin waited awhile and then, as no one answered the bell, he called out in a loud voice, "Is no one here?" At the same moment the door from the next room was violently thrown open, and Sanin stood struck with astonishment.

II.

A girl of nineteen, with a mass of black curls flowing over her uncovered shoulders, had suddenly burst into the shop with outstretched arms, and seeing Sanin, rushed up to him, seized his hand, and tried to lead him back with her, saying at the same time, in a stifled voice, "Quick, quick, here, save him!" It was not from an unwillingness to obey her, but from sheer amazement, that Sanin, instead of immediately following her, stood rooted to the ground. He had never seen such beauty before. She turned to him with such despair in her voice, in her look, in the movement of her clinched hand which she held to her pale cheek, and said so earnestly, "Come, oh! come!" that he sprang to the opened door.

In the room they had entered, stretched on an old-fashioned horse-hair sofa, lay a boy of about fourteen, apparently her brother, with a face as white as marble. His eyes were closed, and his dark thick hair threw a shadow over his pale forehead and finely-penciled eyebrows, and his parted blue lips showed his teeth firmly clinched. He seemed not to breathe; one hand had fallen over the sofa, while the other was thrown behind his head. The boy was lying dressed, with his neck-tie tightly fastened round his neck.

The young girl threw herself down beside the boy. "He is dead, he is dead," she cried passionately; "a minute ago he was sitting here—speaking to me—and suddenly he fell down and has not moved since. . . . O God! can no help be had? And my mother away! Pantaleone, Pantaleone, where is the doctor?" she added in Italian, "have you been to fetch him?"

"No, Signora, I have sent Louisa," answered a gruff voice from behind the

door; and then a little old man came shuffling into the room, dressed in a plum-colored dress-coat with black buttons, a high white choker, short nankeen trousers, and dark blue stockings. His small face was hardly visible from the quantity of iron-gray hair that fell over it. His hair stood high on the top of his head and hung in straggling locks, giving him very much the appearance of a ruffled hen, more especially so, as the only features to be distinguished from beneath this mass of iron-gray were his sharp nose and round yellow eyes.

"Louisa can run, and I can not," continued the old man in Italian, looking down at his large gouty feet clad in high shoes with bows; "but here, I have brought some water."

He held the neck of a bottle, grasped in his shriveled bony fingers.

"But Emile may die in the mean while!" exclaimed the young girl, turning to Sanin for assistance. "O sir! can you not help him in any way?"

"He must be bled—he has a fit," interposed old Pantaleone.

Although Sanin had no knowledge whatever of medicine, one thing he did know—that boys of fourteen were not subject to fits.

"He has only fainted, it is no fit," he said, addressing Pantaleone. "Have you any brushes?" The old man raised his face in astonishment, and said abruptly, "What?"

"Brushes, brushes," repeated Sanin in German and French. "Clothes-brushes," he added, brushing his own coat with his hand.

The old man understood him at last.

"Brushes! spazzette! of course we have brushes!"

"Give them here then; we must take off his coat and rub him."

"Benone! But will you not put any water on his head?"

"No, . . . we shall do that afterward; go and fetch the brushes."

Pantaleone placed the bottle on the floor, ran out of the room, and returned with a couple of brushes, one a hair-brush, the other a clothes-brush. A curly poodle followed him, wagging his tail furiously and looking up inquiringly at the old man, the young girl, and even at Sanin, as though anxious to know what all the excitement was about.

Sanin took the coat off the boy very gently, turned his own shirt-sleeves up, and, taking the clothes-brush, commenced rubbing his chest and hands with all his strength. Pantaleone used the same energy with the hair-brush, along the boy's trousers and boots, while the young girl knelt by the side of the sofa, holding her brother's head in both her hands, and never taking her eyes off his face, into which she gazed anxiously and lovingly.

Sanin, while thus occupied, watched the young girl furtively. "Heavens! what a lovely creature," he inwardly ejaculated.

III.

Her nose was not small, but handsomely shaped, and her upper lip was covered with a *souffçon* of down, while her complexion was of a clear olive; her wavy hair, like that of Allori's Judith in the Palazzo Pitti, and more especially her eyes, deep gray with a dark rim beneath the lashes—such beautiful eyes, though at the moment overclouded by fear and grief, still radiantly triumphant eyes—carried him back in imagination to that glorious country from whence he was now returning. . . . Even in Italy he had never seen eyes to rival those he now gazed at. The young girl breathed slowly and irregularly, and between each breath she drew, she seemed to listen and wait for a breath to escape her brother's lips.

Sanin still kept rubbing the boy, and occasionally watching the old man, whose original appearance attracted his attention. Old Pantaleone had exhausted his strength and was breathing with great difficulty; each time he lifted the brush he gave a little jump and groan, and his locks of hair, saturated with perspiration, fell to and fro about his face, like the root of some big tree washed by the water.

"Draw off his boots," Sanin was about to say to him, when the dog, unable to comprehend the nature of the disturbance, gave vent to his feelings in a loud bark.

"*Tartaglia, canaglia!*" growled the old man in a low voice. At that instant a change came over the young girl's face. She raised her dark eyebrows, and her large eyes sparkled with happiness. Sanin turned to the boy—a color had come to his face, his nostrils were moving, and a sigh escaped through his still firmly closed teeth. . . .

"Emile," she cried, "*Emilio mio!*"

A pair of large black eyes opened very gradually. There was still a vacant look in them, but nevertheless they smiled, though faintly, and the smile reached his pale lips. He moved the hand that hung over the sofa and placed it on his breast.

"Emilio!" repeated the young girl, raising herself from the floor; and such a forcible and vivid expression flashed across her face, that she seemed on the point of either bursting into tears or into a fit of laughter.

"Emile! What is it? Emile!" exclaimed a voice from the other room, and a lady, very neatly dressed, with silver-gray hair and dark complexion, entered the room very quietly. An elderly man was following in her footsteps, while the head of a maid-servant peered from behind his shoulders.

The young girl rushed to meet them.

"He is saved, mother, he is alive!" she exclaimed convulsively, embracing the lady who had come into the room.

"But what has happened?" she asked. "I return home and meet the doctor and Louisa . . ."

The young girl began to relate all that had occurred, while the doctor approached the sick boy, who was regaining consciousness every minute, and was still smiling: he appeared to begin to feel sensible of the trouble he had caused.

"I see you have been rubbing him with brushes," said the doctor, addressing himself to Sanin and Pantaleone. "It was a very bright idea of yours, . . . and now we shall see what else can be done. . . ."

He felt the boy's pulse. "Hem! now show me your tongue!"

The old lady bent over the boy anxiously. He smiled more brightly than before, and raised his eyes to her face and blushed.

It struck Sanin that his presence was now no more required, so he passed back into the shop; but his hand had hardly turned the handle of the street-door, when the young girl again appeared before him and stopped him.

"You are going away," she began, looking kindly into his face; "I do not wish to detain you now, but you must promise to come to us this evening; we are so much indebted to you—you have been the means, perhaps, of saving my brother's

life—we wish to thank you, and so does my mother; you must tell us who you are, and you must rejoice with us in his recovery."

"But I leave for Berlin to-day," stammered Sanin.

"But you will still have time," continued the young girl hurriedly. "Come to us in an hour, to take a cup of chocolate. You promise? I must return to my brother now. You will come?"

What could Sanin do?

"Yes, I shall come," he answered.

The young girl pressed his hand warmly, fled from him—and in another minute Sanin stood outside the door.

IV.

When he returned to Roselli's, after the lapse of an hour and a half, he was welcomed as one of the family. Emilio was sitting on the same sofa on which he had been rubbed; the doctor had prescribed some medicine, and had advised the patient to be kept very quiet, as he was of a very nervous temperament and had a tendency to heart-disease. He had always been subject to fainting fits, but never to such a violent one as this had been. The doctor, however, had declared him to be out of danger.

Emile was dressed, as became an invalid, in an ample dressing-gown; his mother had wound a blue scarf round his neck, and he looked as gay and lively as though he were at a feast. And every thing indeed in the room had a festive appearance. In front of the sofa, on a round table, covered with a clean cloth and surrounded by cups, decanters with sirup, biscuits and buns, and even flowers, stood a high china coffee-pot; six wax candles burned in two old-fashioned silver candelabras. On one side of the sofa stood a soft, enticing, Voltaire arm-chair, and this comfortable seat was at once presented to Sanin. All the inmates of the pastry-cook shop, whose acquaintance he had made that day, were present, not even excluding the poodle Tartaglia and the cat: all seemed unspeakably happy; the dog sneezed with pleasure, and the cat kept purring and clawing the chair as it had done before. Sanin was called upon to explain who he was, from whence he came, and what his name was. When he announced that he was a Russian, both the ladies looked surprised, and even gave a

cry of astonishment, and exclaimed in one voice, that his pronunciation of German was excellent, but that if he preferred speaking in French he might do so, as they also understood that language and spoke it. Sanin at once took advantage of the proposal. "Sanin! Sanin!" The ladies had no idea that a Russian name could be so easy to pronounce. His Christian name, "Dimitri," sounded very pleasantly to them. The elder of the two ladies informed him that in her youth she had heard a beautiful opera called "Demetrio e Polibio"—but she thought "Dimitri" was much prettier than "Demetrio." This kind of conversation continued for about an hour. Then the ladies enlightened Sanin on all the details of their own life. The mother, the lady with the silver-gray hair, was the most talkative of all. She told Sanin her name was Lenore Roselli; that she was the widow of Giovanni Battista Roselli, who twenty-five years ago had settled in Frankfort as a confectioner; that Giovanni Battista was a native of Vicenza, and was a very good man, although rather passionate and presumptuous, and moreover a Republican! With these words, Madam Roselli pointed to the departed Giovanni's portrait, which hung in oil colors over the sofa. It was evident that the artist—"also a Republican!" as the old lady remarked with a sigh—had not been successful in catching the likeness, as in his portrait the late Giovanni Battista had all the features of a fierce-looking brigand—not unlike Rinaldo Rinaldini! She, herself, was a native of that "ancient and beautiful town of Padua, celebrated for its wonderful cupola, painted by the immortal Correggio!" But from her long sojourn in Germany she had become almost entirely Germanized. Then she added, shaking her head mournfully, all that was left to her now, was this daughter and this son, (pointing to each by turns with her finger;) that her daughter was called Gemma, and her son Emilio; that they were both very good and obedient children, especially Emilio . . . ("Am I not also obedient?" asked her daughter.—"Oh! thou art likewise a Republican!" answered her mother;) that of course her business was not as profitable as it had been during the life of her husband, who had understood his trade thoroughly . . . ("Un grand' uomo!" put in

Pantaleone with energy;) still, thank God, they had sufficient to live on!

V

Gemma listened to her mother—now laughing, now sighing, now patting her shoulder, now lifting her finger at her in reproof, now looking at Sanin; at last she rose, put her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her. Pantaleone was also presented to Sanin. It appeared that at one time he had been an opera-singer, but had long since thrown up his theatrical profession, and was now filling the post of friend and servant in the Roselli family. Notwithstanding his long stay in Germany, he had learnt but very little of the language, and could only scold in it, and even on these occasions he twisted the abusive words most unmercifully. "Ferroflucto spicebubio!" was the term he applied to almost every German. But his pronunciation of Italian was perfect—he having been born in Sinigaglia, where you hear the "*lingua toscana in bocca romana*!" Emilio was apparently luxuriating on the sofa and abandoning himself to the pleasant sensations of one escaped from danger or recovering from an illness; besides, it was not difficult to perceive that all the household petted him. He thanked Sanin in a very shy way, and seemed more especially to be absorbed in the consumption of syrup and sweetmeats. Sanin was forced to drink two large cups of excellent chocolate, and to eat a considerable number of biscuits; he had barely time to swallow one, when Gemma would offer him another—and to refuse her was an utter impossibility! He soon felt himself at home, and the time flew with incredible quickness. He had to relate a great deal to them—about Russia in particular, about the Russian climate, Russian society, the Russian peasant, and more especially about the Cossacks; also about the war of 1812, about Peter the Great, about the Kremlin, the Russian songs, and bells in Russia. Both the ladies had a very faint notion of our vast and distant country. Madam Roselli, or, as she was more frequently called, Frau Lenore, threw Sanin into great consternation by asking him whether that celebrated house of ice still existed which was erected in St. Petersburg during the last century, and concerning which she had read, not long since, such an interesting article in one of her husband's books:

Bellezze delle arti. In answer to his exclamation: "Do you really suppose we never have summer in Russia?" Frau Lenore replied, that she had hitherto imagined Russia thus: eternal snow, every one walking about in fur cloaks, and all military men—but that hospitality in Russia was extreme, and that all the peasants were very obedient! Sanin strove to impart to her and to her daughter more accurate information about Russia. When the conversation turned to Russian music, he was immediately begged to sing some Russian air, and they pointed to a small piano with black keys where they should have been white, and *vice versa*. He obeyed without any preamble, and accompanying himself with a couple of fingers of his right hand and with three of his left, (his forefinger, middle one, and thumb,) he sang in a small nasal tenor voice, first of all, "*Sarafan*," then "*Po ulitsie mostovoi*," ("Along the village road.") The ladies praised his voice and the music, but were most of all enchanted with the sweetness and sonorousness of the Russian language, and begged he would translate the texts of the songs. Sanin did as he was asked; but as the words "*Sarafan*," and especially "*Po ulitsie mostovoi*," ("On a paved street a young girl went for water"—it was thus he translated the original,) could not inspire his audience with a very grand conception of Russian poetry, he first of all recited, then sang, Pushkin's "*Ya pomniu tekhnosie mgnovanie*," ("I remember a moment of bliss,") set to music by Glinka, the minor parts of which he sang rather falsely. The ladies were in ecstasies. Frau Lenore even discovered in the Russian language a wonderful resemblance to Italian. "*Mgnovanie*" (moment) sounded like "*o vieni*," "*so mnoi*" (with me) like "*siam noi*," etc., etc. Even the names of Pushkin (she pronounced it Pussekina) and Glinka reminded her of her own country. Sanin, in his turn, prayed they would sing him something, and they also stood on no ceremony. Frau Lenore seated herself at the piano, and together with Gemma sang a few short duets and "*Stornello*." The mother must have had in her youth a good contralto voice; the daughter's was rather weak, but nevertheless very agreeable.

VI.

But it was not Gemma's voice, but her own self that he admired. He sat some-

what far back and thought to himself that no palm-tree even in the poetry of Benedictoff, who was then the poet in vogue, could rival the elegant symmetry of her form. When, in the pathetic parts, she raised her eyes, it seemed to him the heavens must surely open at such a glance. Even old Pantaleone, who, leaning his shoulder against the door and burying his chin and mouth in his ample neck-cloth, listened gravely, with the air of a connoisseur—even he was rapt in admiration and wonder at the beautiful face before him—and yet one would have supposed that he had long since grown used to its loveliness! Having finished singing the duets, Frau Lenore informed Sanin that Emilio had likewise an excellent voice—as clear as silver; but he had just entered that age when the voice changes, (and most certainly he did speak in a sort of cracked base,) and for that very reason it was forbidden him to sing. Pantaleone, however, continued the old lady, might, in honor of the visitor, strike up some song of the olden days! Pantaleone instantly assumed an air of displeasure, frowned, tossed up his hair, and announced to the company that he had long since given up that sort of thing, although, undoubtedly, in his youth he had been able to hold his own, and, moreover, had belonged to that grand epoch when the real classic singers—singers whose very names were not to be coupled with the present screechers—and the real school for singing had existed; that he, Pantaleone Cippatola, native of Varese, had been presented at Modena with a laurel wreath, and that even on that occasion several white pigeons had been let loose in the theatre. Besides, a Russian, a Prince Tarbusski—"il principe Tarbusski"—with whom he was on the most friendly footing, had constantly, during supper, invited him out to Russia, promised him mountains of gold, mountains! . . . but he had felt loth to leave Italy, the land of Dante—*il paese del Dante*! Then came numberless troubles, he himself had been to blame. . . Here the old man stopped abruptly, sighed heavily, cast his eyes down, and began to talk again of the time of the classical singers, of the celebrated tenor Garcia, for whom he cherished such unbounded respect. "That was a man indeed!" he cried. "Never did the great Garcia—*il gran Garcia*—lower himself to that extent

as to sing in a falsetto voice, as do the present petty tenors of the day. His voice came rolling from his chest, always from his chest, *voce di petto si!* and here the old man struck his chest with his shriveled little fist! "And what an actor! A volcano, *signori miei*, a volcano, *un Vesuvio!* I had the honor and the happiness of singing with him in an opera dell' *illustrissimo maestro Rossini*—in *Otello!* Garcia was *Otello*—I was *Iago*—and when he uttered those words. . . ."

Here Pantaleone drew himself up into position, and sang in a trembling, hoarse, but still pathetic voice:

"*L'i . . . ra daver . . . so daver . . . so il fato
Io piu no . . . no . . . no . . . non temerò!*

The whole theatre trembled, *signori miei*, but I kept up with him, and I sang:

"*L'i . . . ra daver . . . so daver . . . so il fato
Temer piu non dovro!*"

Then he, like lightning, like a tiger, sang out—

"*Morro! . . . ma vendicato . . .*"

Again, when he sang . . . when he sang that famous air out of *Matrimonio segreto*: *Pria che spunti* . . . when after the words: *I cavalli di galoppo*—he came to the following line: *Senza posa caccierà*—here *il gran Garcia* performed wonders—it was astounding, *com' è stupendo!* Only listen, this is what he did"

The old man attempted an extraordinary kind of *foritura*, and broke down on the tenth note, and giving an impatient wave of the hand, turned away, muttering, "Why do you torment me?" Gemma instantly sprang from her chair, and applauding loudly with both hands and crying, Bravo! bravo! ran up to the poor old pensioned *Iago* and patted him kindly on the shoulders. Emile alone laughed pitilessly. *Cet age est sans pitié*—this age knows no pity, was said long ago by La Fontaine.

Sanin strove to console the aged bard, and opened out a fresh conversation with him in Italian—(he had picked up a little of the language during his last journey.) He spoke of the *paese del Dante, dove il si suona*. This phrase and another—*Lasciate ogni speranza*—formed the whole extent of this young tourist's Italian poetical knowledge; but Pantaleone entirely ignored his deficiencies. Burying his chin still deeper into his neck-cloth, and staring

fiercely out of his small bright eyes, he more than ever resembled a bird, an angry one too—a crow or a vulture. Then Emile, blushing suddenly, as spoilt children are wont to do, turned to his sister and said that, if she wished her visitor to be amused, the best thing she could do would be to read one of Maltz's small comedies, which she read so well. Gemma laughed, tapped her brother gently on the hand, and exclaimed that he was always inventing something of the kind! Nevertheless, she went straight to her room, and, returning with a small book in her hand, placed herself at the table before the lamp, looked around her, lifted up her finger as though to say, "Now silence!"—a purely Italian gesture—and began reading.

VII.

Maltz was a Frankfort author of thirty years' standing, who in his short and lightly sketched comedies, written in the local dialect, brought forth, in an amusing and bold, though not profoundly humorous manner, the different types of Frankfort. Gemma's reading proved to be really very good—quite artistic. Her face reflected each character to perfection, and she gave full scope to all her powers of mimicry, which she had inherited with her Italian blood: showing no mercy either for her delicate voice or her lovely face, she made the most laughable grimaces, screwed up her eyes, puckered up her nose, lisped, squeaked when she had to impersonate a decrepit, mad old woman, or a silly burgomaster. She, herself, never laughed while reading; but when her audience (excepting, it is true, Pantaleone, who withdrew indignantly as soon as the discourse turned to *quel ferroflucto Tedesco*) interrupted her by outbursts of loud laughter, she, dropping the book on her knees, would join them in their merriment, laughing in silvery tones, with her head thrown back, and her black curls dancing in soft ringlets down her neck and shoulders. When the laughter ceased, she instantly lifted her book, her features assumed their proper character, and she would continue reading gravely.

Sanin could not admire her sufficiently; what puzzled him most of all was the magic power by which so lovely and ideal a face was so suddenly transformed into such comical and, at times, almost trivial

expressions. She was not as successful in reading the parts of young ladies or "jeunes premières;" she failed, especially, in the love scenes; she felt aware of that herself, and, for that very reason, read them with a tinge of satire—as though she put no faith in all those enthusiastic vows and exalted words, which even the author himself avoided as far as it was possible.

Sanin had not noticed how the time flew, and only recollected his impending journey when the clock struck ten. He jumped from his chair like one who had been stung.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Frau Lenore.

"I must leave for Berlin to-day, and have already taken my place in the diligence."

"And when does it start?"

"At half-past ten!"

"Well, then you are too late," observed Gemma; "so stay, and I shall go on reading."

"Have you paid all the money, or only a part of it?" inquired Frau Lenore.

"All!" said Sanin with a sorrowful face. Gemma looked at him through half-closed eyes and burst out laughing, while her mother said reprovingly, "The young gentleman has spent his money all for nothing, and you find this a cause for merriment!"

"What does it matter?" answered Gemma? "it will not ruin him, and we shall do our best to console him. Will you have some lemonade?"

Sanin took a glass of lemonade, Gemma resumed her reading, and all went on as before.

The clock struck twelve. He rose to say good-night.

"You are bound to stay now for some days at Frankfort," Gemma said to him.

"Why should you hurry? You will not find it more agreeable in any other town." Here she stopped. "Really, you will not," she added, smiling.

Sanin gave no reply, but thought that the lightness of his purse would necessitate him to remain at Frankfort until he should get an answer from his friend at Berlin, to whom he intended applying for money.

"Stay, do stay," put in Frau Lenore. "We shall introduce you to Gemma's future husband, Herr Karl Klüber. He was prevented from coming to-day, being very busy in the shop—of course you noticed

the largest cloth and mercer's shop here in the town. Well, he is head man there. But he will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

This piece of news—Heaven knows why—had a most irritating effect on Sanin. "Happy man!" was the thought that flashed through his mind. He looked at Gemma—and he seemed to notice a satirical expression in her eyes. He wished them good-night once more.

"Until to-morrow? Is it really to be until to-morrow?" asked Frau Lenore.

"Until to-morrow!" said Gemma, not in an inquiring but in an affirmative voice, as though it could not be otherwise.

"Until to-morrow!" replied Sanin. Emile, Pantaleone, and the poodle Tartaglia escorted him to the corner of the street. Pantaleone could not restrain himself from expressing his extreme displeasure at Gemma's reading.

"I wonder she is not ashamed of herself! Grimacing and squeaking—*un caricatura*! She should impersonate Merope or Clytemnestra—something grand and tragic; while, here, she mimics some detestable German woman. I can do that. . . . *Mertz, kertz, smertz*," he added in a gruff voice, drawing out his face and spreading out his fingers. Tartaglia barked at him, and Emile went off into fits of laughter. The old man turned back.

Sanin returned to the "White Swan" (he had left all his luggage in the salon) in a somewhat confused state of mind. The conversation held in German, French, and Italian, still rang in his ears. "Betrotthed!" he whispered as he lay in bed, in the modest room he had taken. "And what a lovely creature! But why have I remained here?"

On the following day, however, he sent a letter to his friend at Berlin.

VIII.

He had hardly time to dress himself the next morning, when the waiter announced the arrival of a couple of gentlemen. One of them proved to be Emile; the other, a showy, well-grown, good-looking young man, was Herr Klüber, the future husband of the beautiful Gemma. One would have thought, from his appearance, that no shop in Frankfort could have produced a more polite, respectable, grave, and amiable young man than Herr Klüber. The unapproachable neatness of his dress was

only equaled by the dignity of his carriage and by the elegance of his manner, which, though rather affected and constrained, like that of an Englishman, (he had spent a couple of years in England,) was nevertheless elegant and taking. One glance was sufficient to show that this handsome, correct, properly-trained and cleanly-washed young man, was accustomed to bend to his betters and to command his inferiors, and that behind the counter he must unavoidably inspire respect even in the purchasers themselves! As to his supernatural integrity—there could not be a shade of doubt about it; his stiffly-starched collar testified the fact undeniably! and his voice was such as one might expect: deep and self-confident; not too loud, and even with a tone of affability in it. In this latter tone of voice it must have been particularly convenient for him to give his commands to those serving beneath him, as for instance, "Will you please show that piece of Lyons velvet!" or else, "Hand a chair to that lady!" Herr Klüber commenced by introducing himself, during which ceremony he bent his body in so gentlemanly a way, and drew his feet together and cracked his heels so politely, that every one who could have seen him, would have felt convinced that the linen and mental capacities of this young man were surely of the first quality! The finish of his ungloved hand, (in the left, which had a Swedish glove neatly drawn over it, he held a glossy, shining hat with his other glove lying inside it,) modestly but resolutely extended to Sanin, surpassed all credit: each nail was perfect in its kind! He communicated to Sanin, in the choicest of German, his desire to evince his respect and readiness to serve the foreigner, who had done such great service to the brother of his intended; saying which words, he waved the hand that held the hat in the direction of Emile, who suddenly feeling very much embarrassed, turned to the window and put his finger into his mouth. Herr Klüber said in addition, "that it would give him much pleasure to be able to assist the foreigner in any way that lay in his power." Sanin replied, also in German, but not without some difficulty, that he would be very happy . . . that the service he had rendered had been but trifling; . . . and then requested his visitors to be seated. Herr Klüber thanked him, and instantly lifted his coat-tails and

let himself down on a chair; but he seemed to seat himself so insecurely and unsteadily, that it was impossible not to suppose that he had simply sat down through politeness and would immediately rise again. The supposition proved correct; he rose without much delay, and making two or three steps very gingerly, as if he were dancing, expressed his regret at not being able to stay longer, as he was hurrying to his business—and duty came before every thing else! but to-morrow being Sunday, he, with the consent of Frau Lenore and Fräulein Gemma, had arranged a pleasure-trip to Soden, to which he had the honor of inviting the foreign gentleman, and he cherished a hope that he would not refuse to grace the party with his presence. Sanin did not refuse to grace it with his presence, and Herr Klüber made his low bow and disappeared in all the glory of a delicate, light-brown pair of trousers, and making a creaking noise with his bran-new boots.

IX.

Emile, who continued standing with his face to the window, even after Sanin had asked him to sit down, turned round abruptly as soon as his future brother-in-law had left the room, and blushing with child-like embarrassment, asked Sanin whether he would allow him to stay a little longer with him.

"I feel much better to-day," he said, "but the doctor has forbidden me to work."

"Do stay! you are not at all in my way," returned Sanin, who, like every true Russian, was glad to catch at any thing rather than be driven to the necessity of finding himself occupation.

Emile thanked him, and in a very short time made himself quite at home with Sanin: he examined his things and asked him about nearly every article, where it was bought and what it was worth. He assisted him with his shaving, and told him it was a pity he did not allow his mustache to grow; he acquainted him with many details concerning his mother, his sister, Pantaleone, and even Tartaglia, and described the mode of life of each. All the shyness with which he had hitherto been afflicted had left him, and he suddenly felt himself strangely attracted toward Sanin, not because the latter had saved his life the day before, but because he

found him such a sympathetic man! He very soon confided all his secrets to him, and dwelt with great force on his mother's wish to make a merchant out of him—when, he said, he knew, for certain, that he was born to be an artist, a musician, a singer, that the stage was his real vocation; even Pantaleone encouraged him, but Kerr Klüber upheld his mother, over whom he had great influence; that the proposal of making a merchant of him proceeded entirely from Kerr Klüber, according to whose notions there was no profession in the world to equal that of a merchant! To sell cloth and velvets, and to cheat the public, and to charge them "*Narren oder Russen-Preise*," (fools' or Russian prices,) this was his ideal of a profession!

"Well, but now we must be going home," he exclaimed, as soon as Sanin had finished his toilet and had written his letter to Berlin.

"It is so early yet," observed Sanin.

"That is of no consequence," returned Emile, going up to him in a caressing way. "Come! we shall turn into the post-office first, and then go home; Gemma will be so glad to see you! You will take luncheon with us, and you might say a word for me to mamma about my career. . . ."

"Well, come along," said Sanin; and they both went out.

X.

Gemma was indeed glad to see him, and Frau Lenore gave him a very friendly welcome; it was evident that he had made a favorable impression on both ladies on the preceding evening. Emile ran off to see after the luncheon, but not without previously whispering to Sanin to be sure not to forget.

"I shall not forget," answered Sanin. Frau Lenore was not feeling very well: she was suffering from a headache, and, reclining in an arm-chair, was trying to keep herself quiet. Gemma was dressed in a loose yellow morning-gown, with a black leather belt round her waist; she also looked tired and pale; dark lines encircled her eyes, but they did not take away from their brilliancy, while the pallor of her face added to the sweetness and purity of her classic features. Sanin was that morning especially struck by the beauty of her hands; whenever she raised them

to arrange her dark and glossy curls, he could not tear his gaze away from her long and tapering fingers.

The day was a very warm one. After luncheon, Sanin rose to take his departure; but he was told that in such oppressive weather it was best to keep in one place—to which he agreed, and accordingly staid where he was. In the back-room, where they were all seated, the air was very cool, and the windows looked out into a small garden overgrown with acacias. Quantities of bees and wasps hummed busily and greedily in the thick acacia branches all heavily laden with golden flowers, and their ceaseless humming penetrated into the room through the half-closed shutters and closely-drawn blinds: it told of the sultriness pervading the air outside—thus adding to the pleasant coolness of the shady retreat in-doors.

Sanin conversed a great deal as he had done on the previous evening, but not about Russia or Russian life. Anxious to please his young friend, who was sent off immediately after luncheon to Herr Klüber—to practice book-keeping—he directed the conversation to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of Art and Commerce. He was not, of course, surprised to hear Frau Lenore support the advantages of Commerce—he had expected as much—but Gemma likewise shared her mother's opinions.

"If one is to be an artist, and especially a singer," the old lady continued, energetically gesticulating with her hands, "one must certainly occupy the first place!—the second is not worth having; and who knows whether one would ever be capable of attaining the first!" Pantaleone, who also joined in the discussion, (owing to his long services and old age, he was even allowed to sit down in the presence of his mistress; generally speaking, Italians are not particular about etiquette.)—Pantaleone, of course, was a strong upholder of Art. It is true, his arguments were rather weak: he kept reasoning chiefly on the necessity of possessing *un estro d'ispirazione*—certain bursts of inspiration. Frau Lenore observed that he doubtlessly had possessed this *estro*, and notwithstanding. . . . "I had enemies," said Pantaleone sternly. "Yes, but how canst thou tell that Emile will be free from them, supposing even that this *estro* does reveal itself in him?"

"Well! well; make a tradesman of him," muttered Pantaleone, provoked, "but Giovan' Battista would never have acted in this manner, although he himself was but a confectioner!" "Giovan' Battista, my husband, was an honorable man—and if in his youth he ever did go astray . . ." But the old man would listen to no more, and withdrew, muttering reproachfully, "Ah! Giovan' Battista!" Gemma insisted that, if Emile really felt himself to be a patriot, and wished to devote all his strength to the liberation of Italy, why, then, of course, for such a grand and sacred cause he might sacrifice his future—but not for the stage! Here Frau Lenore grew perturbed and entreated her daughter at least not to interfere with her brother, and to rest contented that she herself was such a desperate Republican! Having given utterance to these words, Frau Lenore groaned and complained of her head, which, she said, "was ready to burst." (Frau Lenore, in compliment to her visitor, spoke in French to her daughter.)

Gemma at once commenced attending on her mother. She blew gently on her forehead, cooling it first of all with eau de Cologne, kissed her softly, laid a pillow under her head, forbade her to say another word, and kissed her again. Then turning to Sanin, she told him, in a partly jesting, partly pathetic voice—what a good mother she was, and what a belle she had been in her day! "What am I saying? had been! Why, she is charming even now. Only look at her eyes!" Saying this, she drew out her handkerchief, covered her mother's over with it—then slowly drawing the handkerchief down again, exposed by degrees her forehead, eyebrows, and eyes. She waited a second, and then asked her mother to open her eyes. Frau Lenore obeyed her, and Gemma gave a cry of admiration, (Frau Lenore's eyes were certainly very fine,) and quickly passing the handkerchief over the lower and less regular portion of her mother's face, she kissed her fondly again and again. Frau Lenore smiled and turned away, and put her daughter aside with assumed anger; Gemma likewise pretended to wrestle with her, and then caressed her—not in a cat-like manner, nor yet in the French way, but with that Italian grace so full of force. Frau Lenore at last declared that she was feeling very tired. . .

Then Gemma persuaded her to take a short nap where she was sitting, while she and the Russian gentleman—"avec le monsieur Russe"—would keep so still, so still . . . like small mice, . . . "Comme des petites souris." Frau Lenore smiled in answer, closed her eyes, and drawing several heavy sighs, fell off into a doze. Gemma took a seat near her mother and never once moved; she only occasionally lifted the finger of one hand, while with the other hand she supported her mother's pillow, and turning sideways to Sanin would say gently "hush" if the latter happened to make the least movement. He sat at last like one spell-bound, and gazed with all his soul at the living picture before him: the half-darkened room, with bright fresh roses glimmering here and there in green old-fashioned glasses—the sleeping figure of the old lady, with her hands folded peacefully in her lap, and her kind but weary-looking face framed in a snow-white pillow—and this young, impulsive girl, so good, sensible, pure, and unspeakably beautiful, with her dark, deep, shadowy and yet luminous eyes. . . . What was it all? A dream? A romance? . . . And how came he to be there?

XI.

There was a ring at the bell of the outer door, and a young peasant-boy in a fur cap and red waistcoat entered the shop. Since morning there had not been a single customer. "This is the kind of business we carry on!" Frau Lenore had observed to Sanin, with a sigh, during luncheon. The old lady continued dozing; Gemma feared to draw her hand away from the pillow, and whispered to Sanin, "Do go into the shop for me!" Sanin instantly went off on tiptoes. The peasant wanted a quarter of a pound of peppermint lozenges. "How much money am I to take for them?" asked Sanin of Gemma in a whisper through the door. "Six kreutzers!" she answered in the same low voice. Sanin weighed off a quarter of a pound, found a piece of paper, rolled it up into the shape of a horn, put the lozenges in, dropped them, put them in again, once more dropped them, finally succeeded in delivering the packet, and received the money. . . . The boy kept looking at him in astonishment, twisting his cap about, which he held against his chest,

while in the next room, Gemma, keeping her lips firmly closed, was dying with laughter. No sooner had this customer withdrawn, than another, and a third, made their appearance. . . . "I suppose I must have a lucky hand," thought Sanin. The second wanted a glass of almond-milk; the third, half a pound of sweets. Sanin satisfied their demands, making a great noise with the spoons, moving about the saucers, and awkwardly getting his fingers into the jars and boxes. From the accounts it was proved afterward that he had charged too little for the almond drink, and had taken two extra kreutzers for the sweets. Gemma could not help laughing inwardly the whole time during these proceedings, and even Sanin felt conscious of unusual gayety and happiness. He thought he could have stood a century behind that counter selling sweets and almond-milk, while Gemma gazed at him through the door, with friendly, laughing eyes, and the summer sun, struggling through the dense foliage of the chestnuts in front of the windows, filled the whole room with golden-green midday beams and midday shadows, and while the heart grew softened with sweet feelings of indolence and listlessness, and of happy early youth!

The fourth customer wanted a cup of coffee, and Pantaleone had to be called in order to get it, (Emile was still absent, learning book-keeping.) Sanin returned to the next room, seated himself again next Gemma, and found Frau Lenore still dozing to the great delight of her daughter. "Mamma's headache always leaves her during her sleep," she said. Sanin spoke in a whisper about what he had sold, and inquired in a serious tone about the prices of the different things for sale in the shop. Gemma, in an equally serious voice, named all the prices he had wished to know, while, at the same time, they both laughed inwardly, as though feeling thoroughly conscious of acting a highly amusing comedy. Suddenly, an organ-grinder, outside, struck up an air out of *Freischütz*: "*Durch die Felder, durch die Auen.*" . . . The shrill, discordant tones died away, trembling and quivering in the still air. Gemma started. . . . "He will awaken my mother!" Sanin, without losing a moment, rushed off into the street, thrust several kreutzers into the organ-grinder's hand, and ordered him to

cease playing and to go farther away. When he came back to the room, Gemma thanked him by slightly nodding her head, and, smiling pensively, began singing, in an undertone, a pretty melody of Weber's, in which Max gives expression to all the fears and doubts that arise in first love. She then asked Sanin whether he had ever heard *Freischütz*, whether he liked Weber, and added that, although an Italian, she nevertheless liked *such* music better than any other. From Weber, the conversation glided on to poetry and romance, and to Hoffman, who was still at that time read by every one.

In the mean while, Frau Lenore continued sleeping, and even slightly snoring, and the rays of the sun, entering in narrow streaks through the shutters, were imperceptibly but gradually shifting and traveling along the floor, the furniture, Gemma's dress, and across the leaves and petals of the flowers.

XII.

Gemma, it seemed, was not a great lover of Hoffman; she even found him tiresome. The hazy, queer, northern element of his stories was incomprehensible to her bright southern nature. "They are all inventions, written for the amusement of children," she said persuasively, and not without some contempt. She also had a dim sense of the absence of poetry in his works. But there was one novel of his, the title of which she could not then recollect, which she had liked exceedingly; correctly speaking, it was only the commencement that had pleased her: the end she had either not read, or had forgotten it. The subject was about a young man who chances to meet, some, where or other—in a pastry-cook's shop—if her memory did not misgive her—a young Greek girl of striking beauty; she is accompanied by an odd, mysterious, and cross-looking old man. The young man falls in love with the girl the moment he beholds her; she looks at him in such a pleading way, as though she besought him to liberate her. . . . He leaves the shop for a moment, and returning again, finds the girl and the old man both gone; he rushes out in search of her, stumbles across their recent footsteps, follows their tracks, but can never find them again. The lovely girl disappears from him forever—but no earthly power can make him for-

get her pleading look, and he is forever after haunted with the idea that, perhaps, all the happiness that life had in store for him, had slipped away, never to return again.

Hoffman hardly ended his tale in this way; at all events, it was thus that it had remained fixed on Gemma's memory.

"It seems to me," she murmured, "that similar meetings and partings are of more frequent occurrence than we imagine."

Sanin remained silent . . . and a few moments later talked of Herr Klüber. It was the first time that he spoke about him; he had not recollected him until that moment.

It was Gemma's turn to be silent now: she became pensive, and slightly biting the nail of her fore-finger, turned her eyes away to another direction. She then spoke in praise of her lover, reminded Sanin of the pleasure-trip arranged for the morrow by Herr Klüber, and, turning a quick look on Sanin, grew silent again.

He was considerably embarrassed what to say next. But at this moment Emile burst noisily into the room, awakened Frau Lenore, and extricated Sanin from his difficult position. The old lady rose from the chair, Pantaleone came in and announced that dinner was ready. The friend of the family—the ex-singer and servant—performed likewise the duties of cook.

XIII.

Sanin did not go away even after dinner. They detained him under pretense of the great heat, and when it got cooler, they all proposed to go into the garden to drink coffee in the shade of the acacia-tree. He consented. He was feeling so unspeakably happy. In the monotonously peaceful and smooth current of our lives great joys lie deeply hidden, and in these he now reveled, not demanding any special happiness from that day, yet also not giving a thought to the morrow or the past. What was not the mere presence of such a girl as Gemma worth to him? He was shortly to be parted from her, and probably forever; but while the same small boat, as in the romance of Uhland, carried them both along life's short stream, why should he not be happy and enjoy himself? And all around looked pleasant and smiling to this happy traveler. Frau Lenore proposed to him to have a battle with her and

Pantaleone at "*tresette*," taught him this simple Italian game of cards, and won several kreutzers of him; then Pantaleone, at Emile's request, made Tartaglia go through all his tricks, and Tartaglia jumped over a stick, barked, sneezed, shut the door with his nose, brought out a trodden-down shoe of his master's, and finally, with an old hussar's cap on his head, represented Marshal Bernadotte submitting himself to the cruel reproaches of the Emperor Napoleon for his treachery.

Pantaleone, of course, acted the part of Napoleon, and personified him faithfully: crossed his hands over his breast, put on a three-cornered hat over his eyes, and spoke harshly and sharply in French; but heavens! what French it was! Tartaglia sat before his sovereign, his body doubled up, his tail tucked under him, and in great fear and trembling, winking and blinking from beneath the hussar-cap placed awry on his head; from time to time, when Napoleon raised his voice, Bernadotte stood up on his hind legs. "*Fuori, traditore!*" at last screamed Napoleon, forgetting in his great excitement that he should maintain his French character to the last; and Bernadotte rushed precipitately under the sofa, but soon reappeared again, barking joyously, as though to let them all know that the performance was at an end. The audience was extremely amused, and Sanin more than the rest.

Gemma had a particularly pleasant low-toned laugh, accompanied by a most amusing little chuckle. Sanin was charmed by it, and could have kissed her for that little chuckle alone!

The evening at last drew to a close, and his conscience told him it was time to go. Bidding them all good-night several times, telling them all over and over again, "until to-morrow!" (Emile he even embraced,) Sanin at last went home, carrying with him in his heart the image of this young girl, now gay, now pensive, now calm and even indifferent, but always sweetly attractive. Her gray eyes, now widely-opened, bright and happy as the day, now shaded by her drooping eyelashes, and dark and deep as the night, haunted him, and pervaded all other objects and scenes.

To Herr Klüber, to the reasons which had detained him at Frankfort, in a word, to all that had agitated him on the previous evening, he had not given one single thought.

XIV.

It is, however, time that we should say a few words about Sanin.

Firstly: he was not at all bad-looking. He was tall and well-proportioned, had pleasant though somewhat irregular features, kind, small blue eyes, golden hair, and a pink and white complexion. But what charmed one most about him, was his childlike gayety, his trusting, frank, though, at first sight, not brilliant expression—an expression which, in former days, was stamped on all the scions of noble families, "sons in the image of their fathers," good young noblemen's sons, born and educated in our wild semi-steppe countries; with a hesitating step, a lisping voice, and an innocent smile—in one word, with freshness and health, and with a softness, a delicate softness pervading his whole nature—such was Sanin in appearance. In the second place, he was no simpleton, but had contrived to pick up some knowledge here and there, and in spite of his travels abroad, he was still entirely unspoilt; the excitement that was prevailing amongst the youth of that period was but little known to him.

Of late years, our literature, after fruitless attempts in search of "new characters," has produced novel specimens in the form of young men bent on appearing fresh—fresh as Flensburg oysters imported to Russia. Sanin did not resemble them. If we must indeed liken him to any thing, let it rather be to a young apple-tree newly planted in our rich gardens—or, better still, to a pampered, smooth, thick-legged, delicate, three-year-old horse, formerly belonging to a gentleman's stud, and who was now being driven with a curb. . . . Those who came across Sanin at a later period, when life's trials and troubles had fallen heavily on him, and all his youthful ardor had long since died out of him, saw him as a very different man.

The following day, Sanin was still lying in bed, when Emile, in his holiday dress, with a small cane in his hand, and smelling strongly of pomatum, rushed into his room and told him that Herr Klüber would ar-

rive instantly with a carriage, that the weather promised to be wonderfully fine, that they had finished all their preparations, but that their mother could not join them, owing to another bad headache. He hurried Sanin, declaring there was not a moment to be lost. And it was true; Herr Klüber found Sanin still busily occupied with his toilet. He knocked at the door, entered, bowed, said he was quite ready to wait for him any time—and sat down, leaning elegantly on his hat, which he placed on his knees. The good-looking clerk had dressed himself in his best, and had scented himself to such an extent that every movement of his was accompanied by a strong aromatic whiff. He had arrived in a large open carriage or landau, drawn by a couple of strong, full-grown, but by no means handsome-looking horses. In a quarter of an hour's time, Sanin, Klüber, and Emile dashed up triumphantly to the door of the confectionery-shop in this very identical carriage. Frau Roselli firmly refused to be of the party; Gemma wished to remain at home with her mother, but the latter would not hear of such a thing.

"I do not require any one," said the old lady in an assuring voice. "I shall go to sleep. I should have sent Pantaleone with you; but if I did that, there would be no one to serve in the shop."

"May we take Tartaglia?" asked Emile.

"Of course you may."

Tartaglia immediately struggled up joyfully on to the box, and seated himself there with an air of contentment; one could see that he was used to the elevated position he occupied. Gemma had put on a large straw hat with brown ribbons; it was bent down in front, shading her face as far as her lips, which were as blooming and as fresh as the delicate petals of a rose, while her teeth gleamed white and pure as a child's. She placed herself on the back seat, next to Sanin; Klüber and Emile sat opposite. Frau Lenore's pale face appeared at the window; Gemma waved her handkerchief to her, and they started off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONTROSE.

BY PETER BAYNE.

IN a recent drama on John Hampden, the hero speaks thus of Charles I. :—

"O that he were a tyrant bold as bad!
His subtle vice is so like princeliest virtue,
That princely hearts will shed their blood for him."

This *ex post facto* prophecy applies with special force to Falkland in England, and in Scotland to Montrose. "The noblest of all the Cavaliers," Montrose has been called; "an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier." In the crowd of striking figures that occupy the stage of the Revolution, there is no one so romantically brilliant as Montrose; no one so picturesquely relieved against other figures that move amid the sad and stormful grandeurs of the time. Those contrasted types of character which have been so well marked in Scottish history as to arrest the attention of Europe,—the cold, cautious, forecasting type, the impetuous and perfervid type,—were never so finely opposed as in the persons of the deep-thoughted, melancholy Argyle, and the impulsive and intrepid Montrose.

James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, in one of his father's castles, near the town of that name. The Grahams were among the most ancient and honorable families of Scotland. Tradition talks of a Graham scaling, in the cause of old Caledonia, the Roman wall between Forth and Clyde, and with clearer accents of a Graham who was the truest and best-beloved of the friends of Wallace,—

"Mente manaque potens, et Vallæ fidus
Achates,"—

who sleeps, beneath a stone bearing this inscription, in the old Church of Falkirk, near the field on which he fell. History, taking up the tale from tradition, informs us that one ancestor of Montrose died, sword in hand, at Flodden, and another at Pinkie. His grandfather was High Treasurer to James I.; then Chancellor; finally Viceroy of Scotland. His father was President of Council, and in 1604 and 1606 carried the great Seal as one of the foremost nobles of Scotland in the Parlia-

ments held at Perth, when the nobility rode in state. This Lord, who in his youth was hot and headstrong, had subsided, long before the birth of his son James, into a quiet country gentleman, vigilantly managing his estates. He was possessed of great baronies in the counties of Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Forfar, and had exact ideas as to the number of oxen to his ploughs, of puncheons of wine in his cellars, of sacks of corn in his granaries. He was an inveterate smoker, perpetually investing in tobacco and tobacco-pipes, a circumstance which has attracted notice from the sensitive dislike with which his son shrank from the slightest smell of tobacco.

Lord James, as from his infancy he was called, was the only son in a family of six. Margaret, the eldest of his sisters, was married to Lord Napier of Merchiston, son of the discoverer of logarithms; and the brother-in-law, a man of parts and character, exerted a great influence on Montrose in his youth. Two of his sisters appear to have been younger than himself. He must have been a beautiful boy. The pride of his father, the pet of his mother and elder sisters, the heir to an exalted title and broad lands, he was likely to feel himself from childhood an important personage, and to have any seeds of ostentation, vanity, and wilfulness which might be sown in his nature somewhat perilously fostered.

His boyhood was favorable in an eminent degree to the generous and chivalrous virtues. We can fancy him scampering on his pony over the wide green spaces of the old Scottish landscape, when roads were still few, and the way from one of his father's castles to another would be by the drove-roads, or across the sward and the heather. Travelling, even of ladies and children, was then almost universally performed on horseback. Lord James had two ponies expressly his own, and we hear of his fencing-swords and his bow. At Glasgow, whither he proceeded to study at twelve years of age, under the charge of a tutor named William Forrett, he continued to ride, fence, and practise archery. He was attended by a valet and

two young pages of his own feudal following, Willy and Mungo Graham. He had a suit of green camlet, with embroidered cloak, and his two pages were dressed in red. He and Forrett rode out together, Lord James on a white horse. Among his books was the *History of Geoffrey de Bouillon*, and one of his favorite volumes was Raleigh's *History of the World*. The establishment was supplied with "manchets," the white bread of the period, and oatcake and herrings were important items in the commissariat. These particulars, gleaned by Mr. Mark Napier from memoranda made by Forrett, enable us to realize with vividness the life of the boy Montrose in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the Clyde was still a silvery river glancing by the quiet town that clustered round the old Cathedral of Glasgow.

From Glasgow we trace him to St. Andrews, where he matriculated in the University a few months before his father's death. He was fourteen when the shrewd and experienced Earl, whose predominance might have kept him beneficially in the shade, and exercised an influence to chasten and concentrate his faculties, was laid in the family vault. From this time Montrose appears to have been very much lord of himself. His was a mind of that order which peculiarly required, to develop its utmost strength, all that wise men mean by discipline. To develop its utmost strength; not necessarily to develop its utmost beauty and natural grace and splendor. There was no malice, or guile, or cross-grained self-will, or obstinate badness of any kind in young Montrose. He accepted, with open-hearted welcome, the influence of Forrett, of Napier, of every worthy friend or teacher, winning and retaining through life their ardent affection. The poetry, the romance, of his nature bloomed out in frank luxuriance. But the gravity and earnest strength, the patient thoughtfulness, thoroughness, and the habit of comprehensible intellectual vision, which are indispensable to men who not only play a brilliant part in great revolutions, but regulate and mould them, were never his; and we cannot be sure that, under the authority of a sagacious, affectionate, and determined father, he might not have attained them. There is no sign that, at college, he engaged seriously in study. He became probably a fluent Latinist, which no man

with any pretensions to education could then fail to be; he was fond of Caesar, whose *Commentaries* he is said to have carried with him in his campaigns; and he loved all books of chivalrous adventure; but we hear of no study that imposed self-denial, or required severe application. He was a distinguished golf-player and archer. There being now no heir, in the direct line, to the earldom and estates, he was counselled by his friends to marry early, and when only seventeen led to the altar Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk. He was already the father of two boys when, on attaining his majority, he started on his Continental travels in 1633.

For three years he remained abroad, in France and Italy. He made himself, say his panegyrists, "perfect in the academies;" learned "as much mathematics as is required for a soldier" (rather less probably than Count Moltke might prescribe); conversed with celebrities, political and erudite; and devoted himself by preference to the study of great men. Doubtless these were years of eager observation, of eager and rapid acquisition. He seems to have already impressed a wide circle with the idea of his superiority, and he was prone to accept the highest estimate which his flatterers formed of him.

[Returning from the Continent in 1636, he presented himself at Court. Charles received him coldly, and he was hurt. There is no need to believe with Mr. Napier that the Marquis of Hamilton elaborately plotted to prevent his acquiring influence with the King. Clarendon's remark respecting Charles, that he "did not love strangers nor very confident men," accounts for what happened. A dash of ostentation and self-confidence was conspicuously present in Montrose; and, as his sister Catherine was known to be at this time lurking in London in an adulterous connection with her brother-in-law, it may have occurred to the King that it would be not unbecoming in the young gentleman to carry less sail.

In Scotland he found himself a person of consequence. He was in the front rank of the nobility, his estates were large, his connection extensive; and there was a general persuasion that he was capable of great things. It was of high importance to secure such a man to the popular cause, and Montrose was not indisposed to throw himself into the movement. The

scheme of Thorough, in its two branches of enslavement in Church and State, had been applied to the Scottish Parliament and to the Scottish Church. Mr. Brodie, whose valuable work on our Constitutional History has been, perhaps, too much thrown into the shade by Hallam, points out the grasping arbitrariness with which, in his visit to Scotland in 1636, Charles laid his hand upon the civil as well as the religious liberties of Scotland. On returning from his travels in 1636, Montrose became convinced that both were in danger, and with all that was best in the intelligence and most fervent in the religion of Scotland, he prepared for their defence. Against Thorough the National Covenant of 1638 was Scotland's protest. It corresponds, in its essential meaning, though not in time, to the impeachment of Strafford by the Commons of England. In each instance the respective nations may be pronounced unanimous. Clarendon acted with Hampden and Pym against Strafford; Montrose put his name to the National Covenant as well as Argyle, and sat upon the same Table, or, as we should now say, managing committee of Covenanting Nobles with Lothian and Rothes. Baillie says that the Covenanters found it difficult to "guide" him; but this arose in the earlier stages of the business, not because his Covenanting zeal was in defect, but because he would do things in a high-handed, and what appeared to them an imprudently open way. The Tables, for examples, had looked after the Presbyterial elections to the Glasgow Assembly of 1638 with a particularity savoring rather of paternal government on the modern Imperial type than of a government extemporized for the purpose of vindicating, as one chief thing, the freedom of Presbyteries in Scotland. This fact turned up inopportunely in the Assembly itself, through the awkwardness of a clerk, who blurted out the name of the man whom one of the Presbyteries had been instructed by the Edinburgh Tables to return. The Rev. David Dickson endeavored to explain, hinting that the name in question had been sent down to the Presbytery through negligence. Montrose would not countenance even so much of pious guile. He started to his feet, put aside canny David's explanation, and declared that the Tables would stand to every jot of what they had written. He

had no secretiveness in his nature, and could do nothing by halves. He was at this time a resolute and even an enthusiastic Covenanter.

Partly, perhaps, with a view to humoring and leading him, partly, also, because they knew that he was at heart true to the cause, the Covenanters named him Generalissimo of the army which proceeded to Aberdeen in the beginning of 1639, to check the Marquis of Huntley, who was in arms in the royal interest, and to chastise the anti-Covenanting town. He was accompanied by General Alexander Leslie, nominally his Adjutant, really his instructor. Montrose took his first practical lessons in war with the aptitude of genius born for the field. The Aberdonians and the Gordons felt the weight of his hand, and the Royalists in the north-east of Scotland were effectually quelled; but even while enforcing the Covenant at the sword-point, he proclaimed that his zeal for the religious liberties of Scotland was not more honest than his allegiance to his Sovereign; and there sprung up and gradually strengthened in him the idea that Argyle and his party were pressing matters too far, that enough had been conceded by Charles, and that the day was drawing near when it would be necessary to make a stand for the Monarchy.

In point of fact, sincere as was the Covenanting zeal of Montrose, it was never so fervent as in some of the Covenanters. He was a religious man, but his religion was a very different thing from that of Cromwell, Vane, or Argyle. With them religion was an impassioned energy of spiritual enthusiasm; with him it was the devout and reverent loyalty with which a noble nature regards the Sovereign of the universe. If the main current of tendency in those years was religious,—if the main factor in world-history was religious earnestness,—the circumstance that Montrose was not a supremely religious man, would account for his having played a glittering rather than a great part in the Revolution. Cardinal de Retz's compliment gives the reason why it was impossible for him to be a Scottish Cromwell. Cardinal de Retz pronounced him "the solitary being who ever realized to his mind the image of those heroes whom the world sees only in the biographies of Plutarch." A Plutarchian hero was out of date in the age of the Puritans. Montrose aspired to

emulate the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander. Cromwell sought the Lord in the Psalms of David. Add to this that, in comparison with Argyle and the best heads in the party, Montrose was deficient in judgment, in experience, in thorough apprehension of the organic facts of the revolution. His lack of judgment is demonstrated by his entire misconception of the views of Argyle and Hamilton. He took up the notion that these men aimed at sovereignty. This, as the sequel proved, was an hallucination. When Charles I. was struck down and not yet beheaded, Hamilton did not attempt to set the Scottish crown on his own head, but lost his life in an effort to replace it and that of England on the head of Charles. When Charles I. was dead, Argyle did not seize the throne of Scotland, which would have been a hopeful enough enterprize, but staked all on a hopeless attempt to regain for Charles II. the throne for Charles I. The motives of Argyle's conduct, at the period when his path diverged from that of Montrose, are sufficiently clear. Well acquainted with the character of the king, with the policy and projects of Laud and Strafford, with the wrongs of the English Puritans and their estimate of the danger threatening the liberties of the nation, he knew that it would be puerile simplicity to accept the professions of Charles as an adequate guarantee of what Scotland required and demanded. Montrose, ardent in his devotion to his country as Argyle, had never conferred with Hampden, never imbibed from the English Puritans their invincible distrust of Charles.

There was much also in the character of Montrose to predispose him to that lofty but somewhat vague idealization of authority, that enthusiasm for the representative of a long line of kings, that reverence for the established order of things, and that partly aristocratic, partly feminine shrinking from the coarser and cruder associations of democracy, which constitute the poetry of modern Toryism. Mr. Mark Napier has printed an essay by Montrose, brief but of singular interest, in which his conception of kingly authority and popular freedom, and of the relation between the two, is set forth with as much lucidity as is common in writings of that generation, and with a certain stateliness and pomp of expression which, taken along with the touches of poetry occurring

in Montrose's verse, prove that, in altered circumstances, he might have been a remarkable writer. The value or valuelessness of the piece in respect of political philosophy may be gauged by the fact that Montrose has not grasped the central idea of politics in modern times, to wit, representation. The truth that sovereignty resides in the people, and that kingship is a delegation from the people, which was then beginning to make itself felt as a power in world-history, and was firmly apprehended by Hampden, Cromwell, Pym, and Vane, has no place in Montrose's essay. The notion of royal authority as something distinct, balanced against national right or freedom,—a notion which has bewildered political fanciers, down to the days of Mr. Disraeli—is what he fundamentally goes upon. "The king's prerogative," he says, "and the subject's privilege are so far from incompatibility, that the one can never stand unless supported by the other. For the sovereign being strong, and in full possession of his lawful power and prerogative, is able to protect his subjects from oppression, and maintain their liberties entire; otherwise not. On the other side, a people, enjoying freely their just liberties and privileges maintaineth the prince's honor and prerogative out of the great affection they carry towards him; which is the greatest strength against foreign invasion, or intestine insurrection, that a prince can possibly be possessed with." He speaks of "the oppression and tyranny of subjects, the most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world." He is prepared to go lengths in submission to the "prince" which show that he never kindled into sympathy with the high, proud and free spirit of the English Puritans, never got beyond the figment of indefeasible right in an anointed king. Subjects, he declares, "in wisdom and duty are obliged to tolerate the vices of the prince as they do storms and tempests, and other natural evils which are compensated with better times succeeding." Here were the germs of a Royalism as enthusiastic as could be found among the young lords and swashbucklers who were now beginning to cluster round Charles at Whitehall.

With Montrose, in his political speculations or dreams, were associated Napier of Merchiston, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall. These had "occasion to meet often" in

Merchiston Hall, the residence of Napier, near Edinburgh, a turreted keep or castle, with bartizan atop, on which, in the feudal times, the sentinel made his rounds, and which, in the less martial days that now were, afforded on summer evenings a pleasant lounge. There Montrose and his friends, secure from intrusion, could talk politics, theoretical and practical, casting a glance at intervals over the loveliest landscape, the green-blue Pentlands on the left, the soft undulating swell of Corstorphine hill on the right, while the setting sun flooded with amber glow the valley that lay between. At the foot of the tower, now fronted with a white dwelling-house, but which then stood bare and gaunt, were the meadows which logarithmic Napier, as fond of experimental farming as of algebra, had nursed into sap and luxuriance. Algebra and cow-feeding are not generally considered promotive of speculative romance, but the inventor of logarithms gave play to his imagination in the study of prophecy, and was an intrepid theorist on Antichrist and Armageddon. Lord Napier, Montrose's friend and brother-in-law, was the son of this many-sided genius, and seems to have inherited his vein of imaginative enthusiasm rather than his sagacious intelligence of algebraic figures and agricultural facts. In Lord Napier's society Montrose found himself steadily growing in that romantic loyalty which is rooted in the affections rather than in the intellect, and in opposition to the Covenanting chiefs. He was working himself out of the main current of his country's history, and getting into a track of his own.

We can imagine the effect which a personal interview with Charles, at the period when he made his first important concessions to his Scottish subjects, would have upon Montrose. They met at Berwick in July, 1639, when the King, finding it impracticable to reduce the Scots by force of arms, patched up an agreement with the Covenanters, and might well seem, to one predisposed to trust him, to have yielded all that his countrymen could reasonably expect. The "melancholy Vandyke air," the pathetic dignity which seldom forsook Charles in private, the studied delicacy of consideration and praise with which he well knew how to act upon a young man not without his touch of egotism and of vanity, won the heart of Montrose. The

latter did not come to a breach with the Covenanters, but henceforward he vehemently exerted himself to oppose by constitutional methods the party which suspected Charles. He placed himself in frank antagonism to Argyle in the Parliament which met in Edinburgh early in 1640. His belief was that the King meant well and that the objects of the Covenant had been secured. He was now in constant correspondence with Charles, but his letters contained nothing to imply that he had ceased to be a Covenanter. Nay, he made bold to give his royal correspondent advice which is surprising for its courageous honesty. "Practise, sir, the temperate government; it fitteth the humor and disposition of Scotland best; it gladdeth the hearts of your subjects; strongest is that power which is based on the happiness of the subject."

The position of Montrose was rapidly becoming painful, rapidly becoming untenable. Restlessness, agitation, petulant loquacity were the external signs of a conflict with which his mind was torn. Anxiously and ardently loyal, he could not enter with enthusiasm into the views of those who promoted the second Scottish levy against Charles, or take any delight in the advance into England. It was undeniable, however, that the Covenanters had many causes of offence, and as they professed, in the new appeal to arms, to fight not against the King but his evil counsellors, he did not come to an open rupture with the Scottish leaders. He commanded 2500 men in Alexander Leslie's army, and dashed gallantly into the Tweed when the lot fell upon him to be the first to cross the river. But before marching for England, he had joined with nineteen other Scottish noblemen in an engagement to check the disloyal predominance of Argyle and Hamilton, and his correspondence with the King was not suspended on account of his being, to all appearance, in arms against his Majesty. We shall not, I think, do in justice to Montrose if we believe that, though he probably was half-unconscious of the fact, he was at this time irritated by finding himself restricted to a secondary part in Scotch affairs. At the Council Board he was eclipsed by Argyle; in the field he was eclipsed by Leslie. He would have been ashamed to own to himself such a feeling; but it was one element in his unrest; for

he was impatient, masterful, proud, and had more confidence in himself than he had yet communicated to other people. Mr. Mark Napier says that he told Colonel Cochran at Newcastle that he thought of following the wars abroad, and complained of being "a man envied," whom "all means were used to cross." His capacity of obedience was not so great as it has generally been in great commanders. Splendidly generous to all who "were, or were willing to be, inferior to him," he was not, Clarendon hints, equally happy in his dealings with "superiors and equals."

On the other hand, it were shallow to impute to him conscious treachery. He declared that he had a right to correspond with his sovereign, devoted allegiance to whom was professed by every Covenanter arrayed against him. Montrose had no reserve; wore his heart on his sleeve; talked to every one who would listen to him against Argyle. Even Mr. Napier, who is as mad as a March hare in admiration for his hero, admits that at this time he conducted himself like a "simpleton." His fury against Argyle hurried him at length into an extremity of indiscretion. Mr. John Stewart of Ladywell brought him a story about Argyle having spoken of a disposition of the King, and of his (Argyle's) seizing the dictatorship. It is absurd to suppose that Argyle said anything like this; it is inconceivable that he should have said it to Mr. Stewart; but Montrose gave ear to the tale and went about spreading it. Argyle denied on oath the charge made by Stewart, and the latter was condemned and executed for the crime of leasing-making, that is, of telling lies calculated to provoke disagreement between the King and his subjects. At the same time when he was discredibly mixing himself up in the Ladywell business, Montrose was detected in a correspondence with Charles of a more suspicious nature than had previously been made public. Along with his friends Napier, Stirling of Keir, and Stewart of Blackhall, he was arrested, and thrown into Edinburgh Castle on a charge of plotting. This was in June, 1641.

The short visit of the King to Edinburgh in August, 1641, has extraordinary interest for one who studies the character of Charles I., and a considerable interest for one who studies the less puzzling cha-

racter of Montrose. Charles could never give his heart wholly either to supremely able men or to men of perfect moral uprightness and temperate wisdom. Neither the giant strength of Wentworth, nor the constitutional moderation of Hyde, was quite to his mind. He liked young, showy, extravagantly promising men, whose boyish ecstasies of loyalty fanned his lurking self-worship. In Digby he found one such man, in Montrose another; and it was to bring to maturity schemes based upon the support of the Digby party in England, and the Montrose party in Scotland, that he proceeded to Edinburgh in 1641. He told Hyde that he would "undertake for the Church," if nothing serious were effected against it before he went to Scotland. The English Root and Branch party, aiming as they did at the abolition of Episcopacy, had thoroughly alarmed him. He was brought into a state of mind in which it was easy for him to throw into provisional abeyance his projects for the ecclesiastical organization of Scotland, and to make any sacrifices which might be necessary to secure the support of the Scots to his English policy. Between Montrose and him therefore there was common ground. True to the Covenant, Montrose could require and obtain for Scotland the religious and civil privileges which the Covenanters demanded. If Charles, on the other hand, overthrew Argyle and Hamilton, and placed the administration of Scotland and the Scotch army under Montrose, he might return to London with the certainty not only that his English policy would meet with no interruption from the North, but that in case of emergency it would be supported by a body of troops from Scotland. Montrose's imprudence, landing him in Edinburgh Castle, increased the difficulty of carrying out this plan, but did not render it hopeless. Clarendon says that "by the introduction of Mr. William Murray of the bedchamber," Montrose "came privately to the King" and conferred with him on the plan. Mr. Brodie and Professor Mason hold that Montrose could not have conferred personally with Charles because he was in prison. But Clarendon's statement implies knowledge by the writer that Montrose was in prison. The interview was private, and Mr. William Murray was the instrument who managed the probably not very difficult bribings and

whisperings which were necessary to bring it about. If Montrose had been at large he would have been in daily attendance upon the King, and Clarendon's evident intention, in making any mention of William Murray and of privacy, is to give pointedness to the statement that, in spite of his confinement Montrose made his way to Charles. There is no likelihood, however, that Montrose advised the King to put Argyle and Hamilton to death. If he did, the wickedness of the counsel would be somewhat palliated by the consideration that he might look upon Argyle and Hamilton as the murderers of Stewart of Ladywell; but the arrest of these noblemen and the overturn of their administration were sufficient for Montrose's scheme; and it is hardly conceivable that he would have advised a step which must have convulsed Scotland with horror and indignation. The scheme, whatever may have been its details, failed utterly. Charles and Montrose were not the men to conduct a plot against Argyle. The King was as usual the victim of his own cunning. Hamilton and Argyle received information of what was on foot, and left Edinburgh declaring their lives in danger. Charles was profuse in disavowals, and though the popular chiefs both in Scotland and England disbelieved him, the shrewd and cautious Argyle was willing to make matters easy for reconciliation. Montrose and his friends were released from prison. Argyle was created a marquis. Charles conceded all the demands of the Scots and returned to London.

Montrose affirmed in his latest hours that he had been true to the Covenant. Nothing which we have seen is inconsistent with this position. There is every reason to believe that he viewed with satisfaction the concessions made by the King to the Covenanters, although he was doubtless mortified to find that the administration of affairs in Scotland must continue in the hands of his rivals. His loyalty had been deepening in fervor, and he would henceforth feel that impassioned devotion was the sentiment wherewith he and all Scotsmen ought to regard the King.

He was accordingly prepared to encounter with impassioned resistance the proposal of Vane in 1643, that Scotland should take part with the English Parliament, and send an army to oppose the

king. He had signed the National Covenant of Scotland: he never signed, he infinitely detested, the Solemn League and Covenant. The descendant of Scotland's ancient kings had given the Scots all they asked; he was now struggling sword in hand with his English subjects; and impelled by his every instinct of justice, loyalty, and gratitude, Montrose declared that, if his countrymen fought against Charles, he would fight against his countrymen. "The Covenant," he said, in a solemn hour, "I took; I own it, and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them; I never intended to advance their interest: but when the king had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his own vine, and under his fig-tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the king, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the uttermost." All the logic of Scottish Royalism is in these words; and, for one who believed that Charles was honest, the argument was complete and invulnerable.

When Alexander Leslie and his Scots entered England to assist the Parliament in January, 1644, Montrose was in the Royal camp at Oxford, eagerly offering his services. How different might have been the sequel if Charles had placed Montrose in a position whence he might have made his way to the chief command in England! In the beginning of 1644, the spirit of the English cavaliers was unbroken, the military resources of Charles were great. What from first to last was wanting to the king was one consummately able military man, and who shall say what the result might have been if the military genius, which burned itself away in the Highlands of Scotland, had found its work in marshalling, and bringing into the field, and directing in battle the immense fighting power available for the cause of Charles in England? Montrose, however, was not yet known, and his immediate promotion to high command would have given offence to the English cavaliers. Some troops were placed at his disposal, and in March, 1644, he commenced operations in the north of England. He took Morpeth Castle, displaying in the exploit, courage, promptitude, and energy, but effected nothing of importance. He does not appear to have mastered the condi-

tions of the situation in the south, or to have perceived where the vital part of the business was being transacted. Had he done so, he would surely have made his way to Marston Moor, as Cromwell did; and might, in the hour of battle, have supplemented with effect "Newcastle's heartless head and Rupert's headless heel." He was not present on that memorable field, and evinced his ignorance of the pass to which it had brought the king's affairs by asking Prince Rupert to give him a thousand horse in order that he might cut his way with them into Scotland. Rupert showed his sense of the inopportune of this request by calling to his own standard the men whom Montrose commanded, and leaving him to make his way to Scotland as he might.

He had ample parchment powers from the king, but absolutely nothing else. Prince Maurice was nominally invested with the chief command in Scotland, and Montrose had been named his Lieutenant-General. It was necessary for him to enter Scotland disguised as a groom, in attendance on his two friends, Sir William Rollo and Colonel Sibbald. In their journey across the Scottish lowlands, a soldier who had fought under Montrose recognized him, but the honest fellow kept the secret. He passed through Perth and Angus, not daring to turn aside even into his own mansion to look at his countess and children, and drew bridle finally at Tullibeltoun, a remote and secluded locality between Perth and Dunkeld. It was now the 22nd of August, 1644.

He lurked for a little time in profound concealment, haunting the hills at night, and stealing into a small cottage at day-break, and dispatched his two friends to ascertain what glimpse of hope there might be for the Royal cause in Scotland. They returned with gloomy looks and dismal words. The Covenanting Committee of Estates, dominated by Argyle, was everywhere triumphant. Huntley had retired from the conflict, and had betaken himself to the remote fastnesses of Strathnaver in Caithness. One night, when Montrose had taken up his quarters in Methven wood, he observed a Highlander carrying the well-known rallying sign of the clans, a fiery cross. Venturing to accost the clansman, he learns that he is an emissary of Alexander MacDonald or Colkitto, a Scot by birth who had served

under the Earl of Antrim in Ireland, and had landed with some 1200 or 1600 men on the coast of Argyleshire. The messenger, besides carrying the fiery cross, had been instructed by Colkitto to make his way to Montrose, who was believed to be at Carlisle, and to deliver to him a letter. Montrose lost no time in sending the Highlander back with commands to Colkitto to meet him at the castle of Blair among the braes of Athol. Colkitto had established himself in the castle of Blair, when Montrose, who had walked twenty miles across the hills with a single attendant, was seen coming through the heather.

Something in his look told the brave Irish and Highlanders that this was the man they sought. Montrose was now thirty-two, the vigor of perfect manhood blending in his face and person with the last and noblest beauty of youth. The Highland dress displayed to advantage his exquisitely formed limbs and lithe and sinewy frame. His chestnut hair, his proud forehead and piercing grey eye, his aquiline nose, his ruddy and white complexion, his expression of perfect intrepidity and joyful hope, revealed the quick Celtic apprehension the supreme chieftain and warrior. The lone hills of Athol rang with the fierce acclamations of the clans. The Stewarts and Robertsons, though well affected to the king, had hesitated about joining Colkitto, but they at once placed themselves under the orders of the Royal Lieutenant. They were in number about 800, and 300 of Huntley's men, whose spirit was less easily broken than that of their chief, came in from Badenoch. Lord Kilpont, Sir John Drummond, and Montrose's own nephew, the Master of Maderty, joined with their retainers. Montrose saw himself at the head of a tight little army of, say, 3000 men, and with that solemn ostentation which characterized him and by which he knew how to act upon the fervid fancy of the Highlanders, he unfurled the royal standard. The Highlanders and Irish lacked almost everything but valor. The Irish had "rusty battered matchlocks," and one round of ammunition. There was no artillery, no cavalry. Many of the Highlanders had not even swords. Pikes, clubs, bows and arrows, figured in their miscellaneous armament, and a considerable number had no weapons at all. Montrose led them instantly to battle.

The Scottish army, horse and foot, was at this time in England, and the force which could be collected on the spur of the moment to meet the impending attack consisted of farm servants, apprentices, burghers zealous for the Covenant but unaccustomed to arms, with a few gentlemen to form a troop or two of cavalry. These wanted only drill to become valuable soldiers, but drill was indispensable, and, with Montrose and Colkitto at hand, impracticable. Lord Elcho, who was in command of the Covenanters, drew out on the heaths of Tippermuir and Culmalindy, near Perth. His men were twice as numerous as those of Montrose. They had six or eight cannon in front. Soon after dawn on the 1st of September, 1644, the royal army appeared. Montrose arranged his troops in one line three deep, the Irish in the centre. He called the attention of those who had no weapons to the large flints which lay about on the moor, capable of being applied with eminent effect by Highland arms to Covenanting heads. At about seven in the morning he gave the word to charge, and the little army sprang forward. The Irish, having fired their one volley, clubbed muskets and fell on. The Highlanders uttering yells of exultation and fury, dashed into the incoherent masses which knew barely enough of soldiiership to stand in rank. An hour had scarce passed before cannon, colors, baggage had been taken, and the army of the Covenant was a wild mob hurrying towards Perth. In the brief clash of actual conflict only a score or two had fallen, but many hundreds were slain in the flight. The loss on the side of Montrose was insignificant, and the victorious army took possession of Perth.

With the indefinable power of one suited by nature for command, Montrose had inspired his army with confidence the moment he had placed himself at its head. He had apprehended with nicest precision the character of the force at his disposal and that of the levies under Lord Elcho. He saw that the way to handle the Highlanders was to launch them like a bolt at the enemy, their power lying essentially in the charge. In point of fact the Highland charge, well delivered, has on all occasions carried everything before it; again and again, even so late as 1745, it broke the bayonet line of disciplined troops; and there can be no doubt that, had Mon-

trose or Dundee been in command, it would have shattered Cumberland's army at Culloden. But while he appreciated the fighting capacities of the Highlanders, and used them in a masterly manner, Montrose did not show himself qualified to cope with the defects of a Highland army. A military genius, calm and comprehensive as well as prompt and intrepid, would have perceived these to be, if incurable, fatal to permanence of success. At the moment which in war is most precious of all, the moment when victory is to be improved, the clansmen habitually left the standard in order to reach their native glens and deposit their booty. If the season happened to be that of harvest, they would go to gather in their patches of corn. The commander saw his lines, steadfast in battle, melt away under the sun of victory. This habit of the Highlanders may have been invincible, and Montrose may have known it to be so; but the fact is not self-evident, and there is no proof that he displayed skill or determination in grappling with the mischief. It would have been the part of a military pedant to attempt to turn the Highlanders at once into regular soldiers, or to destroy the organization of the clans; but a far-sighted commander in Montrose's position would have felt the absolute necessity of imparting to them enough of the character of soldiers, as distinguished from brigands, to make them capable of being depended on in the crisis of a campaign. They were excitable, warm-hearted, imaginative, and Montrose knew how to stir their enthusiasm. Had he appealed to them, when victory first crowned his standard, as the only army in Scotland maintaining the Royal cause; had he called upon them to rise from robbers into soldiers; had he pledged his honor that, when the king got his own again, their services would be rewarded; there is no reason to believe that his efforts would have been fruitless. Even if the necessity to yield to some extent to Highland prepossessions was inexorable, a troop, chosen from the various clans and trusted by all, might have been periodically deputed to carry home the plunder, and at the same time to recruit. Having gained command of Perth at the very commencement of his operations, Montrose might have formed a military chest, which he had subsequent opportunities of replenishing, and he might thus have

gradually taken the Highlanders into the king's pay and strengthened his hold upon them. None of these measures seem to have occurred to him. The poetry of war, the romance of the battle and the march, have been known from the days of Homer, but the prose of war is essential to success in the business. Criticism, however, is easy; art is difficult; and it is after all not quite certain that the most cool, and practical of soldiers, a Cæsar, a Frederick, a Napoleon, would have made more of the Highland army than Montrose.

Twelve days after the battle of Tippermuir he was in the northeast of Scotland, marching down the left bank of the Dee to visit Aberdeen. On the 13th of September, he defeated the forces mustered to defend the town. The fighting was more severe than at Tippermuir, but the overthrow of the Covenanters was complete, and the infuriated Irishmen poured into Aberdeen. Montrose, who, with Henderson and other clerical leaders, had at one time done his best to convince the Aberdonians that they ought to take the Covenant and fight the king, and at another had inflicted upon them harsh military chastisement for slowness in following his advice, was bound to exert himself strenuously to protect the town from pillage. Unfortunately, a drummer who had been his herald to the townsmen was shot. An insult, unattended with bloodshed, had been done to his flag before the battle of Tippermuir. Proud of his commission from his sovereign and knowing that it entitled him on any showing to all belligerent rights, he was incensed at these outrages. It is also urged by his apologists that it was beyond his power to restrain the Irish, and that he did what he could to draw them from their prey by pitching his camp, the day after the battle, at Kintore, a village ten miles distant from Aberdeen. It is unquestionable, however, that he made no personal attempt to check the Irish, and that they committed horrible atrocities in what was then one of the most loyal towns in Scotland. No one has imputed deliberate cruelty to Montrose, but he was culpably reckless of blood, and the butchery in the streets of Aberdeen has left a stain upon his name.

Argyle had not been unaware of the landing of Colkitto from Ireland. Thinking it would be easy to crush the little band of Irish, he had hastened to seize

their boats, but had subsequently been languid in his operations against them, as if the business were too trivial for serious attention. The battles of Tippermuir and Deeside startled him into activity. He put himself, along with Lord Lothian, at the head of such a body of horse and foot as could be relied upon to defeat Montrose if only he could be brought to an engagement. But though he detested Argyle, both personally and on account of his disaffection to Charles, and though he knew the importance of every blow that could be struck for the Royal cause, Montrose would not fight at a disadvantage. He retreated before Argyle, and struck westward from the neighborhood of Aberdeen. Finding himself headed by a second body of Covenanters posted on the left bank of the Spey, he marched up the valley of that river, penetrated into Badenoch, and wheeling round by Athol marched again down Deeside. Patient Argyle kept on his track, and the Covenanters of Moray were ready to turn him when his columns showed their heads on the banks of Spey. Once, at the castle of Fyvie, he was almost caught napping; but by his presence of mind and fertility of resource, and by the dashing courage of the Irish, he was extricated from the peril. At Fyvie, as formerly on Deeside, he greatly increased the efficiency of his few horse by interspersing foot soldiers in their ranks, and astonishing the opposing cavalry by the discharge of musketry in their faces. Montrose was familiarly acquainted with Cæsar's Commentaries, and is said to have carried the book with him in his campaigns. It is probable that the expedient of mixing cavalry with infantry was suggested both to Gustavus Adolphus and to Montrose by Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. Its adoption by the Swede set Frederick upon using it in his first battle; but it proved at Molwitz to be misapplied and disastrous.

Three times did Montrose lead Argyle up Spey, round by Athol, and down Dee. Thinking at last that his enemy would be glad to rest and that the work of crushing him might be resumed in spring, Argyle drew off his troops, threw up the command, and retired to enjoy a few weeks of repose in his castle of Inverary. Between him and Montrose towered the loftiest hill ranges in Great Britain, and he flattered himself that no one except his devoted retainers of the clan Campbell knew the

passes which led through those mountains into his feudal domain. It was now December, and the austere Marquis might reflect with satisfaction that Montrose, who had not dared to meet him in fight, must winter in the hungry wilds of Athol. What could even a puissant Argyle make of an enemy, if he would not turn and fight him? The mood of the great Maccallumore would be one of mild self-adulation, spiced with pleasant contempt for his enemy.

Suddenly, before December's moon had filled her horn, he was startled to learn that Montrose was upon him. "Wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing mountain-paths known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman," the Highlanders made their way into Argyleshire and began laying it waste with fire and sword. Argyle stepped into a fishing-boat and escaped. Montrose, dividing his army into three bodies, ravaged the country. Every man capable of bearing arms against king Charles who fell into their hands was put to the sword; the cattle were driven off, the houses burned. Most of the men, it is probable, imitated their chief, and took to flight as soon as the fires on the horizon announced the advance of Montrose. The work of devastation was continued into the first month of the new year. As January drew to a close, the royal army marched in the direction of Inverness, where Seaforth was gathering force in the interest of the Covenanters. Montrose encamped at Kilcumin at the head of Loch Ness. Meanwhile Argyle has been making preparations. He has drawn a body of troops from the Lowlands, mustered his clansmen, and taken up his quarters in the castle of Inverlochy. Once more he breathes freely, for the Lochaber range is between him and his indefatigable foe.

With the glance of genius Montrose perceives his opportunity, and acts upon it with the audacity of a commander who had inspired his men with his own dauntless and resolute spirit. Starting at sunrise, he enters the rugged ravine of the Tarf. "Through gorge and over mountain, now crossing the awful ridges of Corryarrick, now plunging into the valley of the rising Spey, now climbing the wild mountains of Glenroy to the Spean," wading through snow-drifts, fording rivers and hill burns up to their girdle, the Highlanders press on until, "having placed the Lochaber mountains

behind them, they beheld from the skirts of Ben Nevis, reposing under the bright moon of a clear frosty night, the yet bloodless shore of Loch Eil, and the frowning towers of Inverlochy." At five o'clock in the winter evening the van of Montrose appeared; at eight the rear had closed up. Next morning the Campbells stood gallantly to their arms, their chief having betaken himself to his barge in order to behold the battle from a place of safety. In spite of the admitted valor of his clan, he was signally defeated. The spell by which he had imposed upon the imagination of the Highlanders was effectually broken, and his power as the head of a formidable body of Highland warriors permanently impaired.

It was natural that Montrose should now experience a sense of almost intoxicating elation. He had rendered brilliant service to the master whom he ardently loved, and he had eclipsed and discredited a rival with whom he had for long years been engaged in internecine conflict, and who had at one time been so much in the ascendant as to be able to exercise towards him a contemptuous leniency. The importance of his victories to the cause of Charles he over-rated. Mr. Napier prints a letter addressed by him to the king after the battle of Inverlochy, in which he urges his Majesty to come to no terms with the Parliament, and speaks confidently of his own ability to do great things, in the ensuing summer, for the royal cause. He had manifestly no accurate knowledge of the posture of affairs in England, and was unable to gauge the importance of those military changes in the Parliament's army which were being introduced under the influence of Cromwell. He can hardly be blamed for supposing that English Royalism could still do something considerable for the king. The dream of his ambition was to lead an army into England, form a junction with the royal forces, and re-establish the monarchy. Had he been at Charles's right hand, absolutely commanding his troops in England as well as in Scotland, the current of our history might have flowed in a different channel; but between him and the Royal camp lay the Scottish army under Alexander Leslie, and he had no force adequate to encounter it. Among Charles's many weaknesses was that of facile hope, and the tone of exaltation and promise in which Montrose now wrote may have been one among the fatal

influences which induced him to refuse an arrangement either with the Parliament, or with the Scots, or with both, and so lured him to his doom.

Meanwhile Montrose, who could gain nothing by lingering in Argyleshire, struck away again for the north-east, attempting to raise the Gordons and the country generally for the king, and laying waste the Covenanting districts in his path. The town of Dundee was noted for its zeal for the Covenant, and he resolved to chastise it. The Committee of Estates, however, had not been idle. Summoning General Baillie and Colonel Urry, from the army in England, and putting under their command 3000 well-drilled foot and nearly 1000 good horse, they had sent them in pursuit of the royal army. Montrose had actually stormed Dundee, and the Irish and Highlanders had commenced the work of pillage. Many of them were already drunk. The alarm was suddenly raised that Baillie and Urry were at hand. Montrose perceived that the sole chance of safety was in immediate retreat. Exerting himself with the utmost skill and presence of mind, he succeeded in drawing off the plunderers. The intoxicated men were driven along in front; at the head of his few horse he cut in between the enemy and the rear; a safe retreat was effected, and at midnight he halted his column near Arbroath.

Baillie jogged steadily on behind, and Montrose learned that he had occupied the road to the Grampians. The Covenanting General, knowing that Montrose could not march into the sea, and believing him to have no line of retreat, allowed his men to snatch a few hours of repose. But Montrose was vividly awake. The Highlanders had now got the drink out of their heads, and understood that they must shake themselves up and march for life. Silent, like a long black snake winding through the darkness, the column stole past the camp of Baillie and made for the hills. The Covenanting general followed hard as soon as he learned that Montrose had given him the slip, and it was not until after a march (including the storm of Dundee) of three days and two nights that Montrose permitted his men to rest. "I have often," writes Dr. Wishart, Montrose's chaplain and biographer, "heard those who were esteemed the most experienced officers, not in Britain only, but in

France and Germany, prefer this march to his most celebrated victories." Justice, however, requires the admission that, if Montrose could, by vehement personal exertion, draw off his men from the sack of Dundee, he cannot be held free from responsibility for the atrocities they committed in Aberdeen.

Since the day when he had raised the Royal standard, it had been one main object with Montrose to prevail upon the loyal gentlemen of the name of Gordon to join him. The Marquis of Huntley, their feudal chief, had abandoned hope, and would not order them to rise. Montrose now determined upon an effort to secure once for all the service of the Gordon riders. For this purpose he dispatched Lord Gordon, a zealous and intrepid loyalist, to call the gentlemen of his family to arms. They obeyed the call with unwonted alacrity, and a considerable body of horse came together. Hearing of this movement, Baillie detached Colonel Urry with such force as might crush Lord Gordon before he effected a junction with Montrose. Urry increased his numbers by associating with his own detachment the Covenanters of Moray and those serving under the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland. Penetrating the intention of the Covenanters, Montrose executed one of his meteor-like marches, joined Lord Gordon, and, though still outnumbered by Urry, prepared to give battle. The scene of the conflict was the village of Auldearn, a few miles from the town of Nairn.

Montrose's plan of battle revealed the strategist. He posted Colkitto with a small body of Irishmen and Highlanders on the right of the village. His object was to attract to this point a large proportion of Urry's army, and engage it in a vain attack, while he was winning the battle in another part of the field. He therefore displayed the Royal standard where Colkitto fought. His practice had been to rear the flag in the key of the position where he commanded in person. It would be fatal to his plan if Colkitto were driven from the field and the force engaged against him released; therefore he was posted in enclosures which Montrose well knew he could hold, but was strictly enjoined not to leave them. Montrose himself took up his position on the left of the village. Between his post and that of Colkitto were the houses of the hamlet.

He ostentatiously placed his guns in front of the houses, and Urry naturally thought that a body of infantry lay behind. Montrose had in fact only a sham centre. His real fighting power, horse and foot, was concentrated on the left under his own eye. His design was to break Urry's right with an overpowering force, and then to charge his left, while Colkitto should at length sally from his enclosures and assist in the decisive grapple.

Urry ordered his battle exactly as Montrose intended. His veteran troops he sent to charge on his left, where the Royal standard floating over Montrose's right, marked, as he believed, the station of the general and the key of the position. Colkitto, safe in his enclosures, defied the attack. But the enemy galled him with their reproaches, and the headstrong chief led out his men to fight in the open. Here they soon had the worst of it. Montrose learned that the great strength massed by Urry on the Covenanted left had broken Colkitto, and that the Irish were recoiling in partial confusion. A less resolute commander, or one whose self-possession was less calm, would have sent help to Colkitto, and thus deprived himself of that superiority of force in charging Urry's right, on which he had calculated for victory. Montrose was not disconcerted. He saw that the moment had come for putting his scheme into execution. He called out to Lord Gordon that Colkitto was conquering on the right, and that, unless they made haste, he would carry off the honors of the day. The Gordon gentlemen charged and broke the Covenanted horse. The Infantry of Urry's right fought bravely, but the main force of Montrose was opposed to them, and they gave way. He then led his troops, flushed with victory, to support Colkitto. MacDonald, a man of colossal proportions and gigantic strength, had defended his followers as they made good their retreat into the enclosures, engaging the pikemen hand to hand, fixing their pike-heads, three or four at a time, in the tough bull-hide of his target, and cutting them short off at the iron by the whistling sweep of his broadsword. The combined force of Montrose and Colkitto proved irresistible. Urry was defeated with great slaughter. The loss of the Royal army was almost incredibly small. No battle won by Hannibal was more expressly the result of the genius of

the commander. The idea of throwing the enemy a bone to worry in one part of the field, while the rest of his force is being annihilated and victory made sure elsewhere, was applied by Marlborough at Blenheim and was the efficient cause of that splendid victory. There is little probability that Marlborough had studied the battle of Auldearn, but the expedients of military genius of the highest order, to wit, the inventive order, are apt to coincide.

This battle was fought in May, 1645. After much marching and counter-marching, Baillie ventured to engage Montrose at Alford, on the river Don in Aberdeenshire. He was defeated, and his army broken to pieces. There was now no force in the north of Scotland that could look Montrose in the face. Argyle, however, and the Edinburgh Convention of Estates, resolved upon a last great effort. They raised a larger army than any of those they had lost, and placed it under Baillie; but Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay were appointed to exercise over him a joint superintendence. They forced him to bring Montrose, who had now descended into the low countries and crossed the Forth, to action. The battle of Kilsyth was fought on the morning of the 15th of August. Seldom or never had the disproportion of strength been greater against Montrose, but none of his victories had been easier, and Baillie's army was utterly destroyed. In the warm summer morning, Montrose ordered his men to strip to their shirts that the broadsword might have unencumbered play, and that they might not fail in the expected pursuit. Accustomed to conquer, and placing absolute confidence in their leader, the clans vied with each other in the headlong impetuosity of their charge, and drove the Covenanters, horse and foot, before them in tumultuous flight. Baillie, though smarting with defeat, seems as a soldier to have been struck with the splendid courage and picturesque fierceness of the Highlanders. They came on, full speed, targets aloft, heads and shoulders bent low, in the literal attitude of the tiger when he springs. Montrose lost scarce a dozen men; the Covenanters, whom the swift-footed mountaineers pursued for ten miles, had four or five thousand slain.

All Scotland, except the national fortresses, was now in the hands of Montrose. Neither Edinburgh nor Glasgow made

any resistance, and having levied a contribution on Glasgow, he called a Parliament to meet in that town in the name of the King. But his dazzling success rendered only more conspicuous the fatal defects in the system of warfare he was pursuing. He had formed no body of spearmen on whom he could depend to stand the charge of effective horse, and victory was, as at first, the signal for the Highlanders to quit the ranks and return to their hills. The victory of Kilsyth had been fertile in plunder, and the season of harvest was now near; both circumstances tended to thin the following of Montrose. While King Charles was hoping that his irresistible Lieutenant would lead an army across the border to his deliverance, and sending Sir Robert Spottiswood with a new commission and new orders, the Royal army dwindled away, and Montrose found himself at the head of no larger a body of troops than had at first gathered round him in the wilds of Athol. It may, as was formerly said, have been impossible for him to change the habits of the Highlanders, but he ought to have been alive to the extreme peril to which those habits exposed him in the low country. He knew that the Scottish army in England was well supplied with cavalry. A perfectly organized system of intelligence, keeping him informed as to the state of the country within twenty miles of his camp, especially in the direction of England, was to him an absolute condition of existence. He had a sufficient force of cavalry to enable him to organize such a system, and this essential part of the duty of a commander was well understood in that age. Oliver Cromwell, had he been in the place of Montrose, would have known within a few hours everything that took place in the Scottish camp in England. Montrose's first thought, after the battle of Kilsyth, ought to have been, "Argyle and his friends are beaten in Scotland, and infuriated beyond all bounds; their next thought will be to strike a blow from England." How often have great men fallen by oversights which small men would not have committed! "O negligence, fit for a fool to fall by!" says Shakespeare's Wolsey; and even Shakespeare may have known by experience the bitterness of Wolsey's pang.

Montrose crept gradually southward with his diminished army, and in the second week of September was stationed

at Selkirk, his cavalry being quartered with himself in the town, while the infantry occupied an elevated plateau called Philiphaugh, on the north. Between Philiphaugh and Selkirk flows the Ettrick; the infantry were on the left bank, the cavalry on the right. This disposition of the Royal forces has been pronounced faulty, but we must recollect that in the first half of September Scottish rivers are generally low, and that, if the Ettrick could be easily forded, a few minutes' trot would bring cavalry lying in Selkirk upon the plain of Philiphaugh. On the night between the 12th and 13th of September, 1645, General David Leslie, next to Montrose the most energetic and capable commander contributed by Scotland to the civil war, having by a swift march from Newcastle along the East Coast and then southward from Edinburgh, reached the vicinity, placed his men, principally horse, and numbering five or six thousand, in and about Melrose. The Royalists were but four miles away, and we realize the intense hatred with which they were regarded in the district when we learn that not a whisper of the presence of Leslie's army reached the Royal camp. Mr. Napier tells us that more than once in the night the scouts came in and reported all safe. Commanding only a few hundred cavalry, and a mere skeleton of his Highland host, Montrose, had he been apprized of Leslie's approach, would doubtless have attempted to escape by one of his extraordinary marches. Had his army been as large as before the battle of Kilsyth, he might, in spite of his surprise, have defeated Leslie; for the Highlanders, nimble as leopards, were formidable to cavalry, and his own inventiveness and dexterity in battle might have wrought one of the miracles which are possible to genius. But with his diminished force he had no chance. Leslie's horsemen, emerging from the white mist of a September morning, crashed in upon both his wings at once. Montrose was immediately in the field and disputed the matter for some time, but his little army was cut to pieces. At the head of about thirty troopers, he made good his retreat to the Highlands.

Before the battle of Kilsyth the Royal cause in England had been hopelessly lost. Royalism, pure and simple, as professed by the English Cavaliers, perished on the field of Naseby. Had Montrose succeeded, after Kilsyth, in penetrating

into England, he would have found the fragments of Charles's army too shattered to reunite, and would have encountered a force of English and Scots in the Parliamentary interest numbering at least fifty thousand men. After uselessly protracting hostilities for some time in the Highlands, he was commanded by the King to lay down his arms. He retired in disguise to Norway, and thence proceeded to join Prince Charles who, from various stations on the Continent, was watching the course of events in England.

Until the death of the King, Argyle and his party in Scotland maintained their alliance with the English Puritan leaders. Shortly before that event, Cromwell, having destroyed Hamilton's army, marched to Edinburgh, and was received with "many honors and civilities." The death of the King at last overcame the profound reluctance of Argyle to quarrel with the English Parliament. Negotiations commenced between the Estates of Scotland and Charles II. Montrose, feeling that there could be no real reconciliation between him and Argyle, and conscious of an invincible repugnance to the hollowness of a league between Charles II. and the austere moral Covenanters, advised the young King to attempt no arrangement with the latter. Charles, perfectly false and perfectly heartless, gave Montrose a commission to land in Scotland in arms, but did not discontinue negotiations with his antagonist. A few hundred German mercenaries, a body of unwarlike fishermen whom he forced to join his standard in Orkney, and a considerable party of Royalist officers, among them his old opponent Colonel Urry, constituted the force with which Montrose made a descent upon Scotland in the spring of 1650. He was suddenly attacked, on the borders of Ross-shire, by Colonel Strahan, a Covenanter of the strictest sect. The Germans surrendered; the Orkney fishermen made little resistance; the Scottish companies of Montrose were overpowered.

Soon after the battle, he was taken and led in triumph to Edinburgh. The Estates of Scotland, avoiding question as to the legality of the expedition in which, under commission of that Charles II. whose title they were then undertaking to vindicate, he had been last engaged, treated him as already condemned to die under sentence of attainder passed against him

whilst ravaging the territory of Argyle in 1644.

His bearing in presence of the Parliament was as calmly dauntless as on the battlefield in the moment of victory. He exulted in his loyalty. It had indeed been with him a pure and lofty feeling, and by rare good fortune he never knew Charles I. well enough to be disenchanted. "I never had passion on earth," he wrote to Charles II., "so great as that to do the king your father service." He asserted the faithfulness of his adherence to the National Covenant, and avowed that he had neither taken nor approved of the Solemn League and Covenant. He indignantly denied that he had countenanced acts of military violence. "He had never spilt the blood of a prisoner, even in retaliation of the cold-blooded murder of his officers and friends—nay, he had spared the lives of thousands in the very shock of battle."

His sentence was that he should be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, his head fixed upon the tolbooth of Edinburgh, his limbs placed over the gates of four Scottish towns. On the night before his execution he wrote with a diamond upon the window of his prison those well-known lines which, in their pathetic dignity, attest, if nothing else, a composure of feeling, a serenity of intellectual consciousness, a perfect self-possession, remarkable in the immediate nearness of a cruel death.

"Let them bestow on every airt* a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since thou knowest where all those atoms
are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

The majesty of his demeanor, both while being drawn into Edinburgh on a cart, and as he walked in scarlet cloak trimmed with gold lace to the place of execution, so impressed the multitude, that not a taunt was uttered, and many an eye was wet. All that is told of him when in prison tends to exalt our conception of his character. When the clergy remind him that he has been excommunicated, and urge him to repent in order that the Church may remove her censures, he answers that the thought of his excommunication causes

* Point of the compass.

him pain, and that he would gladly have it removed by confessing his sins as a man, but that he has nothing to repent of in his conduct to his king and his country. He can more sharply check the officiousness of the non-professional zealot. Johnston of Warriston finds him, the day before his death, combing out his beautiful locks of hair, and murmurs some suggestion that the hour is too solemn for such work. "I will arrange my head as I please to-day while it is still my own," answers

Montrose; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list." He is not a Pagan, proud and self-centred; but neither is he quite a Puritan. He rises into a more genial atmosphere, he approaches a higher Christian type, than those of his age. He does not crouch before his Maker; he stands erect; not arrogantly, not in mean terror and abject self-depreciation, but in reverent affection and trust: as a man ought to stand.—*Contemporary Review.*

IN THE VINEYARDS OF TOURAINE.

THE trials of tourists wandering from one uncomfortable hotel to another, and experiencing the vicissitudes of wind and weather which all travellers are heir to, and the apparently equal trials of those who expose themselves to ridicule by quietly remaining in their houses, were eloquently put before us when the last holiday season set in. It is satisfactory to reflect that a third course is still open, and that it is possible to find the golden mean between the two extremes of perpetual motion and "masterly inactivity." Instead of running restlessly to and fro from picture galleries in one town to churches and palaces in another, from canals in Holland to sunrises at the top of the Righi, why not come quietly to anchor at once in some pleasant spot combining beauty of landscape with an agreeable climate, a fresh scene with an entirely new entourage, and thus spend the yearly holiday; for to have a holiday in autumn now-a-days is as much a necessary of life to a grown man as vacations at Christmas and mid-summer were in his boyhood.

To go abroad unhampered by the incubus of English servants, to stay in one place for a couple of months and there live the life of the country, waited on by the servants of the country, and associating exclusively with its people, is to put yourself in the way of obtaining an accurate knowledge of both country and people to be had in no other manner, whilst, as a hygienic proceeding, the cheerful villa in which these weeks or months may be passed will probably be found more satisfactory than a dismal lodging-house at a second-rate watering place, where the tenant is not unlikely to be favored with the reversion of a scarlet or typhus fever.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XVIII., No. 4

We have such a villa in our own mind close to the beautiful city of Tours, a little French country-house just the size for comfort, looking down over the luxuriant meadows and valley of the Chosille, a situation so healthy that it is known as the sanitarium of Tours, unvisited even by cholera when that frightful scourge was an epidemic elsewhere. The house is built in the style of architecture prevalent in France more than a century ago, and stands in the midst of fruitful vineyards, the soil being so dry that five minutes after a torrent of rain the garden walks retain no traces of it. The complete absence of damp can be recognised by the present condition of a pictorial paper on the walls of the drawing-room—which paper was put on more than a hundred years ago, and not a morsel of it has peeled off.

In this retreat we have ourselves passed more than one delightful season, and if we could persuade any of our readers to follow our example and spend next autumn among the vineyards of Touraine, we are confident they would acknowledge themselves our debtors for the introduction.

Most civilized countries, whether in ancient or modern times, have possessed their own particular Elysian fields, the favorite spot where it is the ambition of the inhabitants at some period of their lives to have a niche wherein to build their nest. Now, in the imagination of every Frenchman terrestrial paradise is the Touraine; "le jardin de la France" is his Eden, and if even a Parisian indulges in a dream of country life it is always in Touraine that his château en Espagne is reared. An outsider cannot comprehend the magic charm which attaches the French so strongly to this province. As far as scenery is

concerned prettier landscapes are to be found in France, and although a great wine country, better wine is made on the Garonne than on the Loire, whilst to chance visitors, who cannot judge of the weather all the year round, the climate appears almost tropical from the sudden and violent changes from heat to cold, sun to storm—and such storms occasionally as to compare with nothing short of an Indian monsoon. All this is true, and still there hangs a charm over the Touraine which in our opinion entitles it to the high place it holds in the affections of Frenchmen.

As regards climate, though the temperature is unequal, both heat and cold are less severe than in the southern or more northern provinces. An average winter would commence towards the middle of November, when for three weeks or a month the glass might perhaps fall lower than in the midland counties of England during any part of the winter; but these bad weeks over, a month of mild, damp weather ensues, and then February bursts upon the scene clothed in all the beauty of spring, the air soft and balmy, and the weather sufficiently warm to admit of sitting in the open air for hours together. The great test of climate is vegetation, and not only does the pomegranate thrive, but even the olive grows on many of the hill sides.

A February day in Touraine is in temperature exactly like the cold weather in Upper India, the mornings being sharp; but the sun well up, the external warmth admitting of fires being dispensed with till sunset. It must be confessed that a very *mauvais quart d'heure* has to be endured among the March winds, but April is usually absolutely hot, whilst in ordinary years May is so delicious that all the poetry exhausted upon that month from Chaucer to our own time might have had its inspiration in Touraine. Then for the fruit. Pomona must have deserted for a while her enclosure to bestow undivided attention to the Garden of France, as nowhere else that we are acquainted with is there such a shower of summer fruit.

This part of France is unusually rich in historical remains and associations. During the seventh and eighth centuries it was almost exclusively governed by its bishops, receiving thus early an ecclesiastical bias, the traces of which still survive.

The train of kings who held their court there have left historical monuments of every kind of their presence, and these are for the most part well preserved. It was in the cathedral of Tours that Richard Cœur de Lion received the insignia of a crusader; Touraine was the dowry of Mary Stuart; at Chénonceaux the bedroom of Catherine de Medici is almost intact, and the wonderful picture gallery she threw over Diane de Poitiers' bridge still forms one of the most striking points of the castle. After many changes of fortune the Château de Chénonceaux has passed into the hands of Madame Pelouse, the widow of a celebrated maker of dyes, particularly the Magenta dye, and a man of considerable wealth. Madame Pelouse and her brother, Mr. Wilson, a naturalized Frenchman, and one of the deputies of the National Assembly, have made it their home, and restored it with the most minute care, at enormous expense, and with such consummate judgment and taste that Chénonceaux embodies the most faithful and interesting record of the past extant, whether in stone or parchment.

Such are a few out of the many historical souvenirs of Touraine. To speak of them all would be the work of a volume, of which Amboise alone would occupy a considerable part. It was at Amboise that the Italian artists brought back by Charles VIII. after his ill-advised Italian expedition established themselves; their establishment here, and the impetus they gave to art, being at all events one solid result of an enterprise against which the king's most prudent advisers had protested, and whose forebodings were justified by the event. Close to Amboise Leonardo da Vinci breathed his last in the arms of Francis I., at a place called Clos-Lucé. The specimens of architecture of the fifteenth century, still to be seen at Clos-Lucé, and even the old paintings in what was once the chapel, are worth a visit, irrespective of the interest otherwise attaching to the "Manoir." But innumerable traditions and memories cling to Amboise, the residence of so many of the kings of France. In one of the massive turrets of the castle the Emperors Charles V. and Francis I. both nearly came to an untimely end; and it was against one of the doors inside the building that Francis II. struck his head so violently that he did not survive the injury, an injury fraught

with momentous consequences to France, Scotland, and Europe itself, delivering as it did the government of France for two successive reigns into the unprincipled hands of Catherine de Medici. The beautiful gardens of the château were the favorite pleasure grounds of Charles VIII., where both he and Louis XII. spent hours together planning with Anne of Bretagne (the "chère Anne" of the latter), the suites of apartments where so many brilliant entertainments were destined to take place. Coming down to our own time, it was within the walls of the Castle of Amboise that Abd-el-Kader and all his followers were confined, and in the small Mussulman cemetery crowded with graves there are melancholy proofs of the effects of the climate, temperate as it is, on these Eastern constitutions.

Any mention of the grand recollections which belong to Touraine, however incomplete, should still include the name of Marmoutier, the ancient abbey founded in the fourth century by the celebrated St. Martin of Tours, and which was the chief of all the monasteries in France, more ancient, indeed, than the monarchy itself—the first dynasty dating only from the fifth century. This fact—that it was considered the greatest of the convents—is handed down to us in the name it bore of *Majus Monasterium*, gradually corrupted into Marie-Moutier, and afterwards *Marmoutier*. St. Martin has been styled the holiest of all the saints of the Gallican Church, and his fame has travelled far beyond the province of which he is the patron and most revered saint.

Dean Stanley, in his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," tells us that "the venerable church of St. Martin is a memorial of the recollections which Queen Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent, cherished of her native country, Saint Martin of Tours being the most famous of all the Christian saints of whom she had heard before she came to England." The banner of St. Martin, made of a piece of the old blue cloak of the saint, was the Royal Banner of France until the reign of Louis le Gros, who abandoned it and adopted the Oriflamme in its place. Marmoutier is about three miles out of Tours, and commands a magnificent view, extending over the river and the whole valley of the Loire, flanked by the cathedral towers. The property has been pur-

chased by the order of the Sacré Cœur, a congregation of cloistered nuns, whose special function is the education of girls; whose houses have the reputation of being the best girls' schools in France.

The number of English and Americans wintering in Tours has sensibly diminished within the last few years. A quarter of a century ago, crowds of strangers from all parts, even as far north as Russia, flocked to Touraine, which enjoyed a considerable reputation as a sanitarium for consumptive patients. Of these strangers by far the greater proportion were English; and how large the influx of our own countrymen must have been can be judged by the fact that the services of the Church of England were performed in two chapels simultaneously. In Balzac's little story of "La Grenadière," a small house still pointed out as the scene of his sketch, on the banks of the Loire, in the Commune of St. Cyr, he speaks of the English who, in his younger days, "had fallen like a swarm of grasshoppers upon Touraine, so that there were no longer houses enough to accommodate them; and little chalets, intended only for the convenience of vineyard proprietors during the vintage, had to be fitted up as campagnes, to be let for the summer season." Balzac, whose love for his native provinces finds its expression in the most exquisite descriptions of its varied charms, declares that the little corner which contains the Grenadière is a small Touraine in itself, where all the beauties of the province are represented in miniature. He says the English would pay 1000 francs for the privilege of inhabiting it during the six summer months (for it is worth noticing that, whereas at that time the English seem to have considered Touraine an agreeable summer retreat, the few who find their way there now invariably go for the winter). But Balzac warns his readers that it is vain to hope to become the possessor of La Grenadière at any price. "La Grenadière will never be sold. In 1690 it was bought, and afterwards regretfully parted with for 40,000 francs, like some favorite horse abandoned to its fate by the Arab of the desert; it has, however, always remained in the same family, of which it is the pride and heirloom. From the terraces of La Grenadière the eye reaches across three separate valleys, and embraces the Cathedral of Tours, whose graceful towers are sus-

pended like lace-work in the air. Can such treasures as these be paid for? Can money buy for you the new life and health you breathe under those lime-trees?"

As late as last October the marks of the Prussians were on the walls and window-shutters of the cottages and buildings in the vicinity of large towns; and are visible on doors in many of the small towns still. Whether these chalk inscriptions are suffered to remain as evidence of the unconscionable number of men and horses the several householders were bound to entertain, or whether the Tourangeaux—notoriously a peaceful, apathetic race, whom even the convulsions of the great Revolution failed to upset in any great degree—have not thought it worth while to remove them, we know not; but there they are to demonstrate, in almost every instance, that the size of the lodging was altogether out of proportion to the number of the enemy and his incumbrances it was expected to lodge. It is curious what conflicting opinions could be gleaned as to the behavior of the victors; whilst the conduct of their unwilling hosts was equally varied. In some houses the Germans were endured as necessary evils, they were given plenty to eat and drink, and to all intents and purposes treated like visitors who have outstayed their welcome, but from whom a certain amount of civility cannot be withheld. Others made no attempt to conciliate them, but gave exactly what they were compelled to give and no more, on no account taking their meals with them—a practice they stigmatized as an incomprehensible want of patriotism on the part of those who, from economy, could not maintain two tables. One lady assured us that she could say with pride that, throughout the time the Prussians were under her roof, she had never even seen them. It is probable also that the behavior of the conquering army was unequal as regards both time and place during the war. Towards the termination of the struggle they became exasperated at the unexpected resistance they encountered, and showed less and less regard for the feelings and property of the vanquished. In some places, also, it is beyond doubt that the behavior of the officers was intolerable, whilst of the men there was hardly a com-

plaint from one end to the other of the German lines.

From what we could gather, however, our impression is that consideration was the exception, and that if the conduct of the Prussians was arrogant and exacting towards their enemies, it was notably so with regard to those who were neither enemies nor friends. The Alabama dispute has enlightened us on the duties of neutrals towards belligerents, but we should like to see those of belligerents towards neutrals as clearly defined. If there are to be neither exemptions nor privileges for the latter, it becomes a very one-sided kind of reciprocity. Now, throughout the war of 1870-71, the Prussians made a point of treating the subjects of a neutral power exactly as they did the people of the country with whom they were fighting. They laid it down as a maxim that anyone choosing to live on French soil was amenable to the same laws and treatment as the French themselves. Any departure from this rule appears to have been in favor of the Russian and American flags, both of which seem to have been more delicately handled than the Union Jack.

The yearly gathering in of the grapes provides a great field for the occupation of children of both sexes; and as the vintage takes place at the time of the general holidays, the schooling of the boys and girls is in no wise interfered with; at the same time it is a healthful and profitable mode of spending the season of recreation, and in this work they are very largely employed in all the wine-growing districts of France. This arrangement is in fact almost a necessity, from the very great scarcity of adult male labor at all times, but especially at the time of the vintage, partly because it is a work which, like hop-gathering or harvesting, naturally takes place everywhere at the same moment, and partly because almost everyone has his own grapes to gather and his own wine to make. This literal dwelling of "every man under his own vine" is pleasant to see; but it is a pleasure mixed with regret, as the mind naturally reverts to the different state of affairs among our own laboring people.

And why should there be so radical a difference in their condition? The secret which lies at the root of the whole matter

is the more equal, and therefore more equitable, division of land among the people of the land.

In a country like France, where everything is cheap, why should male labor be comparatively dear? The reason is simply this: so few are obliged to till the land of others that it is not always easy to find an odd man for job work; and when you have found him he can pretty well command his own price. Except at very outlying country places, fifteen or twenty miles from any town, a man, or even a boy of sixteen, cannot be had for the commonest farm work for less than half-a-crown a day in summer, or fifteen shillings a week. From November 1st until the beginning of March, they receive two francs a day, and this not for skilled labor but for the most ordinary and simple operations in farm or garden.

We have alluded to the comparative scarcity of adult male labor; the following statistics will make the matter plain to our readers:—

The superficial area of France is 250,000 square miles, or 170,000,000 acres. The population, according to the return of the last census taken, is 35,000,000, or five acres of land to each inhabitant. There are 8,000,000 of electors—adult males; therefore, each of these must be calculated to have on an average 21 acres.

There are, however, in France only 5,000,000 of landed proprietors, leaving

3,000,000 of adult males who do not possess landed property. The average of landed properties thus becomes 34 acres.

The 3,000,000 who do not possess landed property are divided as follows: 2,210,000 are the sons of landed proprietors whose parents are alive, but who will succeed after their death to the property they will leave, and 800,000 workmen in and inhabitants of large towns, and people who have been obliged to sell from extravagance or misfortune.

The average of landed properties being 34 acres, it has been ascertained that of the 5,000,000 proprietors, 3,800,000 hold between 20 and 40 acres, 1,100,000 between 5 and 20 acres, 86,000 between 40 and 100 acres, and 14,000 above 100 acres.

Figures as well as facts are stubborn things, and the figures we have given above tell their own story, and require no comment to add to their force.

Our space does not permit us to describe as minutely as it deserves this beautiful portion of France, its productions and monuments; and we regretfully take leave of the subject in the words of Martin Marteau, who, in his "*Paradis délicieux de la Touraine*," affirms, "*C'est une des plus belles, meilleures, excellentes et agréables, voire mesme des plus fertiles provinces de cet opulent royaume, pour ne pas dire de ce grand monde.*"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

WORDSWORTH.*

BY SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, M.P. FOR EXETER, H.M.'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

I OWE it, no doubt, to the fact of having had the honor to represent Exeter in Parliament for some years, that I have been requested to appear before you to-night in the capacity of lecturer. It has in consequence cost me no small trouble to consider and determine what subject I should choose for my discourse. I wished to choose some subject which, at any rate, could do no harm, and of which I am not wholly ignorant; but I have found the task of selection by no means easy. Ignorant subjects indeed abound; but the

knowledge of them possessed by a man immersed in business and wholly occupied with the labors of public life, is not equally abundant. Men, no doubt, habitually lecture upon subjects of which they know nothing and understand nothing, and as to which I should think, if they have common modesty, they must be very conscious of their ignorance. These examples are certainly at once amusing and amazing; but I do not desire that astonishment should tempt me into imitation. What I am about to lay before you, if not new, shall, I hope, be true; if familiar, it is, I think, important; and it does not always follow, that what is true and familiar

* A Lecture delivered before the Literary Society of Exeter, in April, 1873.

is so practically accepted and acted on as to make insistence on it needless.

I suppose that the majority of you whom I address are engaged in some business or profession; that you have to work in some way or another; that you cannot treat life as a mere enjoyment, nor do always what you please or what you fancy; that you have toil and struggle and labor, and dull duty, perhaps repulsive, at least uninteresting, out of which your life is for the most part made, and on which in large measure your days, perhaps your nights, are spent. If this be so, in this at least you and I are at one; I wish therefore to suggest to you the true practical value, to such as we are, of great imaginative and poetical compositions; and as an example of such compositions I will take the works of the poet I know best next to Shakspeare, the works of William Wordsworth, and urge upon you their reverent study. I am speaking only as a man of business to men of business. The really great and profound men of letters I pass by with true respect. They have their own noble work to do, and many of them do it nobly. The smart critics who settle a reputation with a sneer and dismiss a great author in a parenthesis, they too do their work which is not noble, and to their work I leave them. Let us see whether for you and for me there be not sound and sensible reasons in support of the opinion I have advanced.

I am not sure but that in selecting such a subject for my address to you to-night I have been influenced in some degree by a certain perversity. For I have seen the love of Wordsworth imputed almost as a discredit and a disqualification for the holding of high legal office; and the fact that the Lord Chancellor quoted him at a legal dinner, suggested by the conversation which he had had upon the subject during dinner with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and myself, seems to have struck some public writers as incongruous, not to say as indicating a certain weakness and effeminacy of mind. Well, I admit to having a perverse satisfaction in taking a natural opportunity of proclaiming my utter and peremptory dissent from any such notions. But I have a better and weightier motive for addressing you, which is this. The study of Wordsworth has been to me from my childhood so great a comfort and delight; it has, so far as I can

judge, been of such real and abiding use to me; that it is a plain duty of gratitude to say so openly on all fitting occasions, and to endeavor if I can to lead others to enjoy what I have found so delightful, and to benefit by that which I have found so profitable.

Wordsworth, it is true, is probably now by most cultivated and intellectual men admitted to be a great and original writer; a writer whose compositions it is right to be acquainted with as a part of literary history and literary education. Few men would now venture to deny him genius or to treat his poetry with contempt. No one probably would dare to echo or even to defend the ribald abuse of the *Edinburgh Review*. But he is not generally appreciated: even now he is far too little read; and, as I think, for the idlest and weakest of all reasons. He suffers still from the impression produced by attacks made upon him by men who, I should suppose, if they had tried, were incapable of feeling his beauty and his grandeur, but who seem to me never to have had the common honesty to try. Fastening upon a few obvious defects, seizing upon a few poems (poems admitting of complete defence, and, viewed rightly, full of beauty, yet capable no doubt of being presented in a ridiculous aspect), the critics of the *Edinburgh Review* poured out on Wordsworth abuse, invective, malignant personality, which deterred the unreflecting mass of men from reading for themselves and finding out as they must have found out, the worthlessness of the criticism. They destroyed his popularity and blighted his reputation, though they have had no power whatever over his fame. Lord Jeffrey was the chief offender in this matter. I do not pretend to judge of his merits as a lawyer or a politician. As Lord Advocate and Lord of Session, he may, for what I know, have been more than respectable. As a man he had warm friends; and I do not doubt that he deserved to have them. But his collected essays show him to have been as poor, as shallow, as mistaken a critic as ever succeeded in obtaining a temporary and factitious reputation. If you look through his essays you will find scarcely an original judgment of his which has stood the test of time. Even in the instances of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, the universal favorites, whom Lord Jeffrey in common

with everybody else praised and honored, it is very seldom right praise or for right reasons which you will find bestowed on them by him.

That such a man could not measure the greatness of Wordsworth, and was incapable of feeling the perfection of his art; that he should have found him dull, and trifling, and prosaic, and a poor artist, is not at all astonishing. To him originality in poetry was as color to a blind man. That he should have pursued with bitter personal vituperation so pure and noble and high-minded a man as Wordsworth is unpleasant to remember. But that such criticism as his (except that he was always clear, intelligible, and decided) should have been able to produce the effect which followed it, is wonderful indeed. "Yarrow Unvisited" he calls "a tedious, affected performance;" of "Resolution and Independence" he says, "We defy the bitterest enemy of Mr. Wordsworth to produce anything at all parallel to this from any collection of English poetry, or even from the specimens of his friend Mr. Southey"—(a sentence which, in a very different sense from that which Lord Jeffrey gave it, I should desire to adopt;) of the "Ode on Immortality," that "it is the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication." There stood the beauty and tenderness of "Yarrow Unvisited," the grandeur and dignity of "Resolution and Independence," the intense and profound imagination of the "Ode on Immortality," to confute the critic. Nay, Lord Jeffrey quoted noble passages at length as subjects for sneer and for derision. But the sentence of the critic either suspended men's judgments or overbore them, and the poems were unread. The power of the *Edinburgh Review* of those days, written as it was by a set of men of splendid and popular abilities, was indeed prodigious. It stopped for years the sale of Wordsworth's poems; and though he outlived its calumnies, and found at length a general and reverent acceptance, yet prejudices were created which impeded his popularity; and even now the echoes of Lord Jeffrey's mocking laughter fill the ears of many men, and deafen them to the lovely and majestic melody of Wordsworth's song.

It is against prejudices such as these, unworthy and unfounded prejudices, that I protest. It is not only, it is not chiefly,

that they prevent the formation of a sound literary judgment, though this is something. It is that they stand between working men, using that expression in the sense I have explained, and a writer who might be of such great use to them and such an abiding comfort. I think Wordsworth, with the doubtful exception of Chaucer, of whom I am ashamed to say I do not know enough to form a judgment, a name in our literature to which Shakspere and Milton are alone superior. But, right or wrong, this is not the point on which I wish to insist. What I do wish to insist on is, that for busy men, men hard at work, men plunged up to the throat in the labors of life, the study of Wordsworth is as healthy, as refreshing, as invigorating a study as literature can supply. He is the poet to whom you and I may turn with great and constant advantage. And I will tell you why I say so.

First, the man himself, his life, his character, whether as a man or as an artist, are subjects for the study and imitation of every hard-working man. His life was pure and simple; I might almost say austere. With very narrow means he sat himself down to pursue his calling with a single eye to do what he thought his duty, and according to his convictions and to the best of his abilities to benefit mankind. No money difficulties, not even the pressure of almost poverty, diverted him for an instant from his high purpose, or bowed him at any time to an unworthy condescension. No mockery disturbed his equanimity, no unpopularity shook his confidence. He believed he had a work to do, and he did it with all his might. "Make yourself, my dear friend," he said to Lady Beaumont, "as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself with their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what, I trust, is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and seriously virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." Again he says: "Be assured that the decision of these persons (*i. e.*, 'the London wits and witlings') has nothing to do with the question; they are

altogether incompetent judges. . . . My ears are stone deaf to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found; and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." Once more, he says to Sir George Beaumont: "Let the poet first consult his own heart as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity,—to, I hope, an improving posterity. I have not written down to the level of superficial observers and unthinking minds. Every great poet is a teacher; I wish either to be considered as a teacher or nothing." And in a very fine passage in his famous Preface, speaking of the imagination, he says: "And if bearing in mind the many poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet justified by the recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavorable times evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects; the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions, which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men in this kind worthy to be holden in undying remembrance." In this spirit of noble self-confidence he turned away from London, from offers of lucrative employment, from the fascinations of society to which he was by no means insensible, and spent his life amongst the mountains of Westmoreland in the steady undeviating pursuit of what he knew he could do best. Competence, if not wealth, came to him in after years, but came unsought; a great and genuine popularity at length followed him, though he had never followed it; but these things did not change in the smallest measure the simplicity of his life, or disturb the repose of his character. *Virgilium vidi tantum*. It was my privilege, when I was yet a boy and he an old man, to spend

a month in constant intercourse with him; and I have retained undying recollections of the dignity and power which he bore about him, and which were singularly impressive. But his poems are the man, and what I saw, and I hope profited by, you may see and profit by in the books which he has left behind.

No man more than he, moreover, carried conscience into his work. His style, his language, were always the best he could produce, and his works were labored at and corrected with uncompromising severity. Sometimes, it is true, he in later years corrected into tameness the grand conceptions of his youth; but his principle was high and right. "I yield to none," says he, "in love for my art. I therefore labor at it with reverence, affection, and industry. My main endeavor as to style has been that my poems should be written in pure intelligible English." "Make what you do produce as good as you can," is his comment on an answer of Crabbe, that it was "not worth while" to take the trouble to make his poems more correct in point of English.

Farthermore as far as literature is concerned, he set himself to a great task, and he completely accomplished it. He had Cowper certainly for a forerunner, but from many causes the influence of Cowper was limited; and though he preceded Wordsworth, yet Wordsworth has done more to make Cowper appreciated than Cowper did for him. Poetry he found, in spite of Cowper and in spite of Gray, overlaid with unreality and affectation, severed for a time from the truth of nature, and become useless and ineffective for purposes of refreshment and improvement. He set himself to bring Poetry back to simplicity and truth; he sent her once more to Nature for her images, and to the heart of man for her thoughts; and created—as he has said himself, every great poet must create—the taste by which he was himself to be relished. In the best sense he revolutionized the style of English literature. Say what men will, very few of his contemporaries were not—there is not a great living writer who has not been—deeply and permanently impressed by him. In Browning, in Tennyson, in Sir Henry Taylor, in Matthew Arnold, you not only catch echoes of Wordsworth from time to time; but in that which at their best all have in common in their simple, direct, energetic

English, you feel the influence in style which he left behind him. To have done this, and to have set a great example and given forth a teaching for which everyone must be the better, constitutes no common claim on a people's gratitude.

But he has done this besides in noble works; in works which will never die, which are as delightful and refreshing as they are wise and good. I do not pretend, in a few hasty and desultory remarks, to exhaust the subjects which even my knowledge of him could supply. I will take but a few of the lessons which he teaches, and point out to you how he teaches them. I hope that the beauty and the wisdom will speak for themselves, and if the great man is new to you, will kindle in you a desire for a more extended knowledge of him. I do not pretend to be your teacher, but I may not improperly, I hope, tell you who has been mine.

First, he shows us, as no other man has done, the glory, the beauty, the holiness of Nature; he spiritualizes for us the outward world; and that with no weak and sentimental, but with a thoroughly manly feeling. He always insists, it has been well said, that Nature gives gladness to the glad and comfort to the sorrowful. It is not only that his descriptions of nature are so true and so fresh, that reading him after a hard day's work is like walking out amongst the fields and hills; but that he steeps them in an ideal light, that he sheds upon them

"the gleam—

The light that never was on sea or land;
The consecration and the poet's dream;"

and that he makes us feel that wonderful connection between nature and the soul of man, which is indeed mysterious, but which those who have felt it cannot deny; and those who believe that the same Almighty God created both, will not be inclined to doubt.

If I were to read to you all the passages, or even many of them, which make good this point, I should keep you here till midnight. You need not be afraid. I will trouble you but with two or three. In "Hart Leap Well," for instance, the story is that a knight had chased a stag a whole day long, and the stag at last, with three great leaps down a steep hill, fell down and died on the brink of a spring of water. The knight built a pleasure house here, but at the date of the poem it had

fallen into ruin; and the poet sees the ruins and hears the story from an old shepherd whom he finds upon the spot. And thus the poem ends:—

"The shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.

'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old!
But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

"You see there lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbor does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream:

But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,

Will wet his lips within that cup of stone
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood; but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

* * * * *

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.

"Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:

This Beast, not unobserved, by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves, among the groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

"The pleasure house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;

But Nature, in due course of time, once more,
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;

But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals:

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Again, let me take the end of one of his very finest lyrics, the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." The Harper of the Cliffords is represented as singing an ex-

ulting song on the restoration of good Lord Clifford, the Shepherd Lord, as he was called, to the halls of his ancestors, in the time of Henry VII. The whole poem is very noble, and it ends thus:—

"Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance;
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a reappearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

Then the great poet, like Timotheus in Dryden's justly famous ode, "changed his hand and checked his pride," and ends his poem in these slow, tender elegiac stanzas—

"Alas! the fervent harper did not know,
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Some of you may know the lines I next give you from the poem on the Wye; but if you do, you will forgive me for reminding you of them, and for reminding others that they were published in 1795, twenty-three years before the publication of the later cantos of "Childe Harold," which are so much indebted to this and to other poems of that writer whom in his baser moods Lord Byron used to affect to despise:—

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I
still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize,
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

One more passage I give you from one of his less-known, though, I think, one of his greatest poems, the "Prelude." It is a description of a pass in the Alps:—

"The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside,
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end."

In these passages the natural images are grand and large, but it is his characteristic that he can draw the noblest lessons from the humblest objects. "To me," he says, "the meanest flower that blows can give

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Two passages I will give you to exhibit these characteristics. The first I take on purpose from the much-laughed-at Peter Bell:—

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the greenwood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!"

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away."

The last passages on this subject I give you are from the "Prelude." Nothing can be simpler, yet, unless I altogether deceive myself, few things in literature nobler or greater, than these lines. The first passage describes his coming home with his brother from school to find his father dying; and in a few days his father died:—

"There rose a crag,
That, from the meeting point of two highways
Ascending, overlooked them both, far-stretched;
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
I sat, half sheltered by a naked wall;
Upon my right hand crouched a single sheep,
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
With those companions at my side, I watched,
Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,
That dreary time—ere we had been ten days
Sojourners in my father's house—he died,
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
Followed his body to the grave. The event,
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
A chastisement; and when I called to mind
That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope;
With trite reflections of morality,
Yet, in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
And afterwards the wind and sleety rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads,
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All these were kindred spectacles and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,
As at a fountain: and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock,
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over-busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease."

The last which I will add is in every way a most characteristic passage. The incident is the simplest possible, yet it is told with an imaginative power and

with a splendor of language which invest it with a noble interest, and the effect of the incident upon the heart and mind of the boy is described as no one but Wordsworth could describe it:—

"One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of
stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain echoes did my boat move on
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who
rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and
huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and
still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I
turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,
And through the meadows homeward went, in
grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colors of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the
mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams."

"I could multiply passages endlessly with delight to myself, but most likely with weariness to you; but I must pass on to other great characteristics of Wordsworth's teaching. No man has so steadily asserted the dignity of virtue, of simplicity, of independence, wherever found, and quite apart from all external ornaments. He has chosen a pedlar for the chief character of his largest poem, and invested him quite naturally with a greatness of mind

and character—fitting him to play the lofty part assigned him in the "Excursion." In the poem called "Resolution and Independence," the interest turns upon the simple, steady resolution of an old leech-gatherer, who pursues his trade in extreme old age about the lonely moors, and the strength and consolation which came to the poet in a wayward melancholy mood from the sight of this brave old man, and the thought of his firmness and perseverance. The poem is full of famous lines which most of us are familiar with:—

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they
call:
And moveth all together, if it move at all."

Again:—

"The fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead."

"Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;"
and many more. And it ends with the fine moral:—

"And when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely
moor!'"

"Well," said a friend of mine, a disbeliever in Wordsworth, "there are very fine lines, no doubt, in that poem; but think of any man writing all that about a poor old leech-gatherer." Yes, it is all about a poor old leech-gatherer! Because Wordsworth goes to the heart of things, and not to their outsides, to the soul of man, and not his body; and because a pauper, if resolute and high-minded, is far more interesting and admirable to him than a duke of twenty descents who is nothing but a duke. Two of his most beautiful and lofty poems are "Michael" and "The Brothers;" indeed, if I were to select a single poem which conveys in my judgment the greatest feeling of Wordsworth's power, I should select "Michael." But in these, and in the story of "Margaret," and in the series of narratives in the books in the "Excursion," entitled "The Churchyard among the Mountains," the characters are all of humble life; the stories are the simplest; and yet the moral dignity—I might even, without extravagance, say the moral majesty—with which he invests his characters, is as much without a parallel

as the absorbing interest and deep pathos which his imagination clothing itself in the language of moderation and reserve throws around his quiet themes. Now and then, not often, he bursts into an open condemnation of worldly conventions; and when he does, not Milton himself is grander or more severe. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the passage in which (I should suppose very justly) he speaks of the University life of his day as he saw it at Cambridge:—

"All degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived
praise,
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labor his own bond slave; Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary clog;
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
Honor misplaced, and Dignity astray,
Feuds, Factions, Flatteries, Enmity, and Guile,
Murmuring Submission and bald Government,
(The idol weak as the idolator.)
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child who might have led him; Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown."

It is a natural accompaniment of such feeling as this passage portrays, that he should have had a keen sense of the littleness of our mere personal life. Personal talk of all sorts, gossip, personality, party politics, the strife of law-courts, the ceaseless toil of money-making; all these things seemed to him unutterably small:—

"Among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them: sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave; the meanest we can meet!"

Elsewhere he breaks out in that magnificent strain:—

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

But though he thought so little of individual life, he is never weary of insisting on the greatness and majesty of the free life of a nation. He was an Englishman to the heart's core, if ever there lived one; his heart glowed his whole life long with the undying fire of a devoted patriotism. He lived, too, at a time when the liberties of England; nay, when her very existence as a nation was in real danger from the enormous power wielded against her by Napoleon Bonaparte, directed by his genius, the greatest military genius of modern time. For a while England was left without a single European ally to fight single-handed against his gigantic military despotism. Those were days in which invasion seemed possible, and in which at least it was seriously threatened. The whole series of his sonnets on Liberty and Independence, and several of his odes and other poems, are examples of the high spirit in which he met those times, and the temper he desired to inspire into his countrymen:—

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwith-
stood:'

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the cheek of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are
sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

In reading you his poem to the Men of Kent, I should remind you that the "Men of Kent" is a technical expression for the inhabitants of that part of Kent whose ancestors were never conquered by the Norman Conqueror, and who obtained from him at the time of the Conquest the confirmation of their charters and liberties. To them he addressed this noble music:—

"Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent!
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before—
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore:—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!"

Two more of these trumpet-calls of the old patriot-poet, and I pass on. The first is addressed to Milton:—

"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: She is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The last I will trouble you with is called "A Briton's Thought on the Subjugation of Switzerland," when the armies of Bonaparte overran that country and crushed the Republics, and England alone was left unconquered:—

"Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly
striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!"

Such was the stern and lofty teaching of this great man in the days of the first Napoleon. If he had lived in the days of the Third Napoleon, and had seen the *coup d'état*, the massacres of Paris, the deportations to Cayenne, the seizure of Savoy, the proposed spoliation of Belgium, by the man whom it is the fashion to call the faithful ally of England, he would have rebuked the English worshippers of the nephew as he did those of the far greater uncle:—

"Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye."

You would expect to find, and it is the fact, that a writer who rings so true on public matters would be full of a sound and healthy spirit on all moral or social subjects. No paltering with morality, no apology for profligacy and crime, no exalting of selfish passion into heroic virtue, is to be found in Wordsworth. It was said

of Virgil (and it was said, with perhaps one doubtful exception, with perfect truth) that he was a sacred poet. It was said of Wordsworth with undoubted truth, by Mr. Keble, whose authority on such a question no man will challenge. I need not cite the "Ode to Duty" nor any special poem in proof of its truth. A pure life, an habitual self-control, a deep reverence for God and for His Son, a memory unburdened with remorse—these are the elements of happiness as Wordsworth viewed it, and as all his poems describe it:—

"O that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past,
Should fear that pencil's touch!
Retirement, then, might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene;
With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep,
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening."

I have left myself no time to speak of the beauties of Wordsworth, of his grace, of his melody, of the perfection of his style, of the splendor of his lyrics, of his grand imagination, of that sublimity which he displays when, in the fine language of Mr. Landor (who personally disliked him), "he shakes the earth aside, and soars steadily into the empyrean." The book of the "Excursion" entitled "Despondency Corrected," the "Ode on Immortality," "Laodamia," "Dion," "Lycoris," "The Triad," "The River Duddon," besides a whole catalogue of smaller poems; these seem to me each in its way, and their ways are very different, as perfect as any poems in the English language. I must leave these things to you. If you will only read them, you may think that I exaggerate perhaps; but I am perfectly certain that you will thank me for the introduction, that you will wonder such poems should have been unknown to you, and that the more you read them, the more admirable and consummate they will appear to you merely as poems.

In selecting the passages which I have read to you, I have been, of set purpose, guided rather by the lessons which they teach, than by the mere beauty of the language in which the lessons are conveyed. Poems such as you would find in a book of Wordsworth's "Beauties," I have purposely left unquoted. But imperfect and

inadequate as this paper is, it would be even still less adequate if I did not quote one passage in illustration of Wordsworth's exquisite felicity of diction and absolute perfection of metre, when the occasion is one for the display of these qualities. I will read you the description from the "White Doe of Rylstone," of the first coming in of the Doe and her lying down by Francis Norton's grave. I put it before you as a piece of English metre worthy of the very greatest of English metrists, of Ben Jonson, of Gray, of Shelley, (why should I hesitate to say?) of Coleridge:—

"A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground;
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very House of God;
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away.
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

"Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a spirit, for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

"What harmonious pensive changes,
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—

High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

"The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her grow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbors she a schene
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of House where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?—
She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;—
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might;
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave,
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly."

You will observe, I hope, that I have tried to keep steadily in view the object with which I began; to show the use of Wordsworth, his practical value to us, the practical advantage we may derive from him, the gratitude we owe him. I have kept therefore, almost entirely, to some points only in his literary and moral character such as were most germane to the subject, and most relevant to my purpose. One only I will farther deal with here. It has been said (I must think by those who have not read him, and who do not know

what they are talking about) that he is a cold and heartless writer. I do not know, on the contrary, a writer more full of love—not passion—or more exquisitely tender. If a man can read "Michael," and "The Brothers," and "Margaret," and "Ellen," and many others, with unfaltering voice and unmoistened eyes, he must either have great self-command or little feeling. And to me the pathos of Wordsworth is like the sweetness of Michael Angelo. As the sweetness of Michael Angelo is sweeter than that of other men, because of his strength, so the pathos of Wordsworth is the more moving because of the calmness and reserve and self-restraint with which it is always clothed. Of his tenderness, all the poems to "Lucy" are surely unanswerable examples: but on personal subjects he is always tender; and I do not know more tender poems than those addressed to a friend whose manner had changed to him, and those to his wife's picture, written, too, when he was a very old man. They are short, and they are the last which I will read:—

"There is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, not long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did; not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

"What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

"A well of love—it may be deep—
I trust it is,—and never dry—
What matter? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor."

Let me end my extracts with the poems upon his wife's picture, the poems of a man old in years indeed, for he was seventy-three when he wrote them, but young in heart and genius. They are entitled "To a Painter":—

"All praise the likeness by thy skill portrayed;
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see, bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er
shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far distant years,

Or share with me, fond thought! that inward
eye,

Then, and then only, Painter! could thy art
The visual powers of nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

"Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
This work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
O, my beloved! I have done thee wrong!
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy.
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past."

Now I will assume that you think I have made out some case for the power, the beauty, the genius of Wordsworth's poems. What is the value of them? They seem to me, at the least and at the lowest, to give an intellectual pleasure which is at once innocent and ennobling. They will create in those who master them a sympathy with loftiness of character and purity of soul; and they will teach high and independent principles of judgment to be applied in life to all things and all people. Is this kind of thing worth study? Is fine art, is great literature, is intellectual cultivation of the value, have they each and all the merit which their advocates maintain they have? We have lived to hear this disputed, and it is worth while for a moment to see if we can, what in this matter the truth really is. A great statesman, the other day, said that the violin and all that proceeded from it was as great an effort of the mere intellect as the steam-engine. "What," it was immediately replied by a man of very high rank, "what have all the men who have scraped for 300 years on squeaking strings done for mankind compared to one steam-engine?" That depends on what is meant by the words "done for mankind." I can hardly suppose that it was meant to be implied that there is no good in music, that mankind would have been just as well off if Mozart and Beethoven had never lived, that Handel is nonsense, and Haydn stuff:—

"Since nought so stockish hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus—
Let no such man be trusted."

So says Shakspeare; but, to be sure, he was a mere poet. "To many men," says another great man, "the very names which the science of music employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious strivings of the heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No. They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine governance or the Divine attributes. Something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man—and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows—has the power of eliciting them."

This eloquent passage of Dr. Newman may appear to some men extravagant, but not a whit more so than the passage about the squeaking strings appears to others. The truth is, that there is no use in these attempts to compare as to results things which in their nature do not admit of comparison. It is no doubt quite true that you can learn a great deal of a certain kind, from studying a collection of well-drawn engineering specifications, which you would never learn from reading Wordsworth; but it is also true that you can learn a great deal of a certain other kind from reading Wordsworth which you could never learn from all the specifications in the world. Rhetorical antitheses of this kind are really very misleading, and sometimes very mischievous. We have heard, for example, a distinguished man say that he would rather see England free than sober. Well, but where is the natural oppugnancy between freedom and sobriety? Is it impossible to be at once temperate and free? Is

drunkenness necessary to avoid slavery? If not, such phrases as suggest the contrary do infinite mischief. So, again, it is often said, it is better to be religious than orthodox. Well, but is it impossible to be both? Is acquiescence in authority in matters of opinion consistent only with coldness of devotion or laxity of life? So, again, you may hear it said, that an acquaintance with natural science is of far more value than a knowledge of history, or than the cultivation of the imagination; and that a great many things are much better than a great many other things. What then? All this is surely very narrow. There is room enough in the world, and in the infinite variety of mankind, for all pursuits, and all kinds of study and education. When I or anyone else of common sense insist on the importance of any particular subject, of course it is not meant that there is nothing else important in the world. All things have their place; and it is the narrow and weak mind only which denies its place to a subject because the particular mind happens not to care for it or understand it. Those, for example, if any such there really be, who can see nothing, and who deny that there is anything at all in music, are to be sincerely pitied, either as men of narrow and half-educated minds, or because it has pleased God to deny them a sense which has been granted to their more richly-gifted fellows. Those, too, who can see nothing at all, and who therefore deny that there is anything at all, in poetry and other works of imagination, and who can derive therefrom no profit and no instruction whatever, are no doubt entitled to their opinions; but they must bear to be told that they are no judges of what they have been denied the faculties for understanding, and that to us they seem very poor and imperfect creatures, and objects not certainly of scorn, but of wonder and of compassion.

It is said that Wolfe, when just about to scale the Heights of Abraham and win the battle which has immortalized his name, quoted, with deep feeling and glowing eulogy, some of the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*. Stories implying the same sort of mind are told of that noble soldier, Sir John Moore. In such minds as theirs the practical and the imaginative could both find room, and they were none the worse, perhaps they were the better soldiers, because they were men of cultivated intellects. And this is really what I maintain; that in sense and reason each study has its place and its function. I do not underrate science, nor decry invention, because I advocate the study of a great and high-minded writer, any more than because I insist upon the study of Wordsworth I forget that Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Shakspeare, and Milton, are yet greater than he, and yet more worthy study.

All I say is, that I have found Wordsworth do me good; and I have tried to explain why, and to suggest that other men might find him do them good also. A book is a friend, and ought to be so regarded. Those are to be pitied who have bad friends, and who pass their lives in bad company. Those are to be envied who have good friends, and who can value them according to the measure of their desert, and use them as they ought. And what is true of living friends is true in yet higher measure of those dead and silent friends, our books. I am very sure that you will find Wordsworth a good friend, if you try him; that the more you know him, the better you will love him; the longer you live, the stronger will be the ties which bind you to his side. He is like one of his own mountains, in whose shadow you may sit, and whose heights you may scale, sure that you will always return therefrom strengthened in mind and purified in heart.
—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

NEWS FROM THE MOON.

THE Earl of Rosse, to whose father the world owes the telescope which turns its giant eye skyward from its underground home at Parsonstown, has recently published, in the Bakerian Lecture of the Royal Society, the results of his successful efforts to measure the moon's heat. It is not our purpose to consider specially Lord Rosse's

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researches, which are indeed of such a nature as to be little suited for these pages. We propose rather to avail ourselves of the tention just now directed to our satellite, in order to discuss some of the most remarkable and interesting facts which have been learned respecting the moon, and especially of those which are least likely to

be familiar to the general reader. But we cannot refrain from touching on a strange though not unexpected result which follows from Lord Rosse's researches. The cold, pale moon, that

Climbs the sky
So silently and with so wan a face,

has been shown to be in reality so warm, that no creature living on our earth could endure contact with that heated surface. The middle of the disc of the "white full moon" is hotter than boiling water. It has thus been the fate of science yet once again to destroy an illusion which had for ages suggested a favorite poetical image. Poets will continue, indeed, to sing of the cold moon,

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple;

but to the student of astronomy the contrast between the poet's fancy and the reality will mar the imagery.

The moon in her scientific aspect has been sufficiently coy, however. Notwithstanding her nearness and the seemingly favorable conditions under which we study her, very much less has been discovered respecting her than was anticipated when Galileo first observed

Imagined lands and regions in her orb.

She remains in many respects a mystery to us. We see little in her structure or aspect that is intelligible. Nevertheless, what has been learned is full of interest, even in its very strangeness, and in the perplexing problems which it suggests for our consideration.

Every one probably knows that the moon is nearly 240,000 miles from the earth; that she is about 2,100 miles in diameter, (which is less than the earth's diameter, about as 100 is less than 367); that the earth's surface exceeds hers about $13\frac{1}{2}$ times, while the earth's volume exceeds the moon's about $49\frac{1}{2}$ times. If to this we add that the moon is made of somewhat lighter material, or, to speak more exactly, that her mean density is somewhat less than the earth's, so that the earth exceeds her 81 times in mass or quantity of matter, we have indicated the principal circumstances which characterize the moon's globe as compared with the earth's. We shall have a word or two to add presently, however, about her probable shape.

We commonly regard the moon as a satellite of the earth, and we are taught at school and in our text-books, that while the earth travels round the sun, the moon travels round the earth. But in reality this is erroneous, or is at least suggestive of error. The moon ought to be regarded as a companion planet, travelling with the earth around the sun. The distinction is not at all a fanciful one. The earth is not the body whose force the moon chiefly obeys. On the contrary, she is attracted more than twice as strongly by the sun. If the motions of the earth and moon could be watched from some far-distant standpoint, the observed movements would by no means suggest the idea that the moon was circling round the earth; and in fact, if the earth were concealed from view while her satellite was thus watched, the moon would appear to circuit around the sun in an orbit which could not be distinguished from that which the earth herself pursues. It is only from our earth as a standpoint that the moon seems to have the earth as the centre round which she travels; and to show how readily we may be deceived when so viewing any celestial body, we need only remember that, as seen from the earth, even the sun seems to have her as the centre of his motion. It is well to know the true nature of the moon in this respect; because when, instead of regarding her as merely a satellite or attendant upon the earth, we regard her as a companion planet—the least of the sun's inner family of planets—we perceive that in studying her we are making a first step towards the knowledge of other worlds than ours.

The most striking feature in the moon's telescopic aspect is the wonderfully disturbed condition of her surface. Her face is scarred and pitted all over: nay, this but faintly expresses her condition, since no one can examine the moon carefully with suitable telescopic power, without being impressed by the conviction that she has, so to speak, passed many times through the fire. There are great seams, as if at some early stage of her existence her whole globe had been rent apart by internal forces; and the duration of this early stage would appear to have been considerable, since there are several systems of these seams crossing and intercrossing. Then would seem to have come an age during which large regions sank as the

moon cooled and contracted, leaving other regions elevated, as in the case of the great ocean valleys and continent elevations of our own earth. With further contraction came the formation of great corrugations, the lunar Alps and Apennines and other mountain ranges. But last of all, it may be presumed (if the recent results of Mallet's researches into vulcanology are to be accepted), came the most wonderful of all the stages of disturbances, the great era of crater formation. One would say that the surface of enormous lunar tracts had bubbled over like some seething terrestrial substance, were it not that no materials known to us could form coherent bubbles spanning circular spaces many miles in diameter. Yet no other description gives so just an idea of the actual appearance of extensive tracts of the moon's surface, except *one*, equally or even perhaps more fanciful:—If the whole of one of these regions, while still plastic from intensity of heat, had been rained upon by liquid meteoric masses many tons or even many hundreds of tons in weight, then something like the observed appearance would probably have resulted. Indeed, it is rather a strange circumstance that a fragment of a slab of green shale, pictured in Lyell's Geology, with casts of rain-prints left by a shower which fell ages on ages since, presents as true a picture of certain lunar tracts, as a model cast expressly to illustrate what is seen in an actual photograph (moon-painted) of one of those regions. Whatever opinion may be formed as to the significance of this fact, it is certain that the present aspect of the crater-covered regions is quite inconsistent with the idea that there was a single continuous era of crater formation. It is manifest that the contour of the whole surface has been changed over and over again by the forces which produced these craters.

Although we find little in the moon's aspect which reminds us of features as present presented by the surface of the earth, we must not too confidently assume that the two globes have been exposed to quite dissimilar processes of change. It is very difficult, indeed, to form clear ideas as to the real conformation of the earth's crust underneath those layers which have been formed, directly or indirectly, by the action of air and water. It requires but a slight study of geology to recognise how importantly such action has affected

our earth. Indeed, there is not a square foot of the earth's surface which does not owe its present configuration either directly to weather changes and the action of water in the form of rain or snow or stream or flood, or else to processes such as vegetation or the succession of various forms of animal life. In the moon, so far as can be judged, we see the natural skeleton, as it were, of a planet, the rock surface precisely as it was left when the internal forces ceased to act with energy. There has been no "weathering;" no wearing down of the surface by the action of water; no forests have formed carboniferous layers; no strata like our chalk formations have been deposited; vegetation does not hide any part of the surface; no snows have fallen, and therefore no glaciers grind down the rugged surface of the lunar valleys. With one exception, there is not, so far as can be judged, any process which is at work to disintegrate or modify the sterile face of the moon. The exception is the process of alternate expansion and contraction of the moon's crust, as the lunar day and night pass on in slow succession. Unquestionably, the change from a heat of some five hundred degrees at mid-day, to a cold far more intense than any with which we are acquainted on earth, must cause a gradual change in portions of the moon's surface.

But we are thus led to a most interesting question respecting the moon. It is manifest that now, at any rate, there is no water and very little air (if any) on the half of the moon turned towards us. Yet it is argued that those volcanic disturbances which are indicated so strikingly by the moon's aspect, imply the former existence both of water and of air. On our earth water appears absolutely necessary to the occurrence of volcanic eruptions. Our leading seismologist, Mallet, lays down the rule, "without water there can be no eruption," and it was long since pointed out by Humboldt that all the active volcanoes of the earth are close to the sea. Of course the chief evidence in favor of this view consists in the nature of the substances emitted during eruptions; and, in point of fact, the view may be regarded as a demonstrated *terrestrial* relation. Then it is quite impossible to conceive that so many and such violent eruptions as the lunar volcanoes indicate, can have taken place without the emission of

quantities of vapor so enormous that a discernible atmosphere would from that cause alone, have been formed around our moon. The carbonic acid gas, for example, which would be poured out if the lunar volcanoes in any degree resembled ours, would form a gaseous envelope of no inconsiderable depth. This will be manifest when we recall Galileo's description of the lunar craters as resembling the eyes in a peacock's tail for number. Besides, it is difficult to imagine how any planet could be formed without an atmosphere; and although, no doubt, the moon's small mass would indicate a very inconsiderable aerial envelope, yet it would not explain the complete absence of all traces of air.

The considerations here mentioned have long formed one of the standing mysteries of astronomy. We see in our moon a planet which ought to have oceans and atmosphere, which even would seem once to have had them; and yet she now shows no trace of either.

The efforts made to explain the matter have been sufficiently strenuous.

Whiston suggested that a comet had swept away the lunar air and oceans, a view the more remarkable because he held the theory that our own oceans had been formerly recruited by a comet which produced a universal deluge. Of course what is now known about comets will not permit us for a moment to entertain the supposition that one of these bodies could carry off any portion of the moon's belongings. A comet might rain a shower of meteoric stones upon the moon, and so recruit her mass: indeed the idea has been suggested of late that this happened repeatedly in those far-off ages when all the planets were exposed to such influences, their "growing mass," as Wendell Holmes says,

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls.

That the moon should borrow from comets is not unlikely therefore, but that comets should rob the moon is altogether improbable.

There is another theory scarcely less fanciful. It has been suggested that the moon has grown intensely cold. Her small orb, though once instinct with fire, has long since parted, according to this theory, with all its inherent heat. All the forms of life that once existed on the moon,

animal life, vegetable life, and the life which our imagination pictures where great natural changes are in progress, have been, so to speak, frozen out. The moon's oceans have congealed to their utmost depths. The very gases which once formed her atmosphere have frozen, until at last she has become the dead globe we see, never to be warmed again into life, and having no other use in the economy of the universe but to illuminate our earth and regulate her tides.

But while it is quite conceivable that the intensity of cold during the long lunar nights may be amply sufficient to turn every gas we know of into the solid form, it is manifest that the intense heat to which the moon is exposed during her equally long day would produce even more remarkable changes when poured upon such a frozen surface, than it would effect on such a globe as our earth in its present condition. Imagine our oceans frozen, and the air also frozen, so as to lie in great drifts many feet deep* over the whole surface of the globe. Then conceive the sun to pour his rays down upon that frozen surface for a day lasting two of our weeks, his midday place being nearly overhead. Is it not manifest that the frozen air would be melted and vaporised (turned, that is, into our familiar air), and then the ocean melted, and enormous quantities turned into vapor. Such are the actual conditions in those lunar regions which form the middle of the moon's face. Yet at the time of full moon no signs of change can be recognised, at least none which correspond to the vaporisation of a frozen atmosphere, and of frozen oceans. The simple fact, however, that Lord Rosse's experiments prove that the full moon is greatly heated, disposes at once of the fanciful theory we have been considering. For a frozen lunar atmosphere could not be heated beyond the point (corresponding to an exceeding cold) where it becomes gaseous, until the whole of it had assumed this form; and after that, the water under the

* We do not know the actual depth, because we do not know what is the density of solid oxygen or solid nitrogen. But we know that if the density of these elements when reduced to the solid state, were equal to that of ice, the atmosphere would be converted into a solid layer, more than thirty feet deep, for the water-barometer stands at more than thirty feet. If frozen oxygen and nitrogen are as dense as mercury, then the layer would be only two and a half feet in depth.

atmosphere could not be heated above boiling heat without turning altogether into steam. Now of two things one. The boiling heat would be either high or low. If high, that would imply considerable atmospheric pressure, and we could not but recognise an atmosphere producing such pressure; if low, then the degree of heat to which the moon is raised, as Lord Rosse's experiments show,* remains altogether inexplicable.

There is another strange theory in explanation of the absence of water and air in the moon, due to Dr. Frankland. According to this theory, the oceans and atmosphere which once existed on the moon have now withdrawn into the moon's interior. "If water at one time existed on the surface of the moon," says Frankland, "whither has it disappeared? If we assume, in accordance with the nebular hypothesis, that the portions of matter composing respectively the earth and the moon once possessed an equally elevated temperature, it almost necessarily follows that the moon, owing to the comparative smallness of her mass, would cool more rapidly than the earth. This cooling of the moon's mass must, in accordance with all analogy, have been attended with contraction, which can scarcely be conceived as occurring without the development of a cavernous structure in the interior. Much of the cavernous structure would doubtless communicate, by means of fissures, with the surface, and thus there would be provided an internal receptacle for the ocean, from the depths of which even the burning sun of the long lunar day would be totally unable to dislodge more than traces of its vapor. Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration through only 180 degrees of the Fahrenheit thermometer (the difference between the boiling heat and the freezing point) would create cellular space equal to nearly $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the mass of the

moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth."

Room might certainly be found in this way for all the lunar oceans, because the moon's surface amounts only to 14,600,000 square miles, and therefore the cellular space deduced above amounts to the volume of an ocean competent to cover the whole surface of the moon to the depth of a mile. But then, where has the lunar atmosphere gone to? It would require much more room than the oceans, if originally comparable to our own atmosphere in density. For even at a height of 22 miles from the moon's surface the density of the air would only be reduced one-half, so that half the lunar air would occupy a shell of space covering the whole moon to a depth of 22 miles. It would thus require 22 times as much space as Frankland's theory gives, and still the other half would be left outside the moon. But even the oceans are not very easily accounted for on this theory. We must assume that when they existed *on* the moon's surface they were not quite so hot as boiling water on the earth. In fact Frankland's theory depends in great part on the probable existence of glaciers on the moon, and it need hardly be said that there would be no glaciers while the oceans, and therefore the solid moon, were at the temperature of boiling water. How then is the refrigeration through 180 degrees to take place without passing far below the freezing point? But frozen oceans would assuredly not find their way into the moon's interior through the fissures of Frankland's theory. Apart from this it must be remembered that if the moon had a very rare atmosphere, the boiling point would be very much lower than on the earth; while, if she had an atmosphere as dense as ours, it remains impossible to understand where that atmosphere can have gone to.

I have said that the theory requires that formerly glaciers should have existed on the moon. It is manifest that, apart from the theory, the question whether there were ever any glaciers on the moon is full of interest. For if there were glaciers there must have been snow and rain, as well as wind currents to bear the moisture laden air against the slopes of the lunar mountain ranges. It will be well, therefore, to indicate the evidence which Frankland finds for the lunar glaciers of his theory. "What may we expect to

* Lord Rosse separates the effect of reflected sun heat from that heat which the moon emits as a warmed body. We do not explain here the principles which render it possible to distinguish between these two forms of heat; but their sufficiency is altogether beyond question.

see?" he says. "Under favorable circumstances the terminal moraine of a glacier attains enormous dimensions; and consequently of all the marks of a glacier valley, this would be the one most likely to be first perceived. Two such terminal moraines, one of them a double one, have appeared to observers to be traceable upon the moon's surface." His description of the position of these would not be intelligible without a lunar chart; but students of the moon will understand where to look for them when we mention simply that one lies near the end of the remarkable streak from Tycho* to Bullialdus, crossing this streak exactly opposite Lubiniezy, while the other lies at the northern extremity of the lunar valley which runs past the eastern edge of Rheita.

Describing the first, Frankland says, there are "two ridges forming the arcs of eccentric circles. Beyond the second ridge a talus slopes down gradually northward to the general level of the lunar surface, the whole presenting an appearance reminding the observer of the concentric moraines of the Rhone glacier. These ridges are visible for the whole period during which that portion of the moon's surface is illuminated; but it is only about the third day after the first quarter, and at the corresponding phase of the waning moon, when the sun's rays falling nearly horizontally, throw the details of this part of the moon's surface into strong relief, and the appearances suggest this explanation of them." It will be manifest that the evidence for glaciers on the moon is not altogether irresistible. On the whole face of that hemisphere, seven mil-

lions of square miles in extent, which the moon turns earthwards, there are but two spots where appearances are recognized which suggest the idea of glacial moraines. This is not convincing, especially when we remember that under the best telescopic scrutiny yet applied to the moon we see her surface only as we should see a mountain region on the earth from a distance of more than one hundred miles, and through a dense and perturbed atmosphere. For all the atmospheric effects are multiplied precisely in proportion to the power of the telescope employed, so that even when we use so high a power as 2,400, which would theoretically reduce the moon's distance to 100 miles, the atmosphere between us and the moon is, as it were, multiplied 2,400 times.

But we have not even yet exhausted all the ingenious theories which have been devised by those who insist on endowing the moon of former ages with oceans and an atmosphere. We have seen a comet called in to carry away the lunar air and water, next we have had them frozen up, and thirdly the moon's interior has opened to remove them from our sight. But a fourth theory remains, which, though not less startling than the others, has found singular favor even among astronomers of repute. According to this fourth theory, the lunar oceans and atmosphere have withdrawn, not into the inside of the moon, but to her other or unseen side. The farther half of the moon is never seen by us, and being unknown has appeared to afford a favorable opportunity of applying the principle "*omne ignotum pro mirifico*." Accordingly, it has been supplied with oceans and an atmosphere, in fact with a double quantity of air and water; inhabitants are, of course, not wanting where circumstances are so suitable for their subsistence; and in fine, another world exists on the unseen half of the moon.

It would be unfair, however, to describe this theory as though it were merely based on our ignorance of the state of things on the farther side of the moon,—as though in fact it resemble done of the *peut-êtres* of Fontenelle (who was an ardent believer, by the way, in the habitability of our satellite). The theory was originally suggested by a mathematical inquiry of singular profundity. The skilful German mathematician, Hansen, found reason to believe that

* Tycho is that spot where the full moon shows a gathering together of streaks, somewhat as at either core-end of a peeled orange. Indeed, small photographs of the full moon look so much like photographs of a peeled orange that, as Wendell Holmes notes, many persons suppose astronomers have substituted the orange for the moon, so as to save themselves trouble. Imagine how pleasing such an idea must be to our De la Rues, Rutherford, and others, who have exhausted the contrivances of mechanical ingenuity to make their great telescopes truly follow the moon, and have devised at infinite labor the best photographic appliances to secure good results. It is only right to say, however, that no one would for a moment mistake the masterpieces of these astronomers for photographs of a peeled orange, since they are equal in distinctness to views of the moon with excellent telescopes.

if the moon's centre of gravity is not exactly at the middle point of that diameter of hers which is directed earthwards, her movements must give evidence of the fact. If the centre of gravity were farther away than the middle point she would show a slight peculiarity of motion in one direction, while if the centre of gravity were nearer than the middle point she would show a peculiarity of the opposite kind. On examining the moon's actually recorded motions, Hansen considered that he had evidence sufficing to prove that the centre of gravity is more than thirty miles farther away than the middle point just mentioned. Now clearly, if the moon's *shape* is very nearly globular, but she is like a loaded die, heavier on one side than the other, her oceans and atmosphere must pass over to the loaded side. To use the emphatic mode of describing matters employed by Sir John Herschel in a letter to the present writer, the farther side of the moon, according to Hansen's view, is "like a great lake basin, nearly forty miles deep." Of course, Herschel did not mean that there is a great concavity on that side, any more than a geographer would mean that the ocean bottom is concave, if he spoke of the ocean *basin*. But the state of the farther side of the moon, according to the theory we are considering, is precisely as though matter were excavated away to a depth of nearly forty miles, leaving, of course, ample room for every drop of water to flow to that unseen half. The air would also flow to that side. It is not, however, altogether so clear that the air would be concealed in the same way that the water would be. The fact is, one half of the moon is *not wholly* hidden from our view. There is a "balancing motion" (technically called the "libration") of the moon, by which she now tilts one part of the farther hemisphere towards the earth, and then another part, with a singular alternation which brings the balancing round so as to affect in turn every part of the moon's edge. And owing to this peculiarity, instead of one half of the moon remaining concealed from us, about forty-two parts out of 100 only are altogether and at all times unseen. It is difficult to believe that an atmosphere coerced so much less than our own (since the moon's attractive power at her surface is but one-sixth of the earth's at hers)

would confine itself strictly within limits so narrow.

But in reality, evidence has been obtained in favor of Hansen's fundamental theory which, if admitted, disposes altogether of the conclusions based upon that theory. The continental astronomer, Gusew of Wilna, has very carefully examined some of De la Rue's lunar photographs, taken when the moon was at opposite stages of her balancing motion, and by noting how much the several craters, &c., are displaced, he has found the means of determining the shape of the moon's surface. According to his measurements the greater part of the visible surface of the moon must be regarded as an enormous elevation, rising in the middle fully seventy miles above the mean level. In fact, the moon, according to these measurements, would come to be regarded as egg-shaped, the smaller end of the egg being turned earthwards,—only it will of course be understood that, regarded as a whole, the moon's body would not differ very markedly from the globular form. It would be shaped, to speak plainly, like a nearly round egg.

Of course, this way of throwing the centre of gravity farther away than the middle of the lunar diameter directed towards the earth, leads to results quite different from those which would follow if the moon were a globe in shape but loaded like a die internally. That great hill of matter on the earthward side of the moon would draw the oceans and air *away* from the farther side—not, indeed, to its own summit, that is, not to the middle of the disc we see, but to its base. In fact, there would be a gathering of the waters in a zone all round the edge of the moon's visible disc, and over this zone the atmospheric pressure would also be greatest. Since, as a matter of fact, there is no sign either of water or air on this zone of the moon's surface, we must perforce abandon the theory that lunar oceans and air still lie anywhere on the surface of the moon.

The reader will probably conclude, as the evidence seems to require, that all ideas to the contrary notwithstanding, the moon has never had either a watery envelope or an aerial one in the slightest degree comparable in relative extent with those on our earth.

But before we pass to the curious ques-

tions suggested by the manifest signs of violent volcanic action on the moon in former ages, when neither water nor air existed in any considerable quantity, let us pause for a moment to discuss the remarkable result attained by Gussew.

If we suppose that there really is a bulging-out on the earthward side of the moon to the enormous extent indicated by Gussew's measurements, we have a singular problem to inquire into. For theoretically, as Newton showed long since, the moon ought to be in shape what geometers call an ellipsoid. The earth's globe is slightly flattened one way, and we call such a figure a spheroid; but now suppose that besides being compressed at the poles, she were also (as some think she actually is) compressed (but to a much smaller degree) at two opposite parts of the equator, so that the equator itself was slightly oval; then she would have her shortest diameter, as now, the polar one; her longest diameter would be the longest diameter of her oval equator; and she might be said to have an intermediate diameter, viz., the shortest diameter of her equator. So it should be, says Newton, in the case of the moon. She should be most compressed at the poles, or nearly at the north and south points of her disc; her longest diameter should be the one turned towards the earth; and a thwart diameter lying nearly east and west would be her third or intermediate diameter. Then he calculated the length of these several diameters, and found that the shortest would not differ more than sixty-two yards from the longest. This is something very different from the seventy miles resulting from Gussew's measurements.

If then that monstrous hill exists, we must look for its origin in some extraneous cause, since we see that a globe assuming its natural figure under such conditions as prevailed in the moon's case would present no such excrescence. We believe we are justified in saying that the photographic evidence is accepted by Dr. De la Rue himself. In fact, when two pictures of the moon, in opposite stages of her balancing, are looked at, the stereoscopic view shows Gussew's great hill actually standing out as it were, before the very eyes. We venture to quote Sir John Herschel's account of the principle of this method, because of the singularly effective way in which he presents the matter. He

says: "Owing to the libration of the moon, the same point of her surface is seen sometimes on one side of the centre of her disc, and sometimes on the other, the effect being the same as if, the moon remaining fixed, the eye were shifted from right to left through an angle equal to the total libration. Now this is the condition on which stereoscopic vision depends, so that by choosing two epochs when the moon is presented in the two aspects best adapted for the purpose, and taking separate and independent photographs of it in each aspect, the two, stereoscopically combined, so completely satisfy all the requisite conditions as to show the spherical form *just as a giant might see it, whose stature was such that the interval between his eyes should equal the distance between the place where the earth stood when one view was taken, and that to which it would have been removed (the moon being regarded as fixed) to get the other.* Nothing can surpass the impression of *real corporeal form* thus conveyed by some of these pictures as taken by Mr. De la Rue with his powerful reflector, the production of which (as a step in some sort taken by man outside of the planet he inhabits) is one of the most remarkable and unexpected triumphs of scientific art."

Both the measurement and the simple contemplation of the stereoscopic pairs of lunar pictures appearing to indicate the same result, we may proceed to inquire under what circumstances that result may have been brought about. The true explanation can scarcely fail to be a singular one, whatever it may be; so that if we are led to a view which may appear sensational, this must not be regarded as a surprising circumstance.

Now let it be noted that whatever ideas we may form as to the past condition of our earth and the other members of the solar system, we can scarcely refuse to admit the general theory that in long past ages every one of these globes was in a condition of intense heat. That our earth was formerly liquefied by intensity of heat, is the opinion of all who have carefully studied her surface; and there are few men of science who do not, after examining the evidence, conform to the theory of Meyer, that the earth was formerly in a vaporous condition. Assuming that as our poet laureate has expressed the theory—

This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets—

we can form no other conception of our earth's primal condition than as a vapor globe. Our moon likewise affords abundant evidence of having once been in an intensely heated state. And doubtless there was once a time when the earth and moon were both (at the same time) vaporous through intensity of heat.

Now we have not gone back to that far distant epoch for the purpose of seeking there for the secret of the moon's present figure. It appears to us reasonable to trace back to such an epoch the singular law of the moon's rotation, whereby she always keeps the same face turned towards the earth; for far off though that epoch may be, it is not separated from our time by so enormous a lapse of ages as could be required to "brake" a rapidly rotating moon to the moon's present strangely slow rotation rate. In the distant era then, when the moon was a vapor nucleus within the great vapor-globe which was at some future period to form the earth we live upon, the moon thus involved learned to rotate synchronously with her revolution. But gradually the earth's vapor-globe shrunk in its dimensions until the moon was left outside—or we may say that the vaporous envelopes around the two chief nuclei so far shrank as no longer to be anywhere intermixed. From this time forth the moon must have cooled more rapidly than the earth; and the time must at length have arrived when the moon had become an opaque orb, while the earth on which we live was still a sun. Even at this early stage of our existence the moon must have so rotated as to turn the same face towards the earth's then glowing orb.

But now a circumstance has to be considered which, startling though it may seem at first, is yet consistent with what has been ascertained respecting the sun and other bodies. There is a great mass of evidence tending to show that our sun expels matter from his interior with a velocity sufficient to carry such matter entirely away from him. This has been shown by the microscopic and chemical structure of meteorites, by their paths and rates of motions, and by many circumstances which will be found detailed at length in the article called "Meteors, Seed-bearing and

Otherwise," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for November, 1872. It is also very strikingly supported by the behavior of the so-called eruption-prominences of the sun. Passing from the sun to the major planets—which even now seem to have some of the qualities of subordinate or secondary suns, and must certainly have been such long after the earth and her fellow minor planets had cooled down into the condition of habitable worlds—we find very striking evidence to show that these minor suns or major planets erupted from their interior the material of meteor systems and of those comets of small period which have been called the comet-families of the major planets. The evidence on this point will be found fully detailed in the article called "The Recent Meteor Shower and Meteor Showers generally," which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January last; and the circumstance will there be found noted, that we need not inquire into the dimensions of a body, in considering the possibility of its expelling matter from its interior with a velocity sufficient to carry such matter altogether away; since, in point of fact, the inferiority (for instance) of the major planets compared with the sun, is compensated by the inferior attractive power which their eruptional forces have to overcome. All that is required is a sunlike condition with respect to heat; granting this, a small globe like the earth, or even so small a globe as the moon, would be as competent to expel matter to great distances from its interior, as the major planets, or as the sun himself, or even as an orb like Sirius, exceeding our sun at least a thousand times in volume.

So long then as our earth continued in a sunlike state, she would probably expel matter in all directions with a velocity small indeed compared with the velocity of matter erupted from the sun, but quite as large relatively to the attractive power of the earth. This process of continual eruption would not exhaust the earth, simply because it would be compensated by arrivals from without; and moreover, far the greater quantity of the erupted matter would doubtless fall back upon the glowing orb of the earth. But it is manifest, that whatever matter was erupted directly towards the moon, so as to fall upon her, would recruit her mass. As we must assume from the known mass of the earth that she was for ages in a sunlike

condition, we must believe that during those ages that face of the moon which was continually directed earthwards received no inconsiderable supply of erupted matter. For it must be remembered that when the process began the moon was much larger in volume, though considerably less in mass, than at the present time. She would, therefore, at that time intercept a much greater proportion of the erupted matter. Moreover, since, after she had shrunk into a semiplastic but still growing orb, the moon must have continued for a very long time subject to this rain of earth-born missiles, there is reason for regarding as very considerable the quantity of matter by which her bulk was thus increased. Moreover, if it be remembered that the meteoric missiles thus expelled from the earth would necessarily be exceedingly hot, probably liquid even before their fall, and certainly liquefied at the moment of collision with the moon's surface, we find *a priori* evidence for that very downfall of liquid drops, of which, as mentioned above, the present aspect of the moon seems to afford evidence. It is certainly a noteworthy circumstance that a theory devised to explain a most striking peculiarity of the moon's globe, should account also for a feature, not less striking, which had not been specially in view when the theory was invented.

We must pass, however, from these considerations, because the evidence on which they have been based is too slight to warrant any prolonged or exact discussion respecting them. But a few words remain to be said on the question which originated the strange theories devised to explain why the moon at present shows no traces either of oceans or an atmosphere.

We have said that on our earth the law seems established that where there is no water there are no volcanoes. May it not be, however, that this law does not extend to the moon? Mr. Mathieu Williams, whose work, *The Fuel of the Sun*, has suggested many new and striking considerations respecting the celestial orbs, has brought to bear on this question an experience which very few students of astronomy have possessed—the knowledge, namely, of the behavior of fused masses of matter cooling under a variety of circumstances. "I have watched the cooling of such masses very frequently," he says, "and have seen abundant displays of miniature

volcanic phenomena, especially marked where the cooling has occurred under conditions most nearly resembling those of a gradually cooling planet or satellite—that is when the fused matter has been enclosed by a resisting and contracting crust. The most remarkable that I have seen are those presented by the cooling of the 'tap cinder' from puddling furnaces. This, as it flows from the furnace, is received in stout iron boxes (called 'cinder bogies'). The following phenomena are usually observable on the cooling of the fused cinder in a circular bogie. First a thin solid crust forms on the red hot surface. This speedily cools sufficiently to blacken. If pierced by a slight thrust from an iron rod, the red-hot matter within is seen to be in a state of seething activity, and a considerable quantity exudes from the opening. If a bogie filled with fused cinder is left undisturbed, a veritable spontaneous volcanic eruption takes place, through some portion, generally near the centre, of the solid crust. In some cases, this eruption is sufficiently violent to eject small spurts of molten cinder to a height equal to four or five times the width of the bogie. The crust once broken, a regular crater is rapidly formed, and miniature streams of lava continue to pour from it; sometimes slowly and regularly, occasionally with jerks and spurts, due to the bursting of bubbles of gas. The accumulation of these lava-streams forms a regular cone, the height of which goes on increasing. I have seen a bogie about ten or twelve inches in diameter, and nine or ten inches deep, surmounted in this way by a cone about five inches high with a base equal to the whole width of the bogie. *These cones and craters could be but little improved by a modeller desiring to represent a typical volcano in eruption.*"

The aspect of the moon's crater-covered surface certainly accords better with the supposition that active processes like those described by Mr. Williams were in operation when that surface was formed, than with the theory that slow and intermittent volcanic action like that with which we are now familiar on earth, modelled the moon's surface to its present configuration. In the former case water would not have been needed, and vaporous matter would not have been expelled to an extent irreconcilable with observed phenomena.

It is manifest that we have in the moon

a subject of research which has been by no means exhausted. Ascertained facts respecting her have not yet been explained; and doubtless many facts still remain to be ascertained. The moon will hereafter be examined with greater telescopic power than has yet been applied, and when this is done appearances may be accounted for which are at present unintelligible. Again: new inquiries into the question of the evolution of our solar system, can hardly fail to throw light on the peculiar relations presented by the moon with reference to the

terrestrial globe. We believe that the problems suggested by lunar research, perplexing though they unquestionably are, will not be found insoluble; and it is most probable that their solution will in turn throw important light on the history of our earth and her fellow terrestrial planets, on the giant planets which travel outside the zone of asteroids, and lastly, on the past history, present condition, and future fate of the great central luminary bearing sway over the planetary system.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE OLD LOVE.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

I.

You love me, only me. Do I not know?

If I were gone your life would be no more

Than his who, hungering on a rocky shore,

Shipwrecked, alone, observes the ebb and flow

Of hopeless ocean widening forth below,

And is remembering all that was before.

Dear, I believe it, at your strong heart's core

I am the life; no need to tell me so.

And yet—Ah husband, though I be more fair,

More worth your love, and though you loved her not,

(Else must you have some different, deeper, name

For loving me) dimly I seem aware,

As though you conned old stories long forgot,

Those days are with you—hers—before I came.

II.

The mountain traveller, joyous on his way,

Looks on the vale he left and calls it fair,

Then counts with pride how far he is from there,

And still ascends. And when my fancies stray,

Pleased with light memories of a bygone day,

I would not have again the things that were.

I breathe their thought like fragrance in the air

Of flowers I gathered in my childish play.

And thou, my very soul, can it touch thee

If I remember her or I forget?

Does the sun ask if the white stars be set?

Yes, I recall, shall many times, maybe,

Recall the dear old boyish days again,

The dear old boyish passion. Love, what then?

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

ON BENEFICIAL RESTRICTIONS TO LIBERTY OF MARRIAGE.

BY GEORGE DARWIN.

THE object of this article is to point out how modern scientific doctrines may be expected in the future to affect the personal liberty of individuals in the matter of marriage. Up to the present period of the world's history, the social struggles of mankind have been principally directed towards the attainment by the individual of an ever-increasing emancipation from the restraints exercised over him by other members of society. One of the most prominent ideas of Christianity is the personal responsibility of each man for the salvation of his own soul, and, as a consequence, his mental independence from others;—any other idea than that of the complete independence of his bodily frame would not be likely to present itself to the mind until evolutionary doctrines had obtained a considerable prominence. But these modern doctrines go to show that our mental, as well as our bodily structure, is the direct outcome of that of preceding generations, and that we, the living generation, are like the living fringe of the coral reef resting on an extinct basis afforded by our forefathers, and shall in our own turn form a basis for our descendants. We are now beginning to realize that the members of a society form a whole, in which the constituents are but slightly more independent than are the individual cells of an organic being; and indeed, according to the belief of many great physiologists, each cell is to a certain extent a distinct individual, and vast numbers of such individuals are in fact associated in a colony for the purpose of mutual assistance, and form in the whole a living organism. I have in this article assumed the truth of evolutionary doctrines, and persons who do not accept them will find the force of what I have to say either much weakened, or wholly destroyed.

Mr. Freeman has recently remarked,* that the temptation which besets our particular society is a temptation to make too little of the commonwealth, to set the interests of the particular member before that of the whole body, and generally to put what is private first and what is public

second. The laws of inheritance have now shown us the intimate relationship which subsists between our progenitors, ourselves, and our descendants; it appears, then, likely that we shall hereafter be driven to resist the temptation above referred to, and shall, in the endeavor to promote our descendants' welfare to some extent, subordinate the interests of the individual to that of the community, in the initiation of new restrictions to liberty of marriage. It will be objected that the regulation of the daily increasing intricacies of our civilisation does now afford, and will still more in the future afford, sufficient, or even too much, to fully occupy attention, and that the future must ever be allowed to develop itself without attempts on our part to influence it; but in answer to this I may point out that in compulsory education, vaccination, and sanitary matters we are even now making attempts to control the future, and that as our scientific knowledge becomes more extensive, and the consequent power of predicting the future increases, we shall see the wisdom of extending further and further the scope of this class of legislation. Simultaneously with the diffusion of the belief in the truth of the doctrine of heredity, will come the recognition that it is as much a duty to transmit to the rising generation vigorous minds and bodies, as to hand down to them a firmly constituted society and government—to which latter point attention has hitherto been almost exclusively directed.

It is in his own case alone that man ventures to neglect the knowledge he has acquired of the beneficial effects of careful breeding. Dr. Prosper Lucas observes*—

“Malheureusement, l'homme dans le rapprochement sexuel des animaux, mû par son intérêt, considère l'avenir et les progrès de la race, tandis que les familles, malgré des intérêts, plus graves et plus sacrés, n'ont en vue, dans le mariage, que le présent immédiat et que l'individu.”

And this neglect appears likely to continue so long as the pernicious idea generally

* “Fortnightly Review,” April 1873.

* “Traité de l'hérédité naturelle du système nerveux.” Baillière, Paris, 1850, p. 914, vol. ii.

prevails that man alone of all animals is under the personal and direct management of the Deity; and yet what believer in evolution can doubt that results as surprising might be effected in man, as are now seen in our horses, dogs, and cab-bages? Indeed Mr. Galton's work on "Hereditary Genius," by proving to demonstration the inheritance of mental qualities, seems to indicate that yet more startling results might be attained by turning our attention both to mental and physical qualities, instead of breeding almost exclusively for one group of qualities as in domestic animals. As Mr. Galton puts it,* "... the human race has a large control over its future forms of activity,—far more than any individual has over his own, since the freedom of individuals is narrowly restricted by the cost, in energy, of exercising their wills. Their state may be compared to that of cattle in an open pasture, each tethered closely to a peg by an elastic cord. . . . Now the freedom of human kind, considered as a whole, is far greater than this; for it can modify its own nature, or, to keep the previous metaphor, it can cause the pegs themselves to be continually shifted. It can advance them from point to point, towards new and better pastures, over wider areas, whose bounds are as yet unknown." Now there are two distinct methods by which we may shift our pegs for the benefit of the race. The first of such methods is by the selection of the best individuals as the progenitors of the succeeding generation, as we do with our domestic animals. In a very curious and interesting article,† Mr. Galton has recently given us his ideas of a scheme whereby he hopes that this method may be ultimately made applicable to the improvement of our race. It consists in the formation of a quasi-caste of those endowed above the average in mental and physical qualities, and who would by early intermarriage (for to them success in life would be almost assured) diffuse their qualities throughout the nation. Could such a caste be formed, its effect would certainly be enormous, but its formation might perhaps produce results of more doubtful advantage in our other social relations,—what for example would be the consequences of the division of society

into groups of *corps d'élite* and refuse? The doubt, too, arises whether the means proposed for the creation of this caste are adequate to the desired end.

The second and less efficient method is by the prevention of breeding from the inferior members of the race,—a result brought about by one form of "Unconscious Selection" among savages, when they kill off their inferior dogs and other domestic animals to support themselves in times of famine. This is the method which forms my groundwork in the present article, and I for my part feel little doubt that it will be the one which will be adopted, at least at the beginning. I am desirous of pointing out some of the ways in which our liberty of marriage may be affected by the adoption of this method, and not so much to indicate definite schemes of legislation, as to bring to a focus some of the considerations to be taken in initiating such schemes.

The greatest misfortune of mankind, and that which it appears we ought first to combat, is insanity. I confess that, until I looked into the subject, I was not aware how imminent our peril is, and as probably many of my readers are in a like ignorance, I will give a few quotations from a work of great authority on account both of the ability of its author (Dr. Maudsley), as well as of the care with which he has collected and collated his facts. I refer to "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind." Dr. Maudsley finds from his statistics* that one person in 500 in England is mad, and adds that, "Theoretical considerations would lead to the expectation of an increased liability to mental disorder with an increase in the complexity of the mental organisation; as there are a greater liability to disease, and the possibility of many more diseases in a complex organism like the human body, where there are many kinds of tissues and an orderly subordination of parts, than in a simple organism with less differentiation of tissue and less complexity of structure; so in the complex mental organisation, with its manifold, special, and complex relations with the external, which a state of civilisation implies, there is plainly the favorable occasion of many derangements. The feverish activity of life, the eager interests, the numerous passions, and the

* "Hereditary Genius," p. 375.

† Fraser's Mag. for January, 1872.

* P. 229, *op. cit.*

great strain of mental work incident to the multiplied industries and eager competition of an active civilisation, can scarcely fail, one may suppose, to augment the liability to mental disease. . . . There seems, therefore, good reason to believe that, with the progress of mental development through the ages, there is, as is the case with other forms of organic development, a correlative degeneration going on, and that the increase of insanity is a penalty which an increase of our present civilisation necessarily pays." He then, after remarking on the comparative rarity of insanity amongst savages, gives the numbers of insane patients in England and Wales at three recent periods; he observes, however, that only a small proportion of the enormous increase which the numbers show is due to an increase of insanity in the population, but that it principally arises from the prolongation of life in the insane, from the greater care bestowed on them, and from the diminished number of lunatics unregistered as such.* "But when all due allowance has been made for these causes it must be admitted that a steady increase of about 1000 per annum in the insane population of England and Wales for the last seventeen years does seem to point to an actual increase in the production of insanity, and even to an increase more than proportionate to an increasing sane population." It is to this conclusion (which has not, however, passed undisputed), that I wish to draw particular attention; for if it is true that insanity is heritable in a high degree,—and on this point some details will be given hereafter,—then it is clear that the increase of insanity proceeds in a geometrical ratio, and not by mere addition. Again, with reference to the proportion of the insane to the rest of the population, Dr. Stark † has shown that in Scotland one person in 228 is insane, fatuous, deaf and dumb, or blind, and that more than half (6785 out of 11,514) of this proportion is made up by the insane and fatuous.

Dr. Maudsley gives it as the opinion of the most competent judges, that diseases undergo a transformation from generation to generation, that scrofula and phthisis in one generation lead to insanity and

idiocy in the next, and that it is "sufficiently evident that disease of one part of the organism will not only affect the whole sympathetically at the time, but may lead to a more general infirmity in the next generation, to an organic infirmity which shall be determined in its special morbid manifestations according to the external conditions of life." He gives, too, a known series of such transformations, in which drunkenness in the first generation leads to a quasi-mad tendency to drink in the second, to hypochondria in the third, and to idiocy in the fourth. In his work above quoted, Dr. Prosper Lucas also gives many authorities for such transformations; one sees, he says, in the same family, "un enfant maniaque, l'autre épileptique, ou le même individu attaqué, tantôt de l'une et tantôt de l'autre, périr d'apoplexie." Madness, hysteria, epilepsy, convulsions, digestive derangements, spasms, tic, dyspnea, and other diseases are shown to ring the changes among themselves in the various members of a family. "Nul doute n'est donc possible, toute affection nerveuse idiopathique du père ou de la mère est susceptible d'offrir, sous l'action immédiate de l'hérédité, toutes les métamorphoses qu'elle peut revêtir indépendamment d'elle." The tendency to commit suicide seems closely allied to insanity, and of this he gives many instances; amongst the most striking is the following:—"D., fils et neveu de parents suicidés, prend une femme, fille et nièce de parents suicidés. Il se pend, et sa femme épouse, en secondes noces, un mari dont la mère, la tante et le cousin germain se sont tués."

There appears to be considerable difficulty in attaining any precise information as to the extent to which insanity and the allied maladies are inherited, and there is consequently a great diversity of opinion on this point.* The proportion is put by some authors, as Moreau (who examined 50 pedigrees) as high as $\frac{1}{10}$ th, by others as low as $\frac{1}{16}$ th; the most careful researches agreeing to fix it not lower than $\frac{1}{4}$, if not so high as $\frac{1}{2}$. M. Béhic reports † as the result of the examination of 1000 insane patients in France, that out of 264 of the males, 128 inherited the disease from the father, 110 from the mother, and 26 from both parents; and out of 266 of the

* P. 230.

† "Contribution to the Vital Statistics of Scotland," Journ. Statist. Society, vol. xiv., p. 68.

* Maudsley, p. 233.

† Maudsley, p. 248.

females, 100 inherited from the father, 130 from the mother, and 36 from both parents; he further says (the italics are mine), "*Children born before the outbreak of an attack are less likely to suffer than those born after an attack.*" Dr. Lucas is of opinion that the smallness of the proportion assigned by some authors as due to inheritance, arises from the difficulty of ascertaining the pedigrees of patients, and to the fact that in some cases account has only been taken of inheritance in the direct line; and he gives copious illustrations of the strongly heritable character of the various forms of mental derangement, and of the allied nervous diseases.

The general result to be deduced from these, and from other passages of a similar nature, seems to be that mental diseases are, and might *a priori* be expected to be, on the increase, and that, as I before observed, such increase will proceed by a geometrical ratio (although such ratio may not greatly exceed unity), that the extent to which the disease is inherited is enormous and very alarming, and that other diseases act and react on one another in the production of insanity.

Does it not appear then that we are bound to consider steps for the excision of this canker, and that those races which delay making the endeavor must fall behind in the struggle for life? Let us hope for the good of the world that the Teutonic races will take the lead in the attempt.

The most obvious way to deal with the matter is by introducing new restrictions to the liberty of marriage, and these need not be, in the first instance at least, of an onerous nature:—indeed, as in all other reforms, our only prospect of change within a reasonable time is, that the first step should be such as not to constitute any great disturbance of the existing system, and one which shall not too greatly shock the prejudices of opponents; it would be hopeless, even if it were desirable, to expect immediately any fundamental change in the marriage relationship. Moreover, by the gradual introduction of change, we guard against those unexpected effects which ever crop up in the working of any new scheme. Fortunately, a start may be made by a reform which is required on the grounds of abstract justice to the individual even more than on those of benefit to the race. If we bear in mind the result of M. Béhic's investigation, viz., that insanity is

transmittable to a greater extent after the development of the disease in the parent than whilst it is still latent, we are led almost irresistibly to an enactment that when a divorce is sued for, it shall not be refused merely on the ground of the insanity or idiocy of either party. In order to introduce this change, the legal doctrine, that a person *non compos mentis* is incapable of defending himself, will have to be modified; but it is certainly a fact that in many cases the insane person is *not* incompetent for defence, and in others the fact of incapacity does not in reality weaken the defence,—and surely in all cases our judges may be trusted to point out in the charge to the jury, in what way the incapacity of the party invalidates the evidence. It might also prove necessary to give the court the power of assigning competent legal advisers to the alleged lunatic or idiot. Such a measure as this might prevent the possibility of a catastrophe so frightful as that portrayed in such vivid colors in "*Jane Eyre*," or of an act of injustice such as it is not improbable has been committed in a recent *cause célèbre*. Moreover, the change could hardly shock the prejudices of anyone.

A next step, and one to my mind as urgently demanded on the grounds of justice as the former, is that insanity or idiocy should of itself form a ground of divorce. The proceedings in the divorce court would in this case be merely formal, and consequent on the finding of a commission in lunacy; as, moreover, no slur would be cast on the character of either party, the divorce proceedings would lose much of their sting, and the patient, should he recover, would suffer in no other respect than does anyone, who is forced by ill-health to retire from any career which has been begun; although, of course, the necessary isolation of the parent from the children would be a peculiarly bitter blow. My first proposed step would most likely have but little direct effect; but it would, I imagine, do much for the diffusion of the belief in inheritance, as being a public recognition of the truth of such doctrines, and as drawing the attention of all towards the subject; the second step, however, might be expected to work a perceptible improvement. Might we not hope, too, that its introduction would not excite so great an opposition as to be impracticable within a reasonable time?

Further changes in the same direction may be made by providing that proof of having never suffered from insanity should be a pre-requisite to marriage. And one may hope that in the distant future, the parties may further be required to show that their parents or even remoter ancestors and collaterals were likewise untainted; this, too, is the more important, as it has been shown by Dr. Prosper Lucas that innate characters are more strongly heritable than those acquired by the individual. The possibility, however, of the introduction of such measures as these is so distant, that it does not seem worth while to consider them further than by pointing them out as goals on the ultimate attainment of which our attention should be turned.

Besides the mental qualities of man, his bodily frame is urgently in want of improvement, and for this end also we need a substitute to replace the weakened influence of Natural Selection. *Mens sana*, moreover, loses much of its power of doing good work, unless placed in *corpore sano*,—so that even neglecting the consideration that by our carelessness we are laying by a heritage of suffering for unborn generations, we can only fully provide for the advancement of the human race by paying attention to physical qualities. There can be no doubt that the health of large numbers in our present highly civilized condition is alarmingly feeble, and that the advance of medical science will, by the preservation of the weak, only aggravate the evil for future generations. The extent to which, in the present age, the weak are placed almost on a par with the strong in the struggle for life has been pointed out in the "Descent of Man."

There are many diseases which seem to require attention on account of their strong hereditary characters. The lungs, the digestive canal, the liver, and organs of generation may be the origin of the most various forms of derangement, and give rise to convulsions, hysteria, chorea, and epilepsy; and all these diseases are hereditary and transformable *inter se*. Gout, scrofula, rheumatism, tuberculous, cancerous, herpetic, and syphilitic diseases are intimately related, and all are strongly heritable. A gouty constitution may develop itself in the form of asthma, dyspepsia, epilepsy, apoplexy, paralysis, madness, and many other diseases. Syphilis "peut

usurper toutes les formes morbides même les plus bizarres." That consumption runs in families is too notorious to need any remarks on my part. We shall, to a certain extent, in combating insanity and idiocy, combat all these diseases, since, as was before remarked, they are mostly commutable with mental incapacity; but we can only make a really successful attack by compelling the production, before marriage, of a clean bill of health in the party, and ultimately in his parents and ancestors. Syphilis would have to be included, in case, as is only too likely, medical science and other preventive legislation should fail in depriving it of its hereditary character, or in confining its ravages to small limits.

At the end of his book Dr. Lucas gives his opinion as the result of his labors that, in contracting marriage, union should be avoided with persons near akin, with those personally affected with epilepsy, mental incapacity, phthisis, scrofula, &c., as well as with those whose parents, grand-parents, uncles or aunts are so affected; and adds that it is our duty not only to search for persons exempt from these diseases, but those whose personal and family constitution is good, and that, "ce devoir purement moral devrait être selon nous, en certaines circonstances, d'obligation légale."

The ultimate restrictions then to liberty of marriage would be (besides those already in force, less the absurd laws against marriage with a deceased wife's sister or husband's brother), (1) Divorce on the appearance of certain diseases; (2) The passing of a medical examination for this same class of diseases; and (3) The production of an untainted pedigree. The medical examination might in some respects be modelled on that in force in Germany for military service, where a man is not ultimately rejected until he has been refused in three successive years. Could such legislation come into force, coupled with some such scheme as that proposed by Mr. Galton, not only might "a cubit be added to our stature," but the capacity for happiness in the world might be largely augmented, by the destruction of that most potent cause of unhappiness, ill-health; several years might be added to human life, our ability for work and mental power immensely increased, and the coming race might end by becoming as much superior to ourselves in mind and body as the racehorse is superior in form to a shaggy pony.

Another measure very analogous to those of which I have spoken hitherto, would be an enactment that the felony of either party to a marriage should constitute a ground for suing for a divorce. Does it not seem monstrous that a person should be bound for life against his will to one who, having committed a crime, is held apart from communication with society? The tendency to vice, too, seems almost of the nature of a disease, and is without doubt hereditary; thus, by such a measure, not only should we free an individual from a hateful union, but we should be aiding in the formation of a rising generation less tainted with vice than the last.

In his "Enigmas of Life," Mr. Greg takes the most sanguine views as to the happy future of the human race in purging itself of the ills to which I refer in this article; but I have endeavored to show that according to the opinions of the most competent judges, with respect to insanity, idiocy, and certain other diseases, he is not justified in his hopes, at least if no wholly new influence comes into play, of which we are as yet unable to see any symptoms. As is not unnatural, then, Mr. Greg is of opinion that we shall not submit to any curtailment of our liberty of marriage; he says,*—"Obviously, no artificial prohibitions or restraints, no laws imposed from above and from without, can restore the principle of 'natural selection' to its due supremacy among the human race. No people in our days would endure the necessary interference and control; and perhaps a result so acquired might not be worth the cost of acquisition. We can only trust to the slow influences of enlightenment and moral susceptibility percolating downwards, and in time permeating all ranks. We can only watch and be careful that any other influences we do set in motion shall be such as, when they work at all, may work in the right direction. At present the prospect is not reassuring. We are progressing fast in many points no doubt, but the progress is not wholly nor always of the right sort nor without a large *per contra*." Is it not, however, pushing hopefulness to an extreme to expect morality to make so vast a stride as that to which Mr. Greg looks forward? Indeed, I can hardly think it reasonable to expect that a man should voluntarily sacrifice himself;—

it would be analogous to expecting a man, who was bent on entering the army, voluntarily restraining himself because he becomes blind of one eye. It does, however, seem to me reasonable, that just as in the case of the army the country protects itself by causing its would-be recruits to pass a medical examination, so that persons of untainted blood, being convinced of the truth of heredity, should protect themselves and their descendants by debarring the tainted from entering the army of married life. Even Mr. Greg appears to contemplate the necessity of coercion when he says, that the means or at least the prospect of being able to maintain children should be regarded practically as an essential pre-requisite to producing them,—probably under the control of an enlightened public opinion,—possibly, as is not unknown in certain continental states, under legal pressure. Surely, then, if we are to prevent the rising generation from lacking maintenance in the future, we are, *a fortiori*, bound to prevent a rising generation from being formed which will be a curse to itself,—a curse the influence of which personal efforts will be powerless to arrest.

In order to enable us to estimate the probability of mankind enduring such restrictions as those here advocated, it will be well to consider what restrictions men have already endured, and do now endure. It would of course be quite beyond the scope of a single article to enter into a full history of this point, even if my knowledge enabled me to do justice to the theme; I have therefore put together a short account of such restrictions as my reading has brought before my notice, without professing to treat the subject exhaustively.

In his work on "Primitive Marriage," Mr. McLennan has with great ingenuity reconstructed the steps by which the marriage system has developed itself from a more or less complete promiscuity, and his views are now, as I believe, accepted in the main by the most competent judges. He draws his arguments from a comparison of the various stages of marriage extant amongst barbarous and semi-barbarous nations in all parts of the world, and also from a consideration of the old customs and "survivals" still subsisting amongst civilized races. Exogamy, or the custom whereby a man is bound to search his mate out of his own tribe, is traced as the ear-

* "Enigmas of Life," p. 113.
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liest restriction to promiscuity, and seems to have been directly brought about by the struggle for life. The useless mouths of the tribe were to a great extent suppressed by the introduction of female infanticide—a custom which still prevails over a wide area. The men were thus almost driven to make raids on neighboring tribes to carry off the women; the latter were generally in the earlier stages the common property of the men, and private property in a wife was forbidden. The survival of many curious customs, expiatory of the tribe's anger when a man assumed a wife to himself, affords abundant proof of the truth of this view. In early forms of partial civilization the tribe or family formed the unit, and almost all property was held communistically, so that it was almost impossible for a man, however bold or strong, to retain a wife for himself alone. It appears to me, too, that it is easy to see how the taking of a wife from within the tribe would serve as a proof that the man had not taken his share in the warlike exploits of the tribe, and would thus come to be regarded as a crime. Indeed, long after the state of perpetual warfare subsided, and when wives were no longer taken by violence, marriage within the tribe continued to be forbidden; and later the custom, whatever its origin, crystallized into a semi-religious abhorrence to internal marriages.

Existing side by side with this system, we find that of Endogamy, in which marriage outside of the tribe is forbidden. This probably took its origin in pride of race; and here external marriages are considered criminal, as tending to deteriorate the breed. Our still existing marriage customs prove the Aryan race to have been originally exogamic. The transition which sometimes takes place from the exogamic to the endogamic system is one of the most curious and interesting parts of Mr. McLennan's book. I must refer the reader to the fountain-head for an account of how community of women, polyandry, and tribal organisation graduated respectively into exclusive property in the wife, polygamy, and the patriarchal system; I wish here merely to point out the great variety of the restrictions to marriage, and how at various times it has been forbidden to marry within the tribe, and without it; and unlawful for a woman to have but one husband, and lawful for a man to have many wives. One restriction, so curious

as to deserve mention, is given by Mr. Spencer,* viz., where a woman is married during four days in the week, and free the rest of the time.

The prohibitions to consanguineous marriages form another group of restrictions which may be observed in every known system. Mr. McLennan traces it entirely to exogamy, but Mr. Tylor thinks it due to the observed ill effects of interbreeding.

The following brief account of the restrictions, obtaining in various parts of the world to marriage with kinsmen, is abstracted from Mr. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind,"† where the various authorities will be found collected. In the civilized world the prohibition from such marriages stops at that of first cousins. Theoretically the Roman Ecclesiastical Law pronounces marriage unlawful to the seventh degree, and even as far as any relationship can be traced, but practically the restriction is reduced to the ordinary limits by means of dispensations. The Quakers do in reality forbid first-cousin marriages. In India a Brahmin is barred from marriage in the male line indefinitely. In China a man may not marry a woman of the same surname, and of such names there are but several hundreds; and two brothers may not marry two sisters. In Siam the prohibition extends to the seventh degree, although the king may marry his sister or even his daughter. Among the Dyaks first-cousin marriages are prohibited, and a fine imposed on second-cousin marriages; the restriction to marrying a relation is strongly marked in the Malay Peninsula. Among the Ostyaks two persons of the same name may not marry; the Tungaz forbid second cousin marriages, and the Samoeids and Lapps all degrees of consanguineous marriages. In Africa the marriage of cousins is, illegal in some tribes; in Madagascar certain ranks, and persons akin to the sixth degree are not permitted to intermarry. Throughout a large district of East Australia the restrictions follow very intricate rules depending on the tribal names of the parties. Kinship by adoption constituted in ancient Rome a partial bar to marriage, and the same thing holds true among the Moslems with respect to foster-kinship. In the Romish Church sponsorship creates a restriction, which, even among co-sponsors,

* *Contemporary Review*, Dec. 1872, p. 17.

† Pp. 281-9.

a dispensation is required to remove. Two members of a Circassian brotherhood, not at all akin, may not marry.

I believe that amongst the Jews it is customary for uncles to marry nieces, and I have been informed by Dr. Farr that a similar custom prevails in the Isle of Wight, notwithstanding that English law does not recognise such unions.

Our present table of prohibitions (with the exception of those against marriage with a deceased wife's sister or husband's brother) seems a *juste milieu* between extreme restraint and extreme laxity; it may perhaps, however, come about that marriages of first-cousins may be ultimately prohibited, should the evil arising from such unions prove as great as is sometimes asserted.

Passing over a great lacuna in my knowledge, I now come to the Teutonic communistic bodies. My information is derived from an interesting pamphlet which has lately appeared at Berlin, by Karl Siegwart. In these feudal communistic bodies the right to marry and form a household played a great part as a means of reward and advancement. During the period of "ministerial service," when each man was bound to give all the product of his labor to the commonwealth, restraint to liberty of marriage was the rule, and only those might marry who had reached a certain age or position; not a soul dared marry without permission, and this permission was refused to soldiers, husbandmen, and artisans alike, during their apprenticeship. The households, the number of which was kept almost invariable, were partitioned out amongst the marriageable classes; and the majority had to wait for the deaths of their predecessors in office. Even the artisans in the free towns had to wait until they could buy the business of a deceased master, or marry his widow or daughter; and in the latter case, although the business was not at first strictly heritable, only if there were no son in waiting. Even in the lowest classes no one might marry until a household was at liberty for him. A great part of these institutions seem to have remained in almost full operation down to the Reformation. And even subsequently, breaches of these marriage customs seem to have been punished with frightful severity. The transgressor was thrown naked into a hole full of thorns, impaled, or buried alive; assaults on women were pun-

ished with death. The mother of an illegitimate child was exposed in the pillory, and either executed or graciously condemned to imprisonment; if the child was not yet born she either committed suicide or was drowned by her relations, and the seducer caught in the act was castrated. Prostitution was not merely tolerated, but was secretly promoted as a check to over-population, as in Japan at the present day. Liberty to marry in these communities was in fact used as the highest reward for good service, and breach of the custom punished in the harshest manner.

As far as I know, all modern restrictive legislation has been entirely directed to the prevention of pauperisation. Thus in Switzerland a scheme was proposed and debated in the Legislature of the Canton of Thurgau, of which (as well as of what actually obtains in the Canton of St. Gall) Mr. Laing* gives the following account:—"The first article of their (the Thurgovian) proposed law prohibits the marriage of males who live by public charity; the second requires that to obtain permission to marry, a certificate from the overseers of the poor must be produced of the industry and love of labor and of the good conduct of the parties, and that, besides clothes, they are worth 700 francs French or about 30*l.* sterling. The third article of this extraordinary law in a free state makes the marriage admissible without the proof of this 700 francs of value in moveable property, if the parties have furniture free of debt, and pay the poor-tax of 1 per mille upon fixed property. Their legislation had sense enough to reject this absurd proposition in 1833. The canton of St. Gall, however, actually has imposed a tax on marriages; and to make it popular the amount goes to the poor fund. It fails because, according to Sir F. d'Ivernois, it is too low, being 46 francs, about 7*l.* francs French, or 3*l.* sterling; and because it is not graduated according to the ages of the parties, so as to prevent early marriages." Mr. Laing further states that in Germany commissaries have actually been appointed by some governments (Bavaria among others), who are vested with the power to refuse permission to marry to those whom they judge not able to support a family. They have a veto on marriages.

In Saxony an extraordinary facility of

* "Notes of a Traveller," p. 341.

divorce exists.* "A separation of a husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage is nothing rare or strange." Marriage seems almost to amount to a temporary arrangement. In a village near the Kochel, out of sixteen marriages, after one year "only six of the contracting parties were still living together." Mutual dislike is a ground for divorce (as is also the case according to the Prussian Landrecht and in Baden), and divorces have even been granted on account of drunkenness, staying out at night, ill-smelling breath, groundless complaining, and drunkenness of the father-in-law.†† Sometimes, however, a fresh marriage is forbidden to the parties for four or five years. In Hungary, too, the same great facility of divorce obtains.

Marriages between Catholics and Protestants are not acknowledged in Brazil, and a priest has even been known to celebrate a marriage between parties, one of whom he knew to have been previously married to a Protestant.

The examples which I have here thrown together are, I think, sufficient to show how great a diversity of marriage customs has at various times prevailed, and still prevails, among civilized nations. Does not this serve as an answer to those objectors who would say,—“We shall never submit to having our marriage laws more restricted”? For when one can point out so great a diversity of restrictions, many of which are no longer maintained for any good reason, it is surely absurd to say that nothing new will be endured, even though it may be founded on the best of reasons. Our state of civilization has so diminished the force of Natural Selection, that we cannot much longer afford to neg-

lect some process of artificial selection, to replace the method which nature has been carrying on from the beginning, and that nation which has first the courage to adopt some such plan, must undoubtedly gain on others in the vigor of its members in mind and body.

To those who are inclined to regard all designs of improvement for the human being of the future as chimerical, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Spencer's words, that there are now in existence "various germs of things which will in the future develop in ways no one imagines, and take shares in profound transformations of society and of its members—transformations that are hopeless as immediate results, but certain as ultimate results." The germ in this case is the growing belief in the truth of heredity. There is no doubt that for a time such legislation, as here proposed, would be resisted, just as, in defiance of English law, marriages are now contracted with the sisters of deceased wives, and men refuse to vaccinate their children; but in course of time, as the knowledge of heredity percolates more and more from the educated to the uneducated, such legislation will probably be acknowledged as well founded, and will be universally acquiesced in.

The prospect of the institution of such schemes is certainly not immediate, and a man would be sanguine to expect to live to see them in operation; but as is well known, the first stage in all reforms is that of discussion and diffusion of opinion, and as hitherto the possibility of improving the marriage relationship has been barely mooted, I have thought I might perhaps do some service by directing attention to the subject.—*Contemporary Review*.

ROME AND ITS ADVERSARIES.

FAR above all small questions of current politics, changes of Ministries, substitution of Republics for Monarchies, or Monarchies for Republics, stand the two great questions of the times in which we live—the question as to what will be the issue of the contest between the laboring classes and their employers, and the question as

to what will be the issue of the contest between the Church of Rome and its adversaries. The two questions are even beginning to interlace on the Continent, and those who dread the working-man denounce him as the enemy of religion as well as the enemy of property and comfort. In England the distrust of the laborer and the weariness and disgust produced in the minds of quiet people by perpetual strikes show themselves in the comparatively mild form of an alienation of waver-

* "Transylvania, its Products and its People," Chas. Boner. P. 483, *et seq.*

† P. 501.

ing Liberals from their party, and an inclination to see whether a Conservative Government can not impart a more healthy tone to society. But on the Continent, and especially in France, there is a very large and active party which proclaims as loudly and persistently as it can that the only way to get the laborer into a right frame of mind again as regards his work and wages is to submit him once more to the old authority of a despotic religion. The pre-eminent thought in minds of this type is that half measures, half religions, and half governments have failed. They have encouraged an amount of liberty with which they have not been able to cope after it has once attained its full force. They have made men discontented, disorderly, and unhappy, and if mankind is ever to be happy again, it must return to the paths it has deserted. There is nothing new in this, as there have always been in every age crowds of people who have thought that the only reason why governments ever failed was that they did not govern enough, and that religious authorities should seize hold of every man from his cradle to his grave, and, with the aid of the civil authorities working submissively under them, should take care that he did not come to harm, or bring others to harm in this world or the next. What is new, at least in this generation, is the determined and thorough manner in which this view of human life is now asserted in the face of the violent opposition it excites. In every direction the Absolutist party takes the ground of rejecting every compromise, and of carrying out its theories without heeding any of the limits which common sense or the strength of counter-theories might impose. In politics it is engaged in a fierce combat, beating down Republicans, sneering at Constitutionalists, spreading the peace of silence wherever it can reach. In religion it is loth to trouble itself with evidences, modest misgivings, limited adoration. It is determined to have miracles and visions, and it has them. It delights in every form of mysticism and pietistic rapture. It sees in every event of life a judgment or a blessing according to its prepossessions. And then all this fervor and this distaste for half measures constantly find force and support in the dogma of infallibility which has so largely changed the attitude of the Church to the Civil Power. One mouth now pronounces absolutely and unquestion-

ably what is right; and all bargains with the Civil Power—concordats, vetoes on bishops, and other devices by which the State kept the Church somewhat in the background—now seem out of date. The Pope alone is to speak, and kings, and emperors, and presidents have but to listen.

The consequences of this new attitude of the Absolutist or Ultramontane party are rapidly making themselves felt all over the world. It was because the Irish bishops would have all or nothing that the very liberal offer made on the part of the State by Mr. Gladstone to the Irish Catholics was rejected, and the problem of Irish Education was deferred to a remote future. In Germany the collision between Church and State grows every day more intense. There the State is a great power, and its means of annoying a religious body which defies it are very considerable. On neither side is there any flinching. The Government has armed itself with new laws, and is resolutely putting them in force, and it has taken under its protection that small body of Catholics which openly stands aloof from the bulk of the community to which it lately belonged, and rejects the dogma of infallibility. The legislation of the summer has enabled the Prussian authorities to inspect and decide on the merits of every clerical institution, and Commissioners are at work who do their duty without any hesitation, and insist on the secrets of every institution being revealed to them. If they report against an institution and their report is approved of, the institution is at once closed. Schoolmasters are warned that they must not belong to those Catholic associations which are pronounced to be dangerous, or they will forthwith be dismissed. The Archbishop of Posen has been sentenced to a heavy fine for contravention of the new laws, and the State authorities have given notice in a town where an incumbent was appointed by an Archbishop in a manner not permitted by the law, that the State will not recognize any of the acts performed by this ecclesiastic, and, more especially, that marriages celebrated by him will be considered invalid, and that children baptized by him will need to be rebaptized. The Courts have also intervened to help the Government. They have decided that the Old Catholics are not Dissenters, and that they are a religious body recognized

by the law, so that attacks on their worship by their Ultramontane enemies may be punished as libellous. The Government, adopting this view, and carrying it out to its natural conclusion, has not only refused to interfere with the Old Catholics, but has appointed an Old Catholic to be an inspector of schools in a district where a large portion of the schools he will have to inspect belong to Catholics. The Ultramontanes pay as little attention as they possibly can to the decrees of the State, will not come when they are sent for, or do as they are bid, and keep doing what they are forbidden to do by law. That they will be in some degree strengthened by the severe measures taken to coerce them, that their ardor will grow more intense, that their secret associations will become more powerful, and that they will gain in coherence and organization, is tolerably certain. But whether the State may not in the long run and on the whole beat them, and make the mass of Germans hold aloof from them, is still uncertain. The Government has on its side the idea of the State and of its authority which is now so deeply planted in the German mind. It has also the national spirit, which sees in German Ultramontanes the friends of France and the enemies of the Fatherland. But perhaps what will tell for the Government more than anything is that it daily becomes clearer from the experience of other countries that a nation must, since the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, either quarrel with Ultramontanism or bow to it. Germans might get tired of a purely German contest, but when they look beyond Germany they will see that what is happening to them is happening to a great many other people also, and that they must in some shape or other take their share in a struggle that is almost universal.

If there was one place more than another where it might have been supposed that Ultramontanism would find none of that moderate resistance which consists not in breaking away from religion, but in attempting to set bounds to ecclesiastical power, it was South America. But even there the quarrel which is distracting Germany has begun to rage. The State in Brazil finds itself defied by the Church, and the State in Brazil is tolerably strong, and respects itself, and does not feel disposed to do exactly what it is told to do by ec-

clesiastics of the modern type. The bishops in Brazil have ventured on two measures which have placed them in antagonism with the Government. They have introduced, without the permission of the Government, which is legally necessary for the purpose, Papal decrees, and put them in force, and they have taken upon themselves to excommunicate Freemasons, and to refuse them the rites of the Church. It may be added that very recently a new set of bishops, foreigners and violent Ultramontanes, have been imposed on the country by Rome, while the local clergy has still some feelings of independence remaining. Thus exactly the same questions which have arisen in Germany are arising in Brazil. The three main offences of the Prussian bishops in the eyes of the Government were that they set up the law as promulgated by the Pope above the law of the State, that they abused the power of excommunication, and that they were parties to a system by which Catholic Germany was flooded with importations of foreign ecclesiastics. To make the bishops and their inferiors obey the State laws, to keep their power of excommunication within the narrowest possible limits, and to drive foreign ecclesiastics out of the country, were the aims which those who framed the new Prussian ecclesiastical legislation had constantly in view. Whether the State, if pushed to extremities in Brazil, will adopt measures of equal vigor, it is as yet too early to say; but at present the Emperor and his advisers appear determined not to shrink, and they are said to be effectually supported by popular opinion. In Europe the contest is perpetually assuming a political form which in some degree conceals its true character. It has a tendency to merge itself in the general quarrel between France and Germany. The Swiss Government has been among the foremost to withstand the new ecclesiastical onslaught, and it is said that the Ultramontane party in Switzerland has recently applied for aid to the new French Government; while the Italian Government has given a public intimation of its conviction that the new-born fervor of French officials for pilgrimages and expiatory churches and clerical intrusion into the army constitute a menace to Italy which it would be folly to disregard. But with regard to Brazil, there is no political question of the kind. If there is to be a war of revenge, Brazil

can help neither party, and it is therefore in the highest degree instructive to find that there too the new dogma is producing

a crisis essentially the same as that through which Germany and Switzerland and Italy are passing.—*Saturday Review*.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BY THE EDITOR.

MARIE - EDMONDE - PATRICE-MAURICE MACMAHON, Marshal of France, and President of the French Republic, was born at Autun in the department of Saone-et-Loire in 1808. He came from a family distinguished in the military annals of France for the past two hundred years: his father held the rank of lieutenant-general in the French army, with the distinction of Commander of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis; his uncle was major-general, and his brother was captain, but left the service in 1830.

MacMahon received his military education at St. Cyr, and at the age of 19 was made sub-lieutenant of the 4th Hussars, of which his brother was then captain. He soon saw active service. Proceeding with his regiment to Algeria, he engaged in the Algerian war, and in the year 1830 won the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he received from Gen. Clauzel on the field of battle. The next year he was appointed lieutenant in the 8th Cuirassiers, and in 1832, as aide-de-camp to General Achard, he shared in the expedition to Belgium, and won the Cross of the Order of Leopold by his bravery at the siege of Antwerp. This campaign over, he returned to Africa where he won still greater distinction. At the attack on Constantine, in 1836, he received a slight wound, was commended for his bravery, and was promoted to the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor. Some years afterward, he organized the Tenth Battalion of Chasseurs d'Orleans; he became in 1842 Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Foreign Legion; next Colonel of the 41st infantry; and finally, in 1848, General of Brigade and Governor of Tiencin. In 1849, he was made Commander of the Legion of Honor and promoted to the governorship of the provinces of Oran and Constantine, a position in which he proved himself a good administrator, and acquired new laurels as a soldier. In July, 1852, he was commissioned General of Division, and advanced through the successive grades in the Legion of Honor, till

in September, 1855, he received the Grand Cross.

When in April, 1855, at the outbreak of the war with Russia, MacMahon was recalled to Paris, he had served about 25 years in Africa, obeying with military precision the several governments which had in the mean time ruled France, supporting Napoleon as loyally as he did the Bourbon Charles X. He proceeded from Paris to the seat of war in the Crimea, where he commanded a division of infantry in Marshal Bosquet's corps. In the final assault on Sebastopol (September 8, 1855,) he had the perilous honor of leading the attack on the Malakoff, which formed the key to the Russian defenses. In a few instants, owing to the irresistible ardor of his troops, he penetrated the fort, and there resisted for hours the desperate attacks of the Russians. While in this dangerous position MacMahon received orders to return from Pellissier, who had been told that the Malakoff was mined. Reluctant to give up advantages he had so dearly gained, he answered: "I will hold my ground, dead or alive," and, true to his word, he remained until the Russians, baffled by the obstinacy and daring of the French, began a headlong retreat, and Sebastopol was won. This daring exploit, which virtually ended the war, won MacMahon worldwide fame, and secured him, with the Grand Cross, the rank of Senator. When peace relieved him from further service in Europe, he returned to the scene of his early campaigns, and was soon actively engaged in subduing the bold and intrepid mountain tribes of Kabylia. In a short time he received command of the land and sea forces of Algeria, and was reposing on his well-won laurels when called to the field by the outbreak of war with Austria. In command of the Second Army of the Alps, he rendered signal service at Magenta. In one week Napoleon had driven the Austrians across the Ticino, turned their flank, and forced them to give battle.

Attacked unexpectedly at the Bridge of

Magenta, where the Austrians had concentrated 150,000 men, the French resisted for several hours, but were on the point of giving way when MacMahon, who had early in the day crossed the river further up with the view of executing a flank movement, suddenly changed his plans, hastened to the battle-field, bore down on the Austrians with irresistible force, and utterly routed them; capturing 7,000 prisoners. He was rewarded on the field with the title of Duke of Magenta and created Marshal of France. In 1861, he represented France at the coronation of William I. of Prussia, and displayed extraordinary pomp in the Prussian capital. On his return, he succeeded Marshal Canrobert in the command of the Third Army Corps, and in 1864 was appointed Governor-General of Algeria.

When the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, the French placed great reliance upon Marshal MacMahon. He received command of the Army of the South, and after the declaration of war moved slowly toward the frontier. On August 6th, he was attacked by the Germans at Woerth, severely defeated, and compelled to retreat on Nancy, where he proceeded to reorganize his scattered forces with a view to defend Paris. While thus engaged, he was ordered to march to the relief of Metz and thus retard the victorious advance of the German army on the capital.

He entered promptly on the fatal campaign which ended at Sedan, where his army was compelled to surrender, and where he himself was wounded by a shell, early in the battle.

He suffered severely from this wound for some time, but resumed his military duties about the time the Commune was proclaimed in Paris, conducting the successful siege of that city by the government forces, and cordially coöperating with M. Thiers in reëstablishing order and placing the Republic on a firmer basis. His loyalty was never impeached, though it was currently believed that he retained a strong personal attachment for Napoleon III., and obeyed the Republic because it was the established government rather than from the conviction that it was the best form that could be adopted for the French people. The army is devoted to MacMahon, his brilliant personal bravery compensating in its eyes for his defeats in the late war; and for this reason he was elected to his present post as President of the French Republic, when, on May 24th, 1873, a coalition of the Legitimist and Orleans factions in the Assembly with a squad of Republican malcontents had practically deposed M. Thiers. It is generally understood now that MacMahon will remain in his position but a short time, and that his retirement will be followed by a Bourbon Restoration.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE WOOLING O'T. A Novel. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: Henry Holt & Co.

We have no hesitation in saying that "The Wooling O't" is one of the very best English novels that has lately appeared, and that if it is, as it appears to be, its author's first work, he (we say "he" because no woman except George Eliot could have drawn "Trafford") will win for himself a leading place among contemporary novelists. It is not often that a critic can feel justified in such emphatic praise of a new work; nor, indeed, is it often that a critic comes across a novel which in conception, in the characters which it presents, and in style, is so entirely satisfying.

It would be difficult, perhaps, for us to explain why the story is so charming; in fact, the reader himself will be surprised, when he has finished and comes to think over its details, at the meagreness and commonplaceness of the materials which are woven into the spell that enchained his attention for so long. A poor but well educated young

lady, whose family is uncongenial, who is compelled to earn her own living, and who is not even endowed with ordinary good looks; a high-born and wealthy gentleman of a rather *blasé* character and inborn pride of caste, who, together with his cousin, a good-natured and rather feeble-minded Earl, falls in love with the young lady aforesaid; an heiress immensely rich, highly cultured, and wonderfully beautiful, who employs the young lady in an almost menial capacity, and at last finds in her a successful rival; a long and losing struggle against mutual love on the part both of the poor young lady and the *blasé* gentleman,—here are materials surely with which we have been surfeited since the days of "Jane Eyre;" yet from just these materials the author of "The Wooling O't" has woven a story which is not only absorbingly interesting from beginning to end, but which is a genuine study in human nature, and which introduces us to at least one character which the reader will not forget and whom he will be the better for having known. "Maggie" was sug-

gested by "Jane Eyre" perhaps—so to a certain extent was the whole book—but she is Jane Eyre cast in a more womanly mould and placed in less dubious circumstances, and we find ourselves following her course through the details of a rather uneventful life with something like personal affection and interest. She is a genuine addition to that small circle of characters which are fictitious only because we happen never to have met them in real life under their present names; and the same may be said of "Trafford," of "Mrs. Berry," and, in a minor degree, of "Torchester," "Miss Grantham," "Lady Torchester," and "Lawyer Boulton." There is a sense of *reality* about them all which is hard to throw off even after the story is finished, and impossible while reading it; and the whole work is an admirable illustration of Emerson's saying that "true Art is independent of the material in which it works."

We can not say more without trenching on the enjoyment of those who may be induced to read the book for themselves; so we will only add, in conclusion, that we have read no novel since "Middlemarch" (though there is nothing in common between the two) which has afforded us such genuine and unalloyed pleasure. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of its author's next work.

THE TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.

From the French of Jules Verne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Like "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and in fact all of M. Verne's works, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days" is one of those books which may fairly be spoken of as "thrilling." We doubt if there is any reader so *blasé* or with palate so jaded that he can read half a dozen chapters without feeling an absorbing sort of eagerness to know how the project is going to end, or can approach the critical parts of the narrative without a perceptible quickening of the pulse. Criticism is fairly disarmed by the enchantment of the *raconteur*; we follow the eager footsteps of Mr. Fogg very much as in the olden time we devoured the pages of Robinson Crusoe, and not even the preposterous misconceptions of the chapter on America (and they are preposterous in a fearful and wonderful way) can destroy the potency of the charm.

The "Tour," we may say, grew out of a discussion between some London gentlemen of the Reform Club on a newspaper paragraph to the effect that, owing to the completion of a new railway in India, it would be possible to accomplish the tour of the world in 80 days. All the other gentleman laughed at it, but Mr. Phileas Fogg coolly offered to undertake the journey, and to stake twenty thousand pounds on the result. The bet was accepted, Mr. Fogg quietly entered it in his notebook, started home to make his preparations, and that very night took the 9 P.M. train for Liverpool. The book gives a detailed narrative of the

journey thus begun, and when we recollect that Mr. Fogg's whole fortune was at stake and that a single accident, or miscalculation, or failure to make connection at any point on the vast line would destroy his chances, it is easy to imagine M. Verne's opportunities. Of course, accidents did happen, and worse than accidents, but—but it would be cruel to make premature revelations. Let every reader make the discovery for himself; and we can promise that he will not only be abundantly and harmlessly entertained, but that he will obtain something of instruction as well, since there is reason for believing that the author is not elsewhere so hopelessly at sea as in his Pacific Railway incidents.

A brief biographical sketch of M. Verne is prefixed to the "Tour," from which pretty much all we learn is, that he is "a Catholic and a Breton," and that he spends most of his time sailing about in his yacht. The "Tour" itself will convince the reader that, besides this, he is a story-teller of that good old kind, who were not afraid to tell a story for its own sake, and who utterly declined to be bound by the vulgar fetters of experience and probability.

THE UNDEVELOPED WEST; OR FIVE YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES. By J. H. Beadle. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company.

There is a well-grounded suspicion in the minds of most readers of that class of books which come to us in portly 8vo form, which are crowded with showy illustrations, and which are always "published by subscription only." This suspicion has been justified by long experience of the sort of literary trash which these books usually contained; but it can not have escaped the attention of the critic whose attention has been directed to the matter, that an altogether better and higher type of literature is of late being offered to the public through agents.

The character of "subscription books" in fact is improving, and the "Undeveloped West" is a very fair example of this improvement. Its author was for several years Western correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and in that capacity earned an excellent reputation for sound insight, accuracy, and practical common sense. His present work displays the same qualities in a conspicuous degree, and indeed is largely made up from the materials which those letters furnished. There is no fine or exaggerated writing, no thrilling tales of danger and adventure, though the narrative is filled with incidents of a lively and dramatic character; but he used keenly observant eyes wherever he went in the Great West, and what he saw he writes down without fear or favor, and apparently with a simple desire to tell the exact truth. For this latter reason especially, the book will be of decided use to that vast body of emigrants, or possible emigrants, to the West, whose imaginations have been captivated by the extravagant and, in many cases, deceptive accounts

placed before them by interested parties. Mr. Beadle palliates naught and sets down naught in malice, but out of the stores of his personal experience he records some striking and novel facts concerning the trans-Mississippi country from Nebraska to Washington Territory, and from Texas to Minnesota—facts which have a very important and practical bearing upon its settlement.

From our emphasizing the practical features of the work, the reader must not infer that it is without interest in other respects. It is literally a narrative of "five years of life and adventure in the Territories," lively, stirring, exciting now and then, and possessing throughout that attraction which always pertains to *bond-fide* personal adventures of any kind. It is too copious perhaps, and it shows at time the journalist writing against "space," but much must be conceded in a work of this kind to the agents' demand for "big books."

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Edith Thomson. Edited by Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is the first volume devoted to a special subject in Freeman's "Historical Course for Schools," the initial work of which—*Outlines of History*—by Mr. Freeman himself, was noticed in these pages a few months ago. It is on the same general plan as the *Outlines*, and may fairly be taken as the type which will be followed in the remainder of the series. If this be so, and the same high level is maintained throughout, it can not be doubted that they will be accepted as the best text-books of the kind which have been offered to teachers, and will add materially to the profit to be derived from the study of history in schools. No sketch of general history comparable in value to Mr. Freeman's has ever come under our notice, and in the present volume Miss Thomson has given us by far the clearest, most comprehensive, and most accurate sketch of the history of England that has ever been condensed into so small a space. Its clearness, in fact, is surprising, seeing that the most striking and complex annals of modern times are brought into the limits of a volume of but 252 pages; and it is not a mere recast of the customary well-worn materials, but, as Mr. Freeman says in the preface, "the result of genuine work among the latest and best lights on the subject." We could wish indeed that a little more relative prominence had been given to the great and critical epochs, such as the Norman Conquest, the Reformation, and the Revolution of 1688; and that a little more color were infused into the narrative; but these are minor defects, if they are defects at all, and do not impair the fact that the student who masters the contents of the volume will find himself possessed of all the really essential facts of English history.

A very useful "Chronological Table" is pre-

fixed to the work, and its value as a text book for our schools is enhanced by the present edition having been specially adapted for American students.

WHITE ROSE AND RED. A Love Story. By the author of "St. Abe and his Seven Wives." Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

If "White Rose and Red" were written in prose, it would obtain the credit of being a neatly-conceived and vigorously-told story, interesting as a tale, and in its accessories displaying considerable imaginative power; and hardly more can be said of it, though it is presented in poetic form. Some bewildered or heedless critic, indeed, has attributed it to Robert Buchanan, hoping thereby to secure for it an importance which its own merits would scarcely justify; but it certainly shows none of the qualities of that poet's work, and has a very decided flavor of the American soil and American experience. Here, in fact, lies the book's greatest attraction. The author has an almost redundant fluency of thought and imagery; but the reader will look in vain for Buchanan's mechanical skill and facility of expression, the versification throughout being for the most part slovenly and inaccurate in the extreme.

Our own guess is, that it is the work of some youthful American who is not without experience in South-Western parts, and who is certainly not without considerable vigor of thought, dramatic insight, and power of description. Several portions of the book rise very nearly to the level of true poetry, and others are genuinely pathetic; but, as a whole, "White Rose and Red" is evidently the product of an unpracticed and rather crude hand, which has the capacity, under proper discipline, of achieving something very much better.

CHURCH AND STATE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. Joseph P. Thompson. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

This brief but admirable treatise was prepared by the author in Germany for the German public; it grew, in fact, "out of a conversation in a circle of learned, devout, and patriotic Germans, who requested that the information then communicated touching the relations of church and State in the United States should be put in writing for publication in the German language." For this reason, the work is doubtless much more elementary than it would have been were it addressed especially to our own reading public, and it can hardly be said to contain any thing with which educated Americans are not already familiar. Nevertheless, so admirable is it in method of arrangement and grouping of facts, and so lucid in statement and in logic, that no one will regret the hour or two required for its perusal. That it contains a suggestive lesson for Germany at this juncture of affairs is conceded by her own critics; while Americans may well feel proud that our forefathers found so wise a solution to a problem

which is now profoundly agitating nearly every nation of the Christian world, and which, as the *Saturday Review* points out in an article quoted elsewhere, is one of the most threatening questions of the time.

HARPER'S Household Edition of "PICKWICK PAPERS," illustrated by Thomas Nast, is on our table. The volume has been looked for with much interest by the public familiar with Nast's work, and though the result is rather disappointing from a critical point of view, his admirers will find in it many of his most striking characteristics. There is the same dramatic vigor of conception and mastery of drawing in which Nast is nearly unequalled, and, we must add, the same "mannerisms," (so to call them,) the same types of character and form, with which his political caricatures have made us so familiar.

"Pickwick Papers" is the seventh volume in the "Household Edition" of Dickens, which, as we have before said, is one of the most attractive of all the forms in which these delightful works have appeared.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A RUSSIAN translation of Sir Henry Maine's 'Village Communities' has just been published at St. Petersburg.

WE hear that the first two volumes of the edition of Hume's Philosophical Works, long promised by Messrs. Green and Grose, are actually in the press in London.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY is engaged on a work called 'The Sacred Anthology,' a book of Ethnical Scriptures, which will contain a collection of classified passages from the sacred books of all races.

THE ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is preparing for publication by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh. The editor will be Professor Thomas Spencer Baynes, who fills the Chair of Logic at St. Andrew's University; and the expense involved in this great national undertaking, it is calculated, will be, says the *Illustrated Review*, at the lowest computation, about £200,000.

AMONG MESSRS. Longman's announcements for the coming season is 'A History of Greece, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time,' by the Rev. G. W. Cox. It will be in four volumes. The first and second volumes will be published in November, and will comprise the historical narrative to the end of the Peloponnesian War. They will form in themselves a complete work, provided with a copious index.

THE eldest son of Mr. Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate, will shortly be gazetted a baronet. Her Majesty, it is said, recently renewed her offer to signalize Mr. Tennyson's services to literature. This he has for himself declined, but has

accepted the honor for his son, now at Oxford. This son has already shown, at Marlborough College and elsewhere, that he inherits some of his father's abilities in poetry.

A WORK that will excite interest among lovers of politics is promised by Messrs. Strahan & Co., for November. It is entitled 'Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: Popular Leaders under George III.,' and contains an account of the Opposition in the latter part of the last century. The author, Mr. W. F. Rae, has collected particulars relating to the Government prosecutions of Wilkes that have not hitherto been published.

MAX MUELLER'S charming story "German Love: from the Papers of a Foreigner," a fourth edition of which has just been issued by Brockhaus, Leipzig, has been translated into French under the title of "Amour Allemand: Souvenirs recueillis dans les notes d'un Etranger" (Paris, Germer Baillière, 1873). The translator, naturally afraid to present a German work to his compatriots, has placed his translation under the ægis of Emile Verdet, who, he says, advised him to undertake it.

M. VICTOR HUGO has nearly finished a novel, which will be published in the month of February, 1874, under the title of 'Quatre-Vingt Treize,' with the sub-title of 'Premier récit: la Guerre Civile.' The plot carries the reader for an instant to Paris, and the imposing figures of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat appear upon the stage; but the action takes place almost entirely in the Vendée. The relations of the Vendéens to the English, and those of the Channel Islands to the Breton coast, are illustrated by documents hitherto hardly known. An encounter between an English frigate and a French squadron is said to be grandly told.

TWO of the many volumes to which the agitation on ecclesiastical subjects at present existing in Germany has given rise, deserve especial mention. The one is 'Der Jesuiten-Orden,' by Dr. J. Huber, published at Berlin by Habel, and the other 'Staat und Kirche,' by Prof. Zeller, published at Leipzig, by Reisland. The Munich Professor has thought the present a fit opportunity for publishing his volume, as it was on the 21st of July, 1773, that by the bull "Dominus ac Redemptor Noster," Clement the Fourteenth dissolved the Society. Dr. Huber concludes his history with the re-establishment of the Order by Pius the Seventh. Prof. Zeller's lectures were delivered at Berlin.

A BOOK that promises to be very entertaining is now on the anvil, in London. It is the autobiography of Dr. Granville, whose practice was great not only in England and its metropolis, but in Russia and St. Petersburg, and at all the German spas. He was a pupil of the celebrated Volta, and obtained a diploma at the early age of nineteen. He served in the Turkish as well as

in the English navy, and witnessed some strange scenes. One of his eminent patients in later years was Lord Palmerston, whose life he saved at the time of the cholera by the use of a heated smoothing iron applied to his spine. Sir Henry Holland's charming reminiscences will probably be eclipsed by the proofs of frankness which abound in the forthcoming volumes.

A LARGE volume has lately appeared, containing documents relating to an event in Hungarian-Croatian history which has hitherto remained shrouded in obscurity, the celebrated conspiracy of Counts Zrinyi, Frangepani, and Tattenbach, against the Emperor Leopold the First. The papers referring to this matter, which are in the secret Court and State archives at Vienna, have hitherto been withheld from historical inquirers on account of their compromising contents. The volume contains also documents derived from the State Records at Vienna and Rome, and the archives of Prince Lobkowitz kept at Raudnitz, in Bohemia. It is published at Agram, and is edited by M. Fr. Racki, President of the South Slavonian Academy of Science.

A REPORT by Dr. Bleek, on his researches into the Bushman language and customs, has been presented to the House of Assembly at the Cape of Good Hope. The doctor got two bushmen, under sentence of penal servitude, transferred to him, kept them in his house, and took down their vocabulary, talk, legends, &c. Some of the legends look interesting, as those on the origin of the Moon; the Moon stabbed by the Sun; the Children who threw the sleeping Sun into the sky; *Igoë ! kwetentus* (a being whose eyes are in his feet instead of his head); the Girl who made the Milky Way; the Resurrection of the Ostrich; Stones which killed the Thrower, &c. The Bushman literature differs from that of the Bantu natives (Kafirs, Betsuana, &c.), but approaches the Hottentot, and so does its language.

WHEN the literal believers in the Mosaic traditions were scared by the geological discoveries of Cuvier, M. de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis and Minister of Charles the Tenth, hastened to admit that the seven days of the creation were not mere days as we understand the word, but as many cyclical periods of centuries. In a book just published, "*La Genèse des Espèces*," par H. de Valroger, *Prêtre de l'Oratoire*," the author asserts that spontaneous generation, even if proved, has nothing contrary or antagonistic to revealed truth. According to him, the "transformist" theory, as originated by Messrs. Darwin and Wallace, has absolutely nothing contrary to the version of the Bible. M. de Valroger, nevertheless, tries hard, at the end of his book, to shatter both theories of "transformism" and spontaneous generation.

THE *Athenæum* is very sharp upon Joaquín Miller's "Autobiography." It says: "Mr. Miller's so called book about the 'Modocs' turns

out to be a monstrously dull volume, in which he relates his adventures at the Californian diggings and among the Shasta Indians in early life. We do not hesitate to call this a 'got up' book on one subject, to which a sensation title, suggesting another and different subject, has been given to make it sell. Mr. Miller may romance at his will about his early life, but we object to his leading the public to believe that his book throws any light upon the history of the particular tribe of Indians who have lately set the American Government at defiance. Though Mr. Miller sometimes, by poetical license, calls the Shasta Indians 'Modocs,' there is nothing in his book which in reality concerns the Modocs, except a very doubtful account of a massacre of Modocs by whites many years ago, which rests upon the authority of a single man, and he a scoundrel by his own admission."

AMONG the papers found in the Bastille, now edited by M. Ravaisson, *Conservateur-Adjoint* of the Arsenal Library, will shortly appear in the sixth volume a startling document, showing that Racine was summoned before King Louis the Fourteenth as accused of having robbed and poisoned La Duparc, a celebrated actress, for whom he composed the part of Andromaque, and who was his mistress till the time of her death, in 1688. The accusation, coming as it did from the infamous woman Voisin, tried, condemned, and executed as *empoisonneuse*, could not be entertained for a moment; but it heavily weighed on the exquisitely sensitive mind of Racine, till he died, broken-hearted, in 1699. Racine has often been reproached with being so craven a courtier that he could not bear the slightest displeasure of his royal master; but such an accusation as that launched forth by La Voisin, and taken notice of by the king, in presence of Louvois, one of the bitterest enemies of the poet, certainly was of a nature to deeply wound even a strong-minded man.

ONE of the mysteries of Shakespeare's life, says the *Athenæum*, is at length solved. Some time ago we mentioned that Mr. J. O. Halliwell had had the good fortune to discover a remarkable and unique series of documents respecting the two theatres with which the poet was connected. They included even lists of the original proprietors and sharers. Shakespeare's name does not occur in those lists. Mr. Halliwell has now furnished us with the texts of those passages in which the great dramatist is expressly mentioned, notices far more interesting than any thing of the kind yet brought to light. The sons of James Burbage are speaking in an affidavit. They tell us that, after relinquishing their theatrical speculations in Shoreditch, they "built the Globe with summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many years, and to ourselves wee joynd those deserveing men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Phillips and

others, partners in the profits of that they call the House." As to the Blackfriars they say, "our father purchased it at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble, which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell;—In processe of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, it was considered that house would be as fitt for ourselves, and so purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage." These important evidences contradict all recent theories and opinions respecting Shakspeare's business connection with the theatres.

SCIENCE AND ART.

FISH AND TEA AS FOOD.—*The London Times* sharply controverts the assertion made by Dr. Edward Smith to the British Association, that fish is rather a relish than food, and contains little more nutriment than water. As opposed to this statement the investigations of M. Payen are cited who proves that the flesh of fish on the average does not contain more water than fresh beef, and has as much solid substance as the latter. For instance, the flesh of salmon contains 75.70 per cent water and 24.296 per cent solid substances, while beef (muscle) contains 75.88 per cent water and 24.12 per cent solid substances. The flesh of herring contains still less water than that of salmon, and even flat-fish are as rich in nitrogenous substances as the best wheaten flour, weight for weight. Another statement made by Dr. Smith, that the amount of nutriment contained in an ounce of tea is infinitesimal, is met with the assertion that, while tea is no "nutriment" in the ordinary sense, the individual who takes tea after his meals feels, without being able to define it, that tea has a favorable effect upon certain highly important functions in his body, that digestion is accelerated and facilitated, and his brain-work benefited thereby. Though not nutriment, tea is thus alleged to possess a really higher value, in medical properties of a peculiar kind.

RESEARCHES ON THE DIGESTION OF STARCH.—We (*Athenæum*) recently drew attention to the great change in our notions as to the digestion of starch, which Brücke's researches seem to necessitate. Only a small quantity is converted by the saliva into sugar, the rest being converted into soluble starch in the stomach and so absorbed. An equally fundamental change in notions as to the digestion of albumens is imminent. Professor Fick and others are inclined to believe, from experiments made upon dogs, that the solution of these matters known as "peptone" when absorbed into the blood only acts as a force-giver, and that the albumen which is to form tissue, and feed the protoplasm all over the body is taken up as such from the unchanged albumen of the food, the

absorption occurring by penetration, as in the case of fat-globules. This hypothesis is likely to modify existing ideas as to nutrition very profoundly.

LIGHT AS A CURATIVE AGENT.—The statement has been made that Sir James Wyllie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, having attentively studied the effects of light as a curative agent, in the Hospital of St. Petersburg, discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted was four times those confined in dark rooms. This led to a complete reform in lighting the hospitals of Russia, and with the most beneficial results. In all the cities visited by the cholera, it was universally found that the greatest number of deaths took place in narrow streets, and on the sides of those having a northern exposure, where the salutary beams of the sun are excluded. The inhabitants of southern slopes of mountains are better developed and more healthy than those who live on the northern sides, while those who dwell in secluded valleys are generally subject to peculiar diseases and deformities of person, these different results being attributed to the agency of light.

ANTIQUE VASES.—A curious communication, we learn from *Galignani*, was made to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, at a recent sitting, by M. D. Whitte, one of the best archaeologists of Europe, on two amphoræ quite recently dug up at Corneto, in Tuscany. They pertain to the sort which used to be given as prizes to the victors at the Panathenæic games. Many of these relics are preserved both in public and private museums, and highly prized on account of the paintings with which they are adorned, and of the chronological indications they offer, since they are generally marked with the name of the archon under whose administration they were awarded. One of these panathenæic amphoræ bears a painting representing Pallas standing and turned towards the left in a fighting attitude, with the lance in her right hand and the shield on her left arm. The face is in profile, but the lines setting off the folds of the garment are extremely well drawn, pointing to an advanced state of art. To the goddess's left, on the top of a column, is Triptolemus on a winged chariot; to the right there is another pillar, surmounted by a figure of Victory holding a branch of laurel. Along this column there is the usual inscription, "Ton Athenethen Athlon" (the prize given at Athens); and on the other, "Pythodelos archon." We know from other sources that this magistrate governed in the 111th Olympiad, and more exactly in the year 336 before our era, that is, the very one when Philip II., King of Macedonia, died. On the opposite side of the amphora there are four beardless warriors, armed with helmets and shields, in the act of running for the prize. The second amphora presents much the same subjects, with some variations in the details; thus, for in-

stance, the group of runners is replaced by one of boxers. These two vases are particularly valuable, as they show Grecian art just before its decline; for other specimens three years later, under the archontate of Nikokrates, are much inferior to them.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—M. Janssen's method for photographing the apparent contact of Venus with the edge of the sun is worthy of description. The photographic plate is in the form of a disc, fixed upon a plate which rotates upon an axis parallel to that of the telescope. Before it is placed another disc, forming a screen, in which is a small aperture, in order to limit the photographic action to the edge of the sun. The plate which carries the sensitive diac has 180 teeth, and is placed in communication with an escapement apparatus actuated by an electric current. At each second the pendulum of a clock interprets the current, and the plate turns one tooth, so that at each second a fresh portion of the photographic plate is exposed. Thus, in as many seconds, 180 images of the sun and the planet can be obtained. When the series relating to the first contact is obtained, the plate is withdrawn and another substituted, which gives the second contact, and so on for the four.

AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS IN PALESTINE.—Recent advices from Lieutenant Steever, commanding the Palestine Exploring Expedition, says the *New-York World*, give an outline of the work done this season in Moab. They have selected and satisfactorily measured a base line near Herban, five miles in length; they have established suitable trigonometrical stations, and actually triangulated 400 square miles, besides having almost completed the detail of the same, including the hill shading. The elevation above the Dead and Mediterranean Seas has been well obtained. The height of all important points and elevations within the triangulation has been determined, and meteorological observations regularly taken and noted. This alone is deemed an invaluable acquisition to geographical knowledge. Every day's work has revealed ruins unknown and unmentioned by any traveller. The Bedouins tell of ruins of cities a few days' journey to the south and east, which it is impossible at this season to visit. In the department of archæology and biblical research the expedition has not been less successful. Professor Paine has prepared a voluminous report identifying Nebo and Pisgah. The expedition would soon go into summer quarters. Lieutenant Steever advises resumption of the work in the autumn rather than wait the coming spring. All were in good health and spirits.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Joseph Bohm has communicated to the Academy of Sciences of Vienna some curious and interesting observations in vegetable physiology. He has found that young plants produced from seeds germinated in pure oxygen gas of ordinary density speedily die,

although they continue to consume oxygen to as great an extent as when they are growing in atmospheric air. The young plants thrive, however, in pure oxygen when the density of the latter is reduced so as to represent only a pressure of about six inches of mercury, or when pure oxygen of ordinary density is mixed with four-fifths of its volume of hydrogen. Professor Bohm has also investigated the action of carbon upon the growth and greenness of plants, and found that an intermixture of only two per cent of carbonic acid in the air in which plants are growing suffices to retard the formation of green coloring matter (chlorophyll), and that the process is almost or entirely suppressed in an atmosphere containing 20 per cent of this gas. No germination of seeds took place in an atmosphere consisting of one-half carbonic acid. From his experiments the professor concludes that either the atmosphere of our planet was much richer in carbonic acid than at present in early geological periods, especially during the formation of coal deposits, or the plants of those periods, in their relation to carbonic acid, must have been very differently constituted from their existing descendants.

DISINFECTANTS.—The *Lancet* contains a report of the Analytical Sanitary Commission on Disinfectants. The chief disinfectants now in use have been submitted to examination, and the advantages and disadvantages to which each is liable are pointed out. Green vitriol, or copperas, is commended as cheap and useful; while Sir W. Burnett's fluid is described as the most powerful of the mineral disinfectants, but as a deadly poison, and therefore to be used with care. Chloralum is said to be valuable and harmless, though less energetic than Burnett's fluid. But carbolic acid is shown to be the most active and generally useful of disinfectants, and its use is strongly recommended, in spite of its somewhat disagreeable smell.

VARIETIES.

MARRIAGE IN INDIAN LIFE.—Passing through an Indian—say a Cowichan—village of a morning, you may chance to see a young fellow wrapped up in his blanket, sitting crouched up in the doorway of one of the lodges. That young man has come on a delicate errand. He is a lover, and this is his way of going about the rather delicate business of taking a wife. By and by the occupants of the lodge will get up and walk out, nobody taking the slightest notice of him. For a week this may go on, every day the young man coming and then returning without being invited in. At last, if he is agreeable in the eyes of the parents, he is asked in and food set before him; if he is an honored guest, the food, such as the roasted or dried salmon, being prepared by the master of the house, and business opens. His friends bring forward the presents he is prepared to give for the damsel, or an equivalent for the same, until he has no more.

If the father is satisfied, all is well; if not, he must go elsewhere. This is the general *rationale* of Indian marriages—merely purchase. However, the Indians themselves stoutly deny that it is so, and possibly with truth. They say that the presents are not given as the price of the wife, but only to express her value and rank, a woman of low status in society being valued at much less. If the father is a man of any *ten* at all, he will send back with his daughter fully as much as he received. All I can say is that this is so rare, that I never heard of it more than once or twice. Betrothals in early youth, or even in childhood, are common, and, as an earnest of good faith, the parents on both sides deposit a certain amount of goods, commonly blankets. These betrothals are generally respected, a breach of engagement being a serious cause of offence to the injured lover. Though at betrothal the price of the future wife is tolerably well known, yet the father can raise it if, in the opinion of the majority of her tribe, she has materially improved since the date of that ceremony—though, curiously enough, this is said to happen rather rarely. The betrothal may be cancelled if during the interval the lover's third offer for her is refused, supposing that no price has been fixed at the time of betrothal; but this generally gives cause to bitterness, and not unfrequently to feuds. Young men, before being married, will often, to show their courage, scratch their faces until the blood comes. That an Indian is not altogether deficient in sentiment and love must not, however, be supposed from the matter-of-fact way he treats marriage. Many of their songs are about love, and often in the vicinity of Indian villages, the traveller may notice young fir shoots split down the middle to the very ground. This is done by youthful lovers, to see if they will be faithful to each other. They split the top of the shoot with the nails, then carefully divide it downward and downward; but if one side breaks off at a knot, then one of them will prove untrue. But they will not be content with this augury, but will try and try again until they find a young fir which will act according to their wishes.—From "*The Races of Mankind*."

VERDICT OF "NOT PROVEN."—Much misconception seems to prevail in regard to this verdict, which is peculiar to the criminal law of Scotland. In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* the editor of that journal, in answer to a correspondent, states in substance that an alleged criminal in whose case a verdict of "not proven" has been returned may again be sent to trial on the production of new evidence of guilt, than which nothing could possibly be more absurd. No individual charged with the commission of crime can be tried a second time for the same offence on any pretence whatever, not if afterwards could be adduced the most unequivocal proofs of guilt. In criminal causes the verdict of a jury is in every instance final as regards the specific charge. The difference

between "not proven" and "not guilty" is simply moral in its character, and the verdict is returned only in such cases where there is insufficient evidence to convict the alleged criminal, while there yet remain such shades of suspicion as do not warrant his dismissal without some formal statement. Practically "not proven" amounts to a verdict of acquittal; morally, it does not. The verdict of "not guilty," as pronounced by a Scotch jury, denotes the jury's conviction of the alleged criminal's absolute innocence; "not proven," on the other hand, suspicions of guilt, only short of positive proof. The individual in respect of whom the latter deliverance is given goes without the penalty of the law, and that is all.

THE REASON WHY.

Ask why I love the roses fair,
And whence they come, and whose they were;
They come from her, and not alone,—
They bring her sweetness with their own.

Or ask me why I love her so;
I know not, this is all I know,
These roses bud and bloom, and twine
As she round this fond heart of mine.

And this is why I love the flowers;
Once they were hers, they're mine—they're ours!
I love her, and they soon will die,
And now you know the reason why.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

METHOD OF ELECTING THE POPE.—The process of a papal election is thus described by Mr. Cartwright, a Protestant author whose work is generally allowed to be authentic:—

"The ordinary election by ballot is performed by two processes repeated daily, in general,—one in the forenoon, which is a simple ballot; the other in the afternoon, which consists in the process technically called of *acceding*, whereby an elector, revoking his morning's ballot, transfers his vote to some one whose name had that morning already come out of the ballot-box. Hence the designation of the supplementary ballot, for in it the faculties of electors are strictly limited to the power of adhering to some Cardinal whose name at the early ballot has been drawn. The voting-papers are square and folded down, so as at each end to have a sealed portion, within the upper one of which is written the voter's name, to be opened only under special circumstances; and in the other, sealed with the same seal, some motto from Scripture, which, once adopted, must be the same at all ballots, and serves ordinarily as the means for identification of the vote. In the middle space, which is left open, stands the name of the candidate. Advancing to the altar, after a short prayer in silence, and an oath aloud, wherein the Saviour is called to witness that the vote about to be given is dictated by conscientious convictions alone, each Cardinal drops his paper in the chalice upon the altar. When all have voted, the examination of the papers is made by the scrutators, three Cardinals selected by lot, who successively hand to each other every paper, which the last files on a pin.

Should a candidate come out with just a majority of two-thirds, it then becomes necessary to open the upper folded portions of the ballot-papers, with the view of ascertaining that this majority is not due to the candidate's own vote; it being not lawful for a Pope to be the actual instrument of his own creation. In the case of no adequate majority, these papers are preserved, so as to be able to check, through the mottoes, the votes given in the supplementary ballot, it being, of course, unlawful for a Cardinal to repeat a second vote in behalf of the candidate for whom he had already voted in the morning. The form of tendering this second vote is by writing '*Accedo domino Cardinali*,' while those who persist in their morning's choice insert the word '*Nemini*.' Should both ballots fail in producing the legal majority, then the papers are burnt, while in all cases the portion containing the voter's name is to be opened by the scrutators only in the event of some suspicion of fraud or of a vote being invalid, through some violation by the elector of the prescribed forms."

BONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE.—In February of the year 1796, Bonaparte had been named General-in-Chief to the armies of Italy; but despite this appointment he was still but a struggling soldier of fortune, already celebrated for deeds of valor, but with a very uncertain future before him. The sections of Paris were disarmed after the 13th of Vendémiaire, 1795, and then it was that he first became acquainted with the woman who was destined to exercise the most extraordinary influence, not only over his own life, but over the dynasty of the future founded in his name. But here let him speak for himself:—"A youth one day presented himself to me and entreated that the sword of his father (who had been a General of the Republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene de Beauharnais. On seeing the sword he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards the mother came and returned me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*." So speaks Bonaparte upon this much disputed subject of his first introduction to Josephine de Beauharnais. From the time of that introduction he became a frequent guest at the Rue de Chantereine, and no evenings were so agreeable to him as those he spent there. The seductive grace of Josephine had a special charm for him. In society he was still shy himself; in the camp he was brave, but he had never been trained to courtly manners as she had been—(here let it be said that the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais had been a welcome guest within the circle of Queen Marie Antoinette),—and whilst the natural *abandon* of her manners, the splendor of her raven tresses, reminded him

of his own southern countrywomen, the refinement of her conversation was something new to him, the traces of sorrow visible in her expressive, though not strictly handsome face evoked his chivalrous sympathy, and the exquisite flexibility of her Creole movements appealed to his heart as man. Bonaparte loved Josephine de Beauharnais. Previously, he had entertained the idea of a marriage between himself and Mademoiselle Clary, sister-in-law of his brother Joseph; but that idea had ceased to be, and henceforth his one desire was to unite himself to the widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais. She was then at least thirty-three years of age, and he was considerably younger; but she did not look as old as he did, for his prematurely grave though handsome face was impassive, and hers was full of vivacity. He was a brave man, but it required some courage on his part to ask her to wed him. At first she hesitated, but he was not easily daunted; and upon the 9th day of March, 1796, Bonaparte and Josephine were married, her son and daughter being present upon the occasion, as also Barras, Tallien and other political celebrities of the time, who signed the civil contract, then the only legal code of matrimony in France. In dictating this contract Bonaparte had purposely taken at least four years from the age of Josephine, and added more than one to his own—believing perhaps in the French proverb that "One is always of the age one seems to be." Josephine was touched by this polite, if not "pious fraud," and quietly walked home with her husband, who, as her solicitor had warned her, possessed nothing but "his cloak and his sword to offer her." Never did Josephine seem further removed from the realization of the double prediction made of her (first by the negress fortune-teller, and since by Cagliostro) that she would be "more than Queen," than on this, her second wedding-day. The future of Bonaparte was quite uncertain,—but his love for her was so ardent, that when he had to part with her, twelve days after their marriage, to take the command in Italy, it was with a regret which not even his hopes of glory—his desire to place his laurels at her feet, could subdue.—From "*Illustrious Women of France*," by Mrs. Challiv.

WAR.

A CANCER 'neath the heart of history,
Begotten of ill blood in idle ease,
Inflamed by wanton sloth, and fed with lees
From empty wine-cups: years of luxury
Breed such a tempest in the symmetry
Of wealthy nations, as fills every vein
With fierce fermenting poisons, which disdain
The timid hand or tender remedy;
So gather might, until there comes a day
When, bursting outward, all the fell disease,
Laid broadly bare in hideous nakedness,
Knows no alleviation or release,
Save in destruction, with the long distress
Of after-scars to mark the healer's way.

